

CAROLINA CENTINEL.

VOLUME III.]

NEWBERN, N. C. SATURDAY, AUGUST 12, 1820.

[NUMBER 125.]

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED WEEKLY, BY

PASTEUR & WATSON,

At \$3 per annum—half in advance.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the New-York Daily Advertiser.
SYNOPSIS.

OF MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS FROM EUROPEAN PAPERS.

Among the items in a farrier's bill found among the papers of a deceased gentleman, was the following: "To curing your honour's horse till he died, 2s 8d."—Samples of sugar cultivated and refined in Egypt, have reached Trieste.—On the 31st of May, Lord Althorpe presented a petition to the House of Lords from several persons who were confined in the Fleet prison for a contempt of the Court of Chancery—one of them was a woman 81 years old, who had been in confinement 31 years—another was 64 years old, confined 19 years—another 60, confined 8 years, another was in a dying condition. The petition was read.—A duck, while swimming in a pond, occasionally overflowed by the sea, was caught by one foot by an eel, three feet in length. A violent struggle ensued. By great exertions the duck brought the eel to shore. The eel was killed by two boys, who were brought to the spot by the duck's noise.—The Bath Chronicle says, two ground toads of an uncommon size, and which weighed 7 pounds, was discovered a few days ago, by Mr. Isaac Ball, gardener at Lenton Abbey, near Nottingham, in removing some rubbish: on finding them he was surprised to see one of them get upon the back of the other, and both proceeded to move slowly on the ground towards a place of retreat; upon further examination, he found, that the one on the back of the other, had received a severe contusion from his spade, and was rendered unable to get away, without the assistance of its companion.—*Steam Engines*—Mr. Parker's invention for the consumption of smoke, from steam engines, &c. has been tried at Barclay and Co's brewery, and found to answer most completely, and that by means at once cheap, and easy.—A diamond, said to be worth £20,000, and consequently one of the largest in the world, was among the spoils of the Peishwa, and is now in the East India Company's Treasury, to be sold for the benefit of the captor's. It was brought to England in the ship York. A block of amethyst, or rather a mass of amethyst, has been sent from Brazil to Calcutta. The extraordinary specimen is 4 feet in circumference, and weighs 98 lbs. it is in a rough state, and consists of more than 50 irregular columns, smooth, transparent, purple, and white, shooting up like crystals from a common matrix.—*Alien Bill*—The continuation of the alien bill was moved by Lord Castlereagh, & the motion was eloquently opposed by Sir Robert Wilson, who declared that it was an arbitrary and inhuman measure, originating in the suspicious policy of that most unholy association denominated the Holy Alliance.—After alluding to numerous cases in which aliens had been treated with violence, the gallant General particularized the case of the Countess de Montholon, who left St. Helena, to come to England for the sake of her health, and when she arrived off the coast she was not only refused permission to land or even to send her child, who was in the last stage of sickness, on shore, but was ordered away in the most arbitrary manner to Ostend.—Sir J. Macintosh, said that the doctrine of the power of the Crown over aliens had never been asserted under the most despotic of the Tudors, and yet it was now daringly brought forward by the ministers of George IV. He reprehended the principle of the bill as most unjust and tyrannical, and entirely adverse to the charac-

