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AND ALBEMARLE INTELLIGENCER.

LIBERTY—RELIGION—AND LAW.

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GEMS OF MIND.

From "Fragments from German Prose
Writers."

HOPE AND COURAGE.

True hope is based on energy of char-
acter. A strong mind always hopes, and
has always cause to hope, because it knows
the mutability of human affairs, and how
slight a circumstance may change the
whole course of events. Such a spirit,
too, rests upon itself; it is not confined to
partial views or to one particular object.
And if at last all should be lost—its own
integrity and worth.

Hope awakens courage, while despond-
ency is the last of all evils; it is the aban-
donment of good—the giving up of the bat-
tle of life with dead nothingness. He who
can implant courage in the human soul is
the best physician.

To seek to govern men by their fears
and their wants is an unworthy purpose;
the desire to rule by means of cowardice
is itself cowardice. Love inspires cour-
age and hope, and thus is doubly the giver
and preserver of life.

Whatever teaches us boldly to combat
the manifold doubts and assaults of life, en-
ables us to win the crown of victory.—
Special care ought therefore to be taken in
education to teach what true courage is—
as well in social and domestic, as in public
affairs—and by what means it may be sus-
tained.

COUNTRY, KINDRED & FREEDOM.

Wherever, O man, God's sun first beam-
ed upon thee—where the stars of heaven
first shone above thee—where his light-
nings first declared his omnipotence, and
his storm-wind shook thy soul with pious
awe—there are thy affections, there is thy
country.

Where the first human eye bent loving-
ly over thy cradle—where thy mother first
bore thee joyfully on her bosom—where
thy father engraved the words of wisdom
in thy heart—there are thy affections,
there is thy country.

And though it be among bare rocks and
desert sands, and though poverty and care
dwell there with thee, thou must love that
land for ever; for thou art man, and thou
canst not forget it, but it must abide in thy
inmost heart.

And freedom is no empty dream, no
barren imagination; but in her dwell thy
courage, and thy pride, and the certainty
that thou art of high and heavenly race.

There is freedom where thou canst live
according to the customs and fashions and
laws of thy fathers; where that which re-
joiced their hearts rejoices thine; where
no foreign oppressor can command thee,
no foreign ruler drive thee at his will, as
a cattle at the will of the driver.

This thy country—thy free country—
is a treasure which contains within itself
indestructible love and faith; the noblest
good, (excepting religion, in which dwells
a still higher freedom) that a virtuous man
can possess, or can covet.

SUNSET.

The sun sinks—and the earth closes her
great eye like that of a dying god. Then
smoke the hills like altars—out of every
wood ascends a chorus—the veils of day
the shadows, float around the enkindled

transparent tree-tops; and fall upon the
gay, gem-like flowers. And the burnish-
ed gold of the west throws back a dead
gold on the east, and tinges with rosy light
the hovering breast of the tremulous lark
—the evening bell of nature.

MAN'S DESTINY.

But man is higher than his dwelling-
place; he looks up and unfolds the wings
of his soul, and when the sixty minutes
which we call sixty years have passed, he
takes flight, kindling as he rises, and the
ashes of his feathers fall back to earth, and
the universal soul, freed from its covering
of clay, as pure as a tone, ascends on high.
Even in the midst of the dim shadows of
life, he sees the mountains of the future
world gilded with the morning rays of a
sun which rises not here below.

So the inhabitants of polar regions look
into the long night in which there is no
sun rise; but at midnight he sees a light
like the first rosy rays of dawn, gleaming
the highest mountain top—and he thinks
of the long summer in which it never sets.

GOOD ADVICE.

There are few people capable of giving
good advice in a manner calculated to
cause it to be properly received. The
editor of the New York Atlas has lately
tried his hand, and certainly he makes no
bad offer. His instructions run in this
wise:

Don't let small affairs bother you.—
There is no use in crying over spilt milk.

If men owe you, and won't pay, and you
can't compel them to, consider it so much
paid in tuition just to learn patience and
resignation. If you owe and can't pay,
trust that you are doing your very best to
learn your creditor the same lesson.

