

# CAROLINA CENTINEL.

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## Miscellany.

### LOCH KATRINE.

Scott's "Lady of the Lake" has immortalized the Lake in Scotland of this name. The following account of it, from a late publication, will be interesting to our depository readers.

FROM "FRANKLIN'S LETTERS TO HIS KINSFOLK,"  
Stewart's, May 19, 1819.

James Stewart is the Cicerone of the Trossachs, he keeps boats on Loch Katrine, and rowers to accompany travellers in their aquatic excursions. His house and accommodations are not in the most elegant style, which is very disagreeable; after the mental feast which the scenery affords, the fatigued pedestrian will have a longing for refreshments of a substantial and enlivening nature.

We sallied out at early dawn, to enjoy a view of the Trossachs. Already there was a tinge of dazzling lustre on the brow of the hills, and Aurora smiled on the landscape in all the freshness of a summer morning. As yet, not a single wreath of smoke rose from the buildings, and the delicious morning air gave me an accurate idea of that sweetly expressive line.

"The innocent brightness of the new-born day."

After a short walk, we came to Loch Venachar, near which Roderick Deru sunk under the prowess of Fitz James. The lake is a beautiful expanse of about 5 miles in length. The landscape about it is very fine, and is described by Scott with the most charming imagery.

At Milntown, near this spot, there is a very picturesque cascade, in which the prismatic colors may be viewed as distinctly as in the optical instrument which divides the sunny ray into the primitive hues.

We afterwards arrived at the Trossachs, which consist of a series of unconnected rocks, through which the road winds. It seems, as if a whole mountain had been torn in pieces, and frittered down by a convulsion of the earth, and the immense fragments and hills were feathered over by subsequent foliage. The hillocks were covered with broughs that quake at every breath. The ash and the fir tree displayed their fringed tops in a series of natural amphitheatres, and the oak (says Ossian) lifted its broad head to the storm, and rejoiced in the course of the wind.

After having passed through the Trossachs, and our minds not yet sated with its varied beauties, Loch Katrine opened suddenly and unexpectedly to view. Here a boat waited for us. Having taken our seats, we sailed along with high hopes of being gratified by its far-famed scenery. The first appearance of Loch Katrine does not give one the idea of that magnificence which soon afterwards unfolds itself. It commences by a contracted body of water, which stretches out as you proceed. Scott has well described it as

"A narrow inlet, still and deep,  
Affording scarce such breadth of brim  
As served the wild duck's brood to swim."

Benan 'heaves high his forehead bare' above the mountains of the Trossachs. For several hundred yards from the top, it is perfectly pyramidal, but it soon inclines on its shapely basis, from which are detached huge masses of rock. These descend into the lake, and their black sides can be viewed for a certain distance in the transparent stream.

When the lake made a bend, 'Ellen's Isle' suddenly showed itself. It is clothed with the richest verdure, and with trees which present a beautifully fringed appearance. We sailed round the Isle, and surveyed all its scenery, rendered so classical by Scott's well known poem. I particularly noticed the aged oak projecting from a rock, from which the Lady of the Lake was seen proceeding in her skiff by the chivalrous knight of Snowdoun. I admired the isle's bold shore, thickly sprinkled with aspens, firs, and bushes, whose roots and tops entwined in the most luxuriant manner. To the north, gray Benvenue stretches in abrupt masses, and presents a slope elegantly sprinkled with birches. It appears that, by some convulsion of nature, huge masses of rock had been torn from its summit, and hurled confusedly along its sloping ridge, with a luxuriance and beauty which may be in some degree represented on canvas, but which no verbal description can exhibit. The lake lay expanded like a mirror of crystal before these immense masses of rock, sprinkled over with a grace and beauty unattainable by the hand of art. During this delightful excursion, we were favored with the most charming weather:

"And all about a lovely sky of blue  
Clearly was felt, or down the leaves laugh'd thro'."

The view which we enjoyed produced the same sort of pleasure that is excited by the perusal of a fairy tale—there was not a

breath of air stirring—the 'azure brow' of the lake was not wrinkled by a single furrow—so that it became like a vast mirror, and represented the mountains, the sky, and the revolving clouds, so vividly, that the illusion was perfect. As I gazed on the water, the delicious blue of the firmament, and the gorgeous luminary which blazed in the meridian, seemed lying under me—I looked down on a sky as heavenly and as splendid as that over head—and the range of mountains, having one line of summit above us, and another under our feet, seemed suspended between two ethereal firmaments!