ter of the country. Upon a division, the numbers were—for the motion 149—against it. 63—majority 86.—An action brought by Sir John Doyle against G. P. Brown, Esq. for criminal conversation with his wife, had been decided at Dublin. The damages were levied at 30,000l. The verdict of the jury was 5,000l damages for the plaintiff.—A silver vase, valued at 40 guineas, has been completed by subscriptions of the manufacturers of Sheffield and its vicinity of one penny each to be presented to the Earl Fitzwilliam as a mark of respect and approbation of his lordship's conduct.—The national anthem of "God save the King," has been attributed to many authors. It appears from the research of Mr. Richard Clark, to be traced to the year 1607, and was written on the escape of James I. from the gunpowder plot in 1605. It was written at the Merchant Tailor's Society, and first introduced a feast held by the members of that Society, in the year 1607.—Lord Kenyon, in the British House of Lords, presented a petition against Sunday newspapers, to prevent the publishing of them on that day. Lord Holland said he would oppose such a bill throughout all its stages, as he considered it would be an odious attack on the liberty of the press. The petition was ordered to lie on the table.—A dinner has been given to Sir Francis Burdett, in honor of his return again to Parliament and the triumph of Westminster. The electors presented him with an elegant silver vase, capacious enough to hold six quarts of wine. Among the toasts drank on the occasion were the following: "The people, the only source of legitimate power."—"The liberty of the press; it is like the air we breathe—when we have it not we die."—The British House of Commons have voted 500,000l. towards carrying on the naval service for the present year; and 23,000 men for the sea service, including 8000 royal marines. It appears from the statement of Colonel Davis, in the house, that the expenditure for the army had increased the last year 400,000l.—Died, on the 14th May, in the 106th year of her age Mary Lone, of Churchwell near Leeds.—At Ballysalla, near Kilkenny, aged 111 years, Brydget Byrne, widow. She retained all her faculties to the very last moments of her life.—*Honesty is the best policy after all*—A young woman was mangling some clothes at a mangle kept by a poor widow in Aberdeen, while the widow's back was turned the girl stole a bottle of small beer, from the window, and secreted it amongst the linen in her basket. The beer by the change from an upright to a recumbent posture, became so agitated that bounce flew the cork—out poured the liquor—detected the thief, and rendered the clothes only fit for the wash-tub.—Letters from Batavia, dated in the latter part of January, state that in consequence of nearly the whole Dutch troops having been ordered to Polamburg the inhabitants of Batavia had become much alarmed, there being not more than 600 troops left to defend the place against the Malays who were able to muster 100,000 troops. A general massacre was apprehended.—Dr. King, in his memoirs, speaking of Avarice, says "My Lord Hardwick, the late lord chancellor, who is said to be worth 800,000l. sets the same value on half a crown now as he did when he was only worth 100l. The Duke of Marlborough, when in the last stage of life and very infirm, would walk from the public rooms at Bath to his lodgings, in a cold dark night, to save his chair hire. Sir James Louthier, after changing a piece of silver in George's Coffee-house, and paying two-pence for his dish of coffee, a few days afterwards returned to the same Coffee-house to acquaint the woman that kept it, that she had given him a bad halfpenny, and demanded one in exchange for it.—Sir

Thomas Colby died intestate, and left more than 200,000l. which was shared among five or six day laborers, his nearest relations. He killed himself by rising in the night, when in a profuse sweat, to look for the key of the cellar, which he had inadvertently left on a table in his parlour.—*An important discovery*—It was discovered a long time ago, but subsequently has slipped the memory of many persons, that a monarch, whose pomp so dazzles you in public, when seen behind the curtain, is nothing more than an ordinary man, and often times a weak one too.—The canopy embroidered with pearls and gold, under which he lies, has no virtue to relieve a fit of the choleric; and at the first twitch of the gout, it is to no purpose to be called Sire, and your Majesty. Kings have no other sleep, or any other appetite than we have; their crowns neither defend them from the rain nor the sun.—Man expected, no creature is esteemed beyond its proper qualities. We commend a horse for his strength and sureness of foot, not for his rich caparison; a greyhound for his fleetness, not for his fine collar; a hawk for her wing, not for her gesses and belts; why, in like manner, do we not value a man for what is properly his own? He has a superb train, a beautiful palace, such a revenue—all all these are about him, not in him. It is the value of the blade you enquire into, not the scabbard; you are to judge of him by himself, not what he wears.

FROM THE BOSTON INTELLIGENCER.

THE SKETCH BOOK, No 6.

It is delightful to read the effusions of a man of genius, whose mind is imbued with the colours of nature, and whose heart is susceptible of the most delicate impressions.—Full of ingenious and pertinent ideas upon a variety of interesting subjects, which he illustrates with beauty and elegance—and abounding with happily chosen expressions, Mr. WASHINGTON IRVING, the author of the Sketch Book, is the most fascinating of American writers.—Simple in his language, pure in his taste as well in the selection as the management of his subjects, and alive to the influences of internal and external nature—he affects the mind of the reader by the combined propriety and force of his remarks, and touches the heart by the pathos of his unaffected eloquence.