If your wife elopes with your neighbor,
be thankful that you are rid of a woman of
such principles, and pity, as you must, the
man who is obliged to take care of her.

Don't fall in love, if you can help it. If
you do, consider whether it will be more
trouble to gain the object of your affections
or do without her, and act accordingly; of
two evils choosing the least.

Consider every event as a part of the
experience of existence, without which you
would have lived to less purpose.

If a friend prove treacherous, you have
another fact in your philosophy of humani-
ty, and just consider how monotonous the
world would be, if every thing in life went
on smoothly.

Reflect that were all mankind good, true,
kind, generous, noble and disinterested—
these words would have no meaning.—
How stupid it would be in man to praise
virtue, were there no such a thing as vice;
how absurd to talk of constancy, were
fickleness not known; and who would ever
prize truth, honor or generosity, were
there no falsehood, meanness, or avarice?

Were there no suffering, where would
be compassion, pity and condolence?—
Were there no oppression and distress,
what need of philanthropy? Thus the
highest virtues of humanity depend upon
the vices and miseries of which we com-
plain. So the very springs of happiness
are in misery, and from the bad comes the
good.

Be content then. Look and labor for
the best, but bear calmly and patiently the
worst. This is true philosophy, and the
very best advice we can give.

MODESTY.—The extreme modesty at-
tributed to females of the present day, ap-
pears to have been productive of some ben-
efit to married men. We heard yester-
day of a husband who has thereby become
"master of his house" again—a matter he
has been unable to accomplish for several
years past. On a slight squabble in the
morning, as to who should "wear the pants,"
the wife got the best of it, and had put
them on, when the "gude man" suggesting
that the *bustons had eyes*, his wife's mod-
esty was so shocked that she burst into tears,
and pulled the pants "right off!"

TEMPERANCE.

What Ardent Spirits has done in ten years
in the United States.

1. It has cost the nation a direct ex-
pense of six hundred millions of dollars.

2. It has cost an indirect expense of six
hundred millions of dollars.

3. It has destroyed three hundred thou-
sand lives.

4. It has sent one hundred thousand
children to the poor-house.

5. It has consigned at least one hundred
and fifty thousand persons to the jails and
state prisons.

6. It has made at least one thousand
maniacs.

7. It has instigated to the commission
of one thousand five hundred murders.

8. It has caused two thousand persons
to commit suicide.

9. It has burnt or otherwise destroyed
property to the amount of at least five mil-
lion dollars.

10. It has made not less than two hun-
dred thousand widows.

11. It has made at least one million of
orphan children.

12. It has endangered the inheritance
left us by our fathers, and fixed a foul blot
upon the fair fame of America.

For these and other considerations it is
that every patriot and every friend of man
should feel himself bound to take arms a-
gainst the common enemy, and expel him
from our borders.

A thing that had great influence in the
formation of Washington's character and
in securing success in life, was, that very
early he adopted a code or system of rules
of behaviour. This was found among his
papers after his death, in his own hand
writing, and written at the age of thirteen.
I will give you a few extracts from this
code of manners, or rules of conduct:

EXTRACTS.

"Every action in company ought to be
with some sign of respect to those present.

"Be no flatterer, neither play with any
one that delights not to be played with.

"Read no letters, books, or papers in
company.

"Come not near the books or papers of
another so as to read them.

"Look not over another when he is writ-
ing a letter.

"Let your countenance be cheerful, but
in serious matters be grave.

"Show not yourself glad at another's
misfortune.

"Let your discourse with others on mat-
ters of business be short.

"It is good manners to let others speak
first.

"Strive not with your superiors in argu-
ment, but be modest.

"When a man does all he can, do not
blame him though he succeeds not well.

"Take admonition thankfully.

"Be not hasty to believe flying reports
to the injury of another.

"In your dress, be modest, and consult
your condition.

"Play not the peacock, looking vainly at
yourself.

"It is better to be alone than in bad com-
pany.

"Let your conversation be without mal-
ice or envy.

"Urge not your friend to discover a se-
cret.

"Break not a jest where none take plea-
sure in mirth.

"Speak not injurious words either in jest
or earnest.