At one moment we were hemmed in by towering rocks, whose covert of luxuriant trees, perfectly exclude the rays of the sun; soon afterwards we sailed on the broad expanse of the lake, glittering in the sunbeams, while its bosom 'slept in bright tranquility.' The Alpine scenery of Benvenue appears the primary object of curiosity from every position. Near its base is seen the famous *Coir-na-Uriskin*, or Goblin's Cave, which overhangs the lake in solemn grandeur. Mr. Scott gives a most beautiful and striking description of this subterraneous recess, (*Lady of the Lake*, Canto III. st. 26.) Of its reputed occupants, the *Urisks*, I will give you some account in m. letter on the Highland Superstitions. The scenery at Benvenue, in all its features, seems to afford the most characteristic idea of those magnificent views which Ossian so often describes, and which he appears so fond of describing.

The northern shoulder of this mountain recedes from the main body, leaving a horrid chasm, which seems to have been formed by some 'primeval earthquake shock.' The whole composes the most romantic and sublime prospect that can be conceived. The imagination lost in astonishment, (says Dr. Graham,) is apt to picture the twin precipices, stupendous but elegant, by which it is bounded, as the avenue which leads from the 'work-day world' to the abode of another and higher sphere.

FROM THE LONDON LITERARY GAZETTE.

### THE TWO COATS.

Farewell! farewell! long hast thou worn  
Though clouted, threadbare now and torn.  
A trusty servant, e'en and morn,  
To me thou'st been;  
And, grateful still, I winna scorn  
My guid old frien'  
Allan Ramsay.

Shakspeare says, that many a man's coat is his father, and like most things he has said, it is true. People say that old friends are better than new ones; I presume that this does not hold good as it relates to habits—for the person I mean—for all the world prefer new coats to old ones, and all the world must be right.

It is now five years, when the sun shall have set on the 12th of June, 1822, that my late coat was brought home. With what delight did I survey it! How eagerly I listened to the exhortations of the maker how to fold it up! How cautiously I put it on, and how carefully I felt in my pocket for my key when I locked it up! Its color was suitable to the tint of my mind; it was a bright green, with Waterloo buttons.—Green coats were the *sin qua non* of a beau. Black and blue hid their diminished heads, or rather tails; and although now and then a brown appeared, it passed along amidst the scoffs of the multitude.

The first year every thing went well. I strolled down Bond street at the full glare of half past four. I was not afraid to meet the purple proud stare of the glittering oriental in Hyde Park, on Sunday; nor did I shrink before the glance of a St. James's Blood. The second year, in spite of all my anxiety, an incipient whiteness began to appear on the elbows. The Waterloo buttons looked somewhat shorn of their beams, and the collar had been slightly annoyed by the too rude pressure of the hat; however, it had not yet had a regular wetting, if I omit the baptizing it got from my gallantry to Miss Protocol, in giving her more than her share of my cotton umbrella. But the third year now fast approached; years rolled on; *et nos mutamur in illis*—and so did my coat. The thread of the lives of two of its buttons had been snapped; one was wrenched off by a friend, notwithstanding my agonized look; whilst he was telling me the fate of his farce; the other fell into a gradual decline, and died a natural death. The bright green had now faded, & had imbibed a tint of brown; the collar was dilapidated; the cuffs were in ruins.

I struggled on, however, another year, but I left my former scenes. I would go half a mile out of the way to avoid St. James's street—I would go a mile out of my way, rather than pass Hyde Park on a Sunday. Three more buttons had fell under the scythe of Time: something must be done—I sent it to be repaired, and I hardly knew it again. The Waterloo buttons once more dazzled by their brightness; new cuffs and collar sprang up, like phoenixes, from the ashes of their fathers; and though the fashion of coats had somewhat altered, yet, I held an erect head. But ah!

this was a deceitful splendor; a glimpse of sun-shine on a rainy day; the constitution of the coat was ruined, and it soon suffered a relapse.

At last my resolution was taken—a new coat must be ordered. It was a precept of my late respected uncle Nicholas, that one good dear garment is worth two bad cheap ones; and I always act up to it. I walked up boldly to Mr. S—, in Bond street; and although I met with some broad stares at my entrance, yet, when my purpose was known, every thing was respectful attention. With what elevation did I survey myself in the double mirror close to the window!—With what hauteur did I bid the tradesman be punctual as to the hour! How fiercely did I brush by the beaux in my return, with the delightful thought that I should soon have it in my power to cut them all out! How many are the advantages of a new coat! A new pair of trowsers rather serves to contrast the oldness of the upper garment with its own novelty; but a coat diffuses its splendor through the whole. It brightens a withered pair of pantaloons, and revivifies a faded waistcoat; it illuminates a wornout beaver, and even gives a respectable appearance to an antiquated pair of gaiters.

