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TERMS.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

MORALITY.

The following Essay is from the 5th No. of the Plough-Boy, edited by S. Southwick Esq. of Albany.

Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging, and whosoever is deceived thereby, is not wise." These are the words of a writer whose views embraced the whole economy of life, and whose experience had taught him all that was wise in practice, as his genius of inspiration had enabled him to perceive all that was virtuous in precept. We are not, however, about to write an essay against drunkness, as the words we have quoted would seem to import. The confirmed drunkard is, perhaps, in most cases beyond the reach of reform; and the task of redeeming him from his dreadful malady is more hopeless than the sleep of the grave. The vice of which we are speaking, is a disorder of the appetite, more easily prevented than cured. It frequently approaches by slow degrees, and originates in small deviations from correct and steady habits. It was justly observed, in a late newspaper paragraph, "that while you are labouring to curtail the vices of the grog-shop, would it not be well to remember the sideboard?" This is an excellent hint, and strikes at the root of a practice, which frequently leads to the vice of drunkenness: a practice, the existence of which we have long regretted; we mean the custom of inviting all, who happen to step into our houses to make a friendly call, or dissipate an idle moment, to drinkardent spirits.

On these occasions, "will you take a glass of wine?" is the first salutation, after being seated. If the question be politely negatived, it is renewed as politely in the shape of a persuasion: "Pray do not refuse; a little will not hurt you; it will do you good."

"A little will not hurt you." These words have done more mischief among mankind than perhaps all the artillery of satan besides. A little taste of the forbidden fruit, said the arch tempter to the mother of mankind, will not hurt you. It will open your eyes to hold hidden mysteries. The unsuspecting fair believed too readily, and we all know and feel the consequence. It is indeed, as every person of observation knows, by little and little, that every species of human frailty gains upon its victims, till it subdues their mental fortitude, and bids defiance to their noblest resolution. A little wine will rarely hurt one—but that little, too often repeated, becomes intemperance; intemperance produces idleness, idleness confusion of affairs, debt and embarrassment, and these lead directly, if not to fraud and embezzlement, to penury, want, and the limits of a jail. Here is a pretty climax, indeed, of human frailty and weakness, and all for the want of a little fortitude and firmness to refuse at first to accept a little sideboard hospitality. In short a little sleep in the morning—a little punch at noon—a little wine and bitters before dinner—a little more wine, and a little rest after dinner—a little visiting, and a little more drinking at night; all these soon wind up the industrious concerns of the Plough Boy, the Mechanic, Merchant or professional character; and leave them all alike, the victims, not of a little, but of a great deal of wretchedness. We beseech the Plough Boys, of all others, to avoid these little beginnings, which lead to such great evils; and such wretched ends. Instead of

indulging the freaks of appetite, and and hankering after luxuries which never fail to destroy the wholesome habit essential to their prosperity in life, let them cling to those habits as a ship wrecked mariner would to the last plank of his ill fated bark. It was said by the illustrious Edmund Burke, in the very meridian of his splendor, that he made his dinners of the simplest food: a d that he would frequently invite such men as Pitt, Fox and other shining characters of that day, to dine with him upon a boiled leg of mutton and turpips, and a bottle or two of mild claret. It was "the feast of reason and the flow of soul," and not the indulgence of sensual, irrational appetite, that was sought by those illustrious champions of England's fame and glory. Such was likewise the temperance and frugality of our FRANKLIN whose immortality is built up on the same basis as that of the Burkes and Pitts of old England. From such examples let us learn to despise and to banish luxury and dissipation from our houses and festive board: and let the Plough Boys be the first to pursue this path of domestic virtue and economy. Let them never sick in at the labour which they cannot avoid, because Providence has decreed it; as the most salutary mean of human subsistence. Let them rather rejoice, that they have always labour enough, if they chuse to pursue it, to keep the Devil from catching them idly, that he may draw them into his snares of destruction.

CINCINATUS, the Roman Patriot, weeding in his turnip garden; BURKE, the British Cicerone, dining upon a mutton chop; and FRANKLIN, one of the saviours of America, feasting upon bread and water in a printing office! What illustrious examples for modern patriots, modern philosophers and modern Plough Boys!

H. H. Jr.

From the Ladies' Literary Cabinet.

IDLENESS.