"Gaze not on the blemishes of others.

"When another speaks, be attentive.

"Be not apt to relate news.

"Be not curious to know the affairs of
others.

"Speak not evil of the absent.

"When you speak of God, let it ever be
with reverence.

"Labor to keep alive in your heart that
spark of heavenly fire called conscience.

Such are some of those rules that Wash-
ington wrote out in a fair hand at thirteen.

Most of these rules turn on one great prin-
ciple, which is, that you treat others with
respect; that you are tender of the feelings,
and rights, and characters of others; that
you do to others as you would have others
do to you.

An abortive attempt to enforce Silence.—
An uncouth looking Hoosier went into an
ironmonger's store in Chartres street re-
cently, whistling, on somewhat of a low

key, "Yankee Doodle," and seeming as
independent as an eagle in his eyrie.

He threw his eye down along the well
arranged store, as a captain of militia would
look along the lines of a training day, and
then addressed the clerk, with the well
combed hair, who stood impatient to know
what the Hoosier wanted, that he might at
once supply him, and return to the perusal
of James' last novel.

"Stranger, you go it rayther extensive
here, in the saw, batchet and etcetera bu-
siness."

"Rather," said the clerk, assuming a
bland tone, but wishing the Hoosier on
board his flat boat, "do any thing for you,
sir?"

"Well, I guess you can, young feller,"
said the Hoosier, "you seem to be a right
kind of a nice man. Why, your hair is
just as greasy and as glossy as if you eat
nothing but *bar meat*, you raccoon-looking
critter you. Why on a'ir don't you make
a clearing on your chin? [the clerk sported
an imperial.] Out west we never leave
a stump standing that we don't cut down."

"Sir," said the clerk, peevishly, "do you
wish to buy any thing?"

"Haint you got locks?" said the Hoosier,
perfectly composed.

"Yes," said the clerk, "we have locks of
every description; padlocks, spring locks,
patent locks, and double shooting locks."

"Yes, stranger," said the Hoosier, "but
I do all my shooting with a rifle. I don't
want none of them locks. I want a *lock-
jaw*, for I've tried every means to stop my
old woman's tongue, and I b'lieve nothing
else will silence her."

"Don't deal in the article," said the
clerk, gruffly, returning to read the "An-
cient Regime."

"And, darn you, couldn't you say so at
first," replied the Hoosier, "you half-fea-
thered, half starved looking prairie chick-
en?"

The Hoosier left the store, whistling
Hail Columbia.—Picaque.

A SPEECH WORTH HEARING.

The Quincy (Illinois) Whig, contains
the following report of a recent speech in
the Senate of that State, on the bill for
repealing internal improvements.

The Railroad which the speaker did not
like is otherwise called a *corduroy road*,
and consists of wooden rails laid across.

"Mr. Speaker, I rise, sir, not to make a
speech—speech-making is not my trade,
but to tell the friends of repeal, that I am
torment them although I hate railroads so
bad as any man on this yearth, and I have
a good reason to hate them, yet I shall vote
again repealing them because all my con-
stituents on this side of the river bo-daci-
ously are for them, and a good many on
the other side too. It are a fact, Mr.
Speaker, I know very little about railroads,
but I guess I know as much as other folks
do. We have had a railroad in Clinton
for some years, across the bottom there at
Carlisle, and one over Crooked Creek bot-
tom, in Marion, and of all infernal roads
for roughness, they bangs the beater—
gentlemen may laugh—but it is no joke—
his constituents have lost, in the single
item of breakage of eggs, sir, a handsome
fortune. Scott who keeps tavern in Car-
lisle, and a rale tavern too, not one of your
Springfield greaseyes, but a right jam up
chicken fixen tavern, told me that no mor-
tal man could tell the eggs that had been
broken, in bringing them to market, across
that infernal railroad, and Tully told me
the same thing exactly about Crooked
Creek railroad—same smashing of eggs.
You know Huey, Mr. Speaker? I wish
you could have heard Huey curse, the time
his carriage was jolted up into eternal
smash, crossing the same rail road. (Here
the Speaker, unable any longer to control
his risible faculties, laughingly observed,
the gentleman must confine himself to the
question, and to the rules of the Senate.)
—Well, sir, I was saying he cust, and he
cust, and he cust and he swore and fairly
snorted agin, but still he's for railroads.—
These are my notions, Mr. Speaker, and
I could not sit here without belching it out.
(Here the orator turned his head and in an
audible voice addressed a senator to his
right—Uncle Peter, what's the name of
your wolf bill?" but receiving no answer,
he then, straitening himself up, again ad-
dressed the speaker.)