A man in a new coat holds his head erect, his chest forward; he shakes the pavement with his clattering heels; he looks defiance to every man, and love to every woman; he overtures little boys, and abuses hackney coachmen; if he enter a tavern he calls lustily for his drink, and knocks the waiter down if he does not bring it soon enough. But a man in an old coat hangs his head, fumbles in his moneyless pockets, and stumbles at every third step. He is scorned by the men, and unnoticed by the women; he is jeered at by children, and hustled by *jarveys*; at a tavern he enters the parlour with a sheepish face, knowing his right to be there, but fearing it may be disputed—the waiter sniggers, and the landlord bullies him. Such then is the difference which the outward man makes.

Et l'habit, fait sans plus, le maitre et le valet.

W. B.

### NAPOLÉON BONAPARTE.

From O'Meara's "Voice from St. Helena."

The following anecdotes are interesting: "Inquired of the Emperor in what engagement or engagements he considered himself to be in the most 'danger?' He replied, 'In the commencement of my campaigns. At Toulon, and particularly at Arcola. At Arcola my horse was shot under me: rendered furious by the wound, the animal seized the bit between his teeth, and galloped on towards the enemy. In the agonies of death he plunged into a morass and expired, leaving me up to my neck in the swamp, and in a situation from which I could not extricate myself. I thought at one moment that the Austrians would have come up and cut off my head, which was just above the surface of the morass, and which they could have done without my having been able to offer the least resistance. However, the difficulty of getting at me, and the approach of my soldiers, who rescued me, prevented them."

I asked if he had not often been slightly wounded? He replied, "several times; but scarcely more than once had I occasion for surgical assistance, or any fever in consequence of a wound. At Marengo a cannon shot took away a piece of the boot of my left leg, and a little of the skin," said he, showing the mark to me, "but I used no other application to it than a piece of flannel dipped in salt and water. I asked about a wound, of which there was a deep mark in the inside of the left thigh, a little above the knee. He said that it was from a bayonet. I asked if he had not had horses frequently killed under him? to which he answered, eighteen or nineteen, in the course of my life.

"The regiment de la Fere," said Napoleon, "in which I had commenced my career, behaved so badly to the inhabitants of Turin, that I was obliged to reduce them."

I accordingly had them marched to Paris, assembled on the parade, ordered the colors to be taken from them by some colonels, and lodged in the Church of the Invalids, (I think he said,) covered with mourning. I divided the officers who had not behaved so badly as the principal actors, amongst other regiments. Some months afterwards I formed the regiment again under different officers, and the colors were taken from the church with great pomp, by a number of colonels, each tearing a piece off, which they burnt, and new ones were given in their stead."

"Napoleon told me, that, when he was at Boulogne, two English sailors arrived there, who made their escape from Verdun, and had passed through the country undiscovered. They had remained there for a considerable time; and, having no money, they were at a loss how to effect their escape, there was such a vigilant watch kept upon the boats, that they despaired of being able to seize upon one. They made a sort of vessel of little ribs of wood, which they formed with their knives, living as well as they could upon roots and fruits.

This bark of theirs they covered with calico, which they stretched over the ribs.—When finished, it was not more than about three feet and a half in length, and of a proportionate breadth, and so light that one of them carried it on his shoulder. In this machine they determined to effect their passage to England. Seeing an English frigate approach very near the shore, they launched their boat, and attempted to join her; but before they had proceeded very far, they were discovered by the *douaniers* seized and brought back. The story got wind, in consequence of the astonishment excited at seeing two men venture out to sea in such a fragile conveyance. I heard of it, and ordered them with their little ship to be brought before me. I was myself struck with astonishment at the idea of men trusting their lives to such an article; and asked them if it was possible they could have intended to have gone to sea in that. They replied, that, to convince me of it, they were ready that moment, to attempt it again in the same vessel. Admiring the boldness of the attempt, and the bluntness of the reply, I ordered that they should be set at liberty, some Napoleons given to them, and a conveyance to the English squadron provided for them. Previous to this, they were going to be tried as spies, as several persons had seen them lurking about the camp for some days."

BONAPARTE AND THE BOURBONS.

To give you an instance of the general feeling in France towards the Bourbons (said Napoleon) I would relate to you an anecdote. On my return from Italy, while my carriage was ascending the steep hill of Tarare, I got out, and walked up, without my attendants, as was often my custom. I saw an old woman, lame, and hobbling about with the help of a crutch, endeavouring to ascend the mountain. I had a great coat on, and was not recognized. I went up to her and said, "Well, *ma bonne*, where are you going with a haste which so little belongs to your years? What is the matter?" "*Ma foi*," replied the old dame, "they tell me the Emperor is here, and I want to see him before I die." "*Bah bah*," said I; "What do you want to see him for? What have you gained by him? He is a tyrant as well as the others. You have only changed one tyrant for another—Louis for Napoleon." "*Mais, Monsieur*, that may be; but after all, he is the King of the People, and the Bourbons were the Kings of the Nobles. We have chosen him; and if we are to have a tyrant, let him be one chosen by ourselves." There, said he, you have the sentiments of the French nation, expressed by an old woman.