His wit and humour, without the smallest particle of grossness, are remarkable for exquisite acuteness of thinking, and a very extensive and minute observation of the ludicrous in mankind. He is equally fortunate in striking the mournful chord of the lyre; or with his flying fingers to kiss the strings into merriment.

It would be difficult to discover an essayist in the whole catalogue of authors on polite literature of the present day, who unites more requisites for popular favour and whose popularity will more surely survive him.—Without the slightest air of pretension, his stories contain only a few simple but affecting incidents, and derive their deep interest, from the enthusiasm of feeling and the graces of diction with which he has enveloped them.

The allegorical picture of *John Bull—the Pride of the Village*—and *The Legend of Sleepy Hollow*, are the articles composing the contents of the number at the head of this paper—and are all excellent in their kind. The first is a very happy hit of irony—the last is a picture of the rustic manners of New-England and New-York, so true to nature, that no one can deny the resemblance. It would give to the enquirers after American character in Old England, a more adequate notion of domestic life in our villages than any traveller has ever composed for their information. But we confess we dwell with most delight upon the tender tale of the *Pride of the Village*. The subject is common to all moral writers;

but the charms of narration have seldom been surpassed. It contains many of the tender cadences of Mackenzie, and some felicitous resemblances of the living descriptions of Scott.

"The author strikes into a cross road in one of the remote counties of England, and being arrested by the primitive beauty of a village, he took a stroll to enjoy its beauties. He sauntered near the church which is described—The following passages are in his own language.

"It was a lovely evening. The early part of the day had been dark and showery, but in the afternoon it had cleared up, and though sullen clouds still hung over head, yet there was a broad tract of golden sky in the west, from which the setting sun gleamed through the dripping leaves, and lit up all nature into a melancholy smile. It seemed like the parting hour of a good christian, smiling on the sins and sorrows of the world, and giving on the serenity of his decline, an assurance that he will rise again in glory.

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"Presently I saw a funeral train moving across the village green; it wound slowly along a lane, was lost, and reappeared through the breaks of the hedges, until it passed the place where I was sitting. The pall was supported by young girls, dressed in white, and another, about the age of seventeen, walked before, bearing a chaplet of white flowers; a token that the deceased was a young and unmarried female. The corpse was followed by the parents. They were a venerable couple of the better order of peasantry. The father seemed to repress his feelings; but his fixed eye, contracted brow, and deeply-furrowed countenance, showed the struggle that was passing within. His wife hung on his arm, and wept aloud with the convulsive bursts of a mother's sorrow.

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"Every one knows the soul-subduing pathos of the funeral service; (for who has been so fortunate as not to follow some one he has loved to the tomb) but when performed over the remains of innocence and beauty, thus laid low in the bloom of existence—what can be more affecting? At that simple, but most solemn consignment of the body to the grave—"Earth to earth—ashes to ashes—dust to dust!" the tears of the youthful companions of the deceased flowed unrestrained. The father still seemed to struggle with his feelings, and to comfort himself with the assurance, that the dead are blessed which die in the Lord; but the mother only thought of her child as a flower of the field, cut down and withered in the midst of its sweetness, she was like Rachael, 'mourning over her children, and would not be comforted.'

The tale of which this was the catastrophe is an old one, and 'often told,'—of beauty, of mutual love, of desertion and blighted feelings. The lover who had gained the affections of the 'Pride of the Village,' who had deserted her from pride, finally returns a penitent, just as his victim, breathed her last breath of forgiveness and of life. The author tenderly describes the meeting of the lovers.