How destructive is the indulgence of idleness! How many promising buds have been blighted on the stalk, ere the expanding leaves perfumed the air with their odoriferous sweets, by the too near alliance with that rank and noxious weed which is suffered to grow and infest the soil around it. Oh! it is the bane of all earthly enjoyment—the mother of every sordid vice. How often do we behold the youth that has been educated in all the refined branches of literature, reared in the lap of luxury, bred in the school of virtue and morality, born to shine in the sphere of polished life—the ornament of his noble progenitors, the glory and hope of the country that fostered him, the delight of his fond and dotting parents—falling into the snares of idleness, and all its accompanying, ruinous train. In him were centered all their earthly expectations; every pleasing prospect of maturer years pointed to their darling son, and they were happy. But, h! too soon we behold the prop of their declining years—the youth on whom every transient eye dwelt with admiration—too soon we see him, that immaculate gift of Heaven, cherishing poisoning seeds of destruction, that mingle with, and strengthen every evil propensity that is born in our nature, and which is suffered too often to rankle at the heart, to check the growth of reason, and to destroy every fine feeling of the soul—sinking into a premature grave, shrouded in all the sins his youthful imagination could suggest, despised by the world, his unwept relics borne to the silent tomb, unpitied by the passing traveller, a guilty burden to his unfeeling bearers, unlamented by the friends who would have blest his memory and raised a monument in honour of genius, philosophy, and literature. His parents no longer live to witness his shameful end, or to feel the deep anguish of disappointed hope; they have long since slept in the bosom of the earth, heart-broken in consequence of their prodigal son.

ADELA.

ANECDOTE.

WILLIAM BILDERDYCK, admired as the first poet that modern Holland has produced, and not less distinguished by the other brilliant qualities of his mind, did not in his youth seem to show any happy disposition to study. His father, who formed an unfavorable opinion of his talent, was much distressed and frequently reproached him in severe terms for his inattention and idleness; to which young Bilderdyck did not appear to pay much attention. In 1776 the father, with a newspaper in his hand, came to stimulate him by showing him the advertisement of a prize offered by the Society of Leyden and decreed to the author of a piece of Poetry signed with these words:—"An Author eighteen years old;" who was invited to make himself known. "You ought to blush, idler," said old Bilderdyck, to his son, "here is a boy only of your age, and, though so young, is the pride and happiness of his parents; and you—" "It is myself," answered young William, throwing himself into his father's arms.

Dr. JOHNSON asserted in a party at which Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS was present, that no man loved labor.—Sir Joshua said, that he thought he could adduce an instance to disprove Johnson's assertion. It is recorded (said he) of Pope, that he would retire from agreeable society, of which no man was more fond, to write verses, at which he certainly labored with great patience.—"Sir," replied Johnson, "would Mr. Pope have done so, if he had known that his verses were afterwards to be consigned to the flames? No it was not a love of labor, Sir but a love of fame. Treacher swam the Hellespont, but it was not from the love of swimming."

The painter Vernet, relates that somebody had once employed him to paint a landscape with a cave and St. Jerome in it. He accordingly painted the landscape, with St. Jerome in the entrance, but, when he delivered the picture, the purchaser, who understood nothing of perspective, said, "The landscape and the cave are well made, but St. Jerome is not in the cave." "I understand you sir," replied Vernet, "I will alter it." He therefore took the painting and made the shade darker, so that the St. seemed to sit farther in. The gentleman took the painting, and it again appeared to him that the St. was not in the cave.—Vernet then whipped out the figure, and gave it to the gentleman, who seemed perfectly satisfied. When he saw strangers to whom he showed the picture, he said, "Here you see a picture by Vernet with St. Jerome in his cave." "But we do not see the Saint," replied the visitors. "Excuse me, gentlemen," answered the possessor, "he is there, for I have seen him standing at the entrance, & afterwards farther back, and am therefore quite sure he is in it."

FEMALE PATRIOT.

In South America it is not the men only who are conspicuous for the energetic assertion and defence of their liberties. The women are animated with a republican devotion to the cause of Independence, the able guarantee of private happiness. The wife of Gen. PADILLA accompanies him to the field, and has been nominated a Lieut. Col. for taking with her own hands a Spanish colour. The women of Cochabambo were stationed to defend a post, on the attack of that town, and all perished. In upper Peru it is now customary to inquire at every roll-call, if the women of Cochabambo have presented themselves? and the answer regularly given to perpetuate the exploit is, "No, they have all perished in defence of their country."

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FOR THE CAROLINA CENTINEL.

COMETS.

During the appearance of the late comet, the weather was generally too unfavorable to discover its situation with any degree of accuracy. While visible here it was seen in the Lynx, progressing slowly towards the left fore paw of the Great Bear. The gradual diminution of its tail, as to brilliancy and length, proves that it has past its perihelion.

The number of Comets belonging to our solar system is as yet very imperfectly known, and will probably remain so for many ages, until the cometarian system is more carefully observed & better understood: for it is more than probable that the return of many a comet that has performed innumerable revolutions, is looked upon as heretofore undiscovered, and added to the catalogue to swell the number. In the year 1618, Riccioli, had enumerated 154. In 1665 Lubienitzki stated the number at 415; and some late writers have increased the list to 700.

Doct. Halley was the first who predicted the return of a Comet.—By comparing the elements of that of 1456 with those of 1531, 1607, and 1682, he supposed them to be one and the same, and that it would return about the end of the year 1758, or beginning of 1759, which prediction was verified.