As I am now up, Mr. Speaker, I will
give you my notions on Uncle's wolf bill.
(Here the Speaker interrupted him again
by reminding him that the *wolf* question
was not yet before the Senate, and there-
fore its merits could not be discussed.)—
You are mistaken in your man, Mr. Speak-
er; I am not a cussing character, and if I
was, I should be very far from cussing Un-

cle Peter's wolf bill. No, sir; I want you
and this here Senate to understand that
I am no Jupiter Iscariot, in this or any
other matter. I'm for that bill head and
ears, no mistake in shave tail,—I go it, sir,
on the loud. One more thing, Mr. Speak-
er, and I'm done—the gentleman from
Shamrock County—I don't think that's the
name exactly either—but the *low* headed
gentleman over there, said the other day
—(Here the Speaker, assuming as much
gravity as possible, called the gentleman
to order, and requested him to take his
seat. (After looking the Speaker stantly
in the eye for at least twenty seconds,
with a wink of askance, he said,)—Are
you in rale yearnest, Mr. Speaker? if so
be you are, you're into me about a feet, I
'spose you think; but sir—look out—I
warn you to keep a skin'd eye for terrapin
traps and moccasin tracks. I have rights
sir, as the *low* headed gentleman over
there (pointing to the gentleman from
Hancock) said the other day that I shall
not be treated with discorn—I'm done, sir,
—I would however, before I sot down, say
to my friend from Union, not to look so
serious, when he tells his funny stories, in
his speech, but to give us a sort of smile,
as I do, when he comes to the *nub*, or
laughing part, so that we may know when
to laugh too. I have now got all that I
was arter, Mr. Speaker, and I will con-
clude this speech.

NEIGHBORLY.—"Mrs. Jenkins," said a
little red headed girl, with a pug nose and
bare feet, "mother says you will oblige
her by lendin her a stick of fire-wood....
fillin this cruet with vinegar....puttin a lit-
tle soft soap in this pan, and please not let
your turkey-gobblers roost on our fence."
Western paper.

THE MISSES.—Miss Demeanor
is said to be of, at least doubtful
character. It is not best to form
any acquaintance with her.

Miss Cellany is a very intelli-
gent and interesting lady, is
much in favor with editors and
publishers. She is frequently
noticed in the newspapers.

Miss Anthropy is a peevish
old spinster; and although she is
exceedingly modest and reserv-
ed, we should not recommend
her acquaintance.

Miss Trust is of a jealous dis-
position, and withal rather trou-
blesome.

Miss Construction is much in
favor with sectarians; is of a se-
rious, moral deportment, and is
supposed to be well disposed.

Miss Fortune, although honest
and amiable, is much dreaded
and shunned by all. She is
rather wayward however, and
often intrudes in company where
she is not welcome.

Miss Nomer often renders
important aid to the legal profes-
sions, and her company is often
sought by gentlemen of the law.

Miss Rule is a great politician-
ess, and on several occasions has
presided in the halls of legisla-
tion.

GOOD ADVICE.—Not many hours
ago, I heard uncle Benjamin
discussing this matter to his son,
who was complaining of the
pressure:—"Rely upon it sam-
my," cried the old man, as he
leaned on his staff, with his gray
locks flowing in the breeze of a
May morning, "murmuring pays
no bills. I have been an observer
many a time this fifteen years,
and I never saw a man helped
out of a hole by cursing his
horses. Be as quiet as you can,
for nothing will grow under a
moving harrow, and discontent
harrows the mind.—Matters are
bad, I acknowledge, but no ulcer
is any thing the better for finger-
ing. The more you groan the
poorer you grow.