"Her father had just been reading a chapter in the bible; it spoke of the vanity of worldly things and of the joys of heaven; it seemed to have diffused comfort and serenity through her bosom. Her eye was fixed on the distant village church—the bell had tolled for the evening service—the last villager was lagging into the porch—and every thing had sunk into the hallowed stillness peculiar to the day of rest. Her parents were gazing on her with yearning hearts. Sickness and sorrow, which pass so roughly over some faces, had given to her's the expression of a seraph's. A tear trembled in her soft blue eye—Was she thinking of her faithless lover? or were her thoughts wandering to that distant church yard, into whose bosom she

might soon be gathered?—"Suddenly the clang of hoofs were heard—a horseman galloped to the cottage—he dismounted before the window—the poor girl gave a faint exclamation, and sunk back in her chair—it was her repentant lover!"

He rushed into the house, and flew to clasp her to his bosom; but her wasted form—her death-like countenance—so wan, yet so lovely in its desolation, smote him to the soul, and he threw himself in an agony at her feet. She was too faint to rise—she attempted to extend her trembling hand—her lips moved as if she spoke, but no sound was articulated—she looked down upon him with an expression of unutterable tenderness, and closed her eyes forever."

AN ARABIAN APOLOGUE.

The fondness of the Orientals for allegories and fables, is well known to every person at all acquainted with the East. The following story which has never to my knowledge appeared in any European language, was related to me by a Mollah at Mascat, and may give a general idea of the compositions which are so often recited to relieve the monotony of a Mahomedan banquet. An Arab, while taking a walk, observed a snake which had fallen into a fire by the side of the road, and was in danger of being burnt to death; he was seized with pity at the sight, and released him from his perilous situation. But no sooner did the reptile cease to feel the flames, than he twisted his folds around the body of his deliverer, and displayed, in a threatening manner, his formidable fangs; the man reproached him with base ingratitude—to which the serpent replied—"It is true that you are my saviour, but you are a man; and, as a serpent, it is my duty to bite you." This reasoning appeared so extraordinary to the man, that he proposed an appeal to the first animal they should meet; to which the snake consented, and they set forward. After having journeyed some time, they met an ox, who having listened to them both with attention, exclaimed to the snake—"Friend, bite that tyrant, directly; he makes us drag a heavy plough all the days of our youth, or raise water from a well, by means of a machine fastened around our necks, in order to fertilize his gardens, and then confines us in a narrow stall to feed on a little miserable straw; and when our limbs become feeble, from a premature decay, the consequence only of his cruelty, he kills us, and feeds on our flesh." The unfortunate Arab, frightened at this unfavourable decree, hardly knew what to say in his defence: he declared, however, that this ox had been, perhaps ill-treated, and was actuated by revenge, instead of reason, and, therefore, proposed that they should appeal to a horse, who was feeding in a meadow hard by. They both immediately addressed this quadruped, and found him no less prejudiced against mankind than the ox. He entreated the snake to destroy their common enemy, and asserted that his pretended kindness was only deliberate cruelty, like the treatment which he himself had received during his youth. He related how his master had given him beautiful trappings—had taught him the exercise of the menage—had maintained grooms on purpose to attend him—and had provided every thing necessary for his use or recreation, but no sooner had old age enfeebled his limbs, than he was strait of all his finery—condemned to hard labour in a mill—and beaten if he did not work beyond his strength. The serpent now thought himself fully justified in attacking his deliverer, and was in the act of darting forward, when the man entreated him to ask the opinion of a fox who was accidentally passing by: at the same time, making a sign, that he would give him ten chickens as the price of his deliverance: the snake, ignorant of what was going forward, agreed to the proposal, and returned, putting on a look of profound wisdom, declaring that he could not pass an equitable judgment on the weighty matter in dispute, not having been a spectator of all that had happened. It was therefore resolved, that a fire should be lighted, that the snake should be thrown into it, and the man run to his succour. The serpent, ignorant of the intended deceit, leaped into the flames, and the man immediately snatched up a stick, and killed him with a single blow. The fox now demanded his promised reward, and they proceeded to a neighbouring village. Here the Arab desired his liberator to hide in a hollow rock, in order to escape any dogs that might be passing by, and there wait until he should return with the ten