Of the Comets which appeared, one in 1680 and the other in 1729, the former was remarkable for the smallness, and the latter for the greatness of its perihelion distance from the sun. That of 1729 at the time of its nearest approach to the sun, was 377,490,000 miles from that body, and descended below the orbit of Ceres* about 121,145,000 miles. That of 1580 caused much surprise among astronomers, and gave rise to many wonderful calculations. Sir Isaac Newton stated, its aphelion distance at about 11,200,000,000 miles, and its perihelion only 490,000, being less than one third of the sun's semidiameter, from its surface. Its velocity was at the astonishing rate of 880,000 miles per hour, when in that part of its orbit nearest the sun; and its heat was 2,000 times greater than red hot iron, (a heat sufficient to vitrify or calcine almost any substance, we are acquainted with,) and that so heated, it would retain its heat 20,000 years. Its return is calculated to be 375 years. The sun would appear to the inhabitants of the Comet 100 degrees in breadth, consequently 40,000 times as large as he appears to us.

Newton, Flamstead, Halley, and the English astronomers, seem satisfied of the return of Comets. Cassini, and others of the French, think it highly probable; but De la Hire and others, oppose it—however, it is generally believed that they do return at nearly regular or stated periods; the inequality in point of time, as to their return, is not a convincing argument against their returning, and being the same comets, when their elements nearly agree; for the planet Saturn has been observed to have his motion so disturbed, by the other planets, especially Jupiter, that his period is uncertain for several days together. To what errors or inequality then, may not Comets be liable, which rise to such a vast height above the orbit of Saturn; for if their velocity (from any unknown cause to us,) were but a little increased, it would change or incline their elliptical orbits into parabolic ones and produce

* Ceres, is one of the four planets discovered since the year 1800; its orbit is between Mars and Jupiter; it performs its revolution round the sun in 1681 days, 12 hours, 14 minutes & 24 seconds of our time. Its mean distance from the sun is 256,347,000 miles; its magnitude is only the one four hundredth part of the earth, or 160 miles diameter. This mean diameter as seen from the earth would measure one second. The other three planets are estimated considerably smaller. Their names are Pallas, Juno, and Vesta, all moving in orbits between Mars and Jupiter.

that inequality in point of time, by making the comets return irregularly.

Little doubt can be entertained that comets do return, and that they are compact bodies—solid, fixed and durable; a kind of planets, which move in very oblique orbits in all directions, with the greatest freedom, persevering in their motions, even against the directions and courses of the planets; and that they are inhabited, is believed by many; for the great vicissitudes of heat and cold, they undergo, is not a sound argument against their being habitable. For the same supreme omnipotent, omniscient being, who has created innumerable worlds, could assimilate constitutions to the climate he intended them to enjoy. "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," nor maketh he any thing in vain.

Mr. Whiston supposed that the deluge was occasioned by the tail of the comet of 1680, in its descent towards the sun, and he also suggested, that the general conflagration will arise from the tail of the same comet in its ascent from the sun. The interval between the two successive periods, is supposed to be 12,000 years. If the periodic time of the above comet is 375 years, which is generally believed, there will be 21 revolutions in 12,075 years. Doctor Halley, by calculation, found the comet of 1680, November the 11th, at one hour six minutes P. M., not above one semidiameter of the earth to the northward of the path of the earth in her orbit, at which time had the earth been in that part of its orbit, the comet would have had a parallax equal to the moon. What might have been the consequence of so near an appulse?—a contact, or at least a shock of the celestial bodies! Mr. Whiston says, a deluge—Mr. Maclaurin, speaking of the same comet, says, "it is not to be doubted, but that while so many comets pass among the orbits of the planets, and carry such immense tails with them, we should have been called, by very extraordinary consequences, to attend these bodies long ago, if their motions in the universe, had not been at first designed and produced, by a being of sufficient skill to foresee their distant consequences." Mr. Dusejour, observes, "it is very improper, to instill terror into the minds of men, without any just cause or reason."

The comet of 1770, approached nearer to the earth, than any hitherto observed, and produced no sensible effect, either upon the motion of the earth, or upon its inhabitants; which has a tendency to prove that neither the earth nor planets move in solid orbs, and that an attractive and repulsive quality are so materially intermixed in the planets and comets, as to prevent such dreadful catastrophes as would arise from collisions.

Comets are very plausibly supposed to be of infinite service to the solar system (to which they themselves belong,) by replenishing nature itself, as it were, if the explosion may be allowed. The tail of comets are various as to length, and no doubt, as to density. The tail of the comet of 1618, appeared under an angle of 104 degrees; that of 1680 subtended an angle of 70 degrees—extending from the head to a distance scarcely inferior to the vast distance of the sun from the earth. The tails thus produced in the perihelion of comet, will go off along with their heads, into remote regions, and either return thence together with the comets, after a long series of years, or be there lost, and vanish by little and little, and the comets be left bare, till at their return, descending towards the sun, some little short tails, are gradually and slowly produced from the head, which afterwards in the perihelion, descending down into the sun's atmosphere, will be immensely

† The velocity of the comet of 1680 was so great, while passing its perihelion, that in the latitude of Newbern; it would have performed 50 revolutions round the globe in one hour.