*Bonaparte's Opinion respecting the Conquest of Turkey.*—In the course of a few years Russia will have Constantinople, part of Turkey, and all Greece. This I hold to be certain, as if it had already taken place. Almost all the cajoling and flattering which Alexander practised towards me, was to gain my consent to effect this object. I would not consent, foreseeing that the equilibrium of Europe would be destroyed. In the natural course of things, in a few years Turkey must fall to Russia. The powers it would injure, and who would oppose it, are England, France, Prussia and Austria. Now as to Austria, it will be very easy for Russia to engage her assistance, by giving her Servia, and other provinces bordering upon the Austrian dominions, reaching near to Constantinople. The only hypothesis that France and England may ever be allied with sincerity, will be in order to prevent this. But even this alliance would not avail;—France, England and Prussia, united, cannot prevent it. Russia and Austria can at any time effect it.

From the Baltimore Federal Gazette.

*Literary.*—A new work is just published, written by a gentleman of this city, whose literary labors have more than once agreeably occupied the public attention.—Our readers who have not yet read the work, will be gratified by perusing the following extract.

From "Franklin's Letters to his Kinsfolk."

BY J. F. D.

### SHAKESPEARE'S BIRTH PLACE.

We arrived very late at Stony Stratford, the birth place of the immortal Shakespeare. After a night, in which the visions of anticipated pleasure excluded those of Morpheus, I sallied out as the shadows withdrew from the landscape, and the heightening glow of the eastern sky, promised the speedy appearance of the sun. I walked along the shores of the Avon, which babbled along quite in a poetic manner, whilst the adjacent grove was rising with the newly awakened song of the feathered warblers, whose unrivalled chorus seemed to express their delight in the placid and delicious scene to which they added their melody. It was one of those lovely mornings, when the sun rises in unclouded beauty, and darts in at every window, to solicit the slumberer to walk forth and contemplate the glories of nature. The calm beauty of the landscape, the soft murmur-

ing of the Avon, the pure stream of liquid harmony, and the recollections which the birth place of "Nature's darling" gave rise to, stole over my senses, and bore my imagination far away in a strain of delicious musings.

I visited the house in which SHAKESPEARE was born. It is a very coarse building, paved with bricks, and walled with the same materials roughly plastered over. It is now kept by a butcher! My guide was an old woman, with a face which bore evidence to the frequency and depth of her potatoes. Her ell locks dangled from her well-worn cap in wild disorder; every rag of her clothes was bidding good day to the rest; and her cloak, like the virtue of charity, served to cover many imperfections.—She showed me all the Shaksperian relics, with as much assiduity, as an old Neapolitan priest exhibits the pieces of the true cross, or St. January's blood; and whilst I was examining them, she sate musing with a face of drunken wisdom, in the very chair of the immortal bard!

The body of the great poet of Nature, lies in the chancel of a very old and mouldering church on the banks of the Avon. Leading to it is an avenue made of the interlacing of boughs, forming a luxuriant archway; an almost impenetrable thicket of Hawthorn and honey suckle, embosoms on all sides the abode of meditation and mystery.

The landscape was streaked with sunshine, and the distant hills tinted with rosy and purple hues. A presiding spirit of pastoral loneliness seems to hover over the scene, and no sound is heard, but the whispering of the leaves, and the plashing of an adjacent fountain, whose current bubbles forth to day-light in gay and sparkling profusion.

*SCIENTIFIC.*—On the evenings of the 21st, 22d, 23d, and 24th of May, the inhabitants of Vienna witnessed some new, interesting, and scientifically important experiments with sky rockets, made at the observatory of the university; they rose to the extraordinary height of 2000 Vienna fathoms, twenty-seven times the height of the steeple of St. Stephen's church, at which elevation they spread a dazzling light, which was very visible to the naked eye, at twenty German miles distance, and even more. This important invention has been immediately applied to determine the longitude geometrically, for which purpose it is peculiarly calculated. Notwithstanding unfavorable weather, this first essay perfectly succeeded, and the proposed object, viz. to determine with accuracy the difference of the meridians of Vienna and Ofen, was fully attained.

*Melancholy Accident.*—We are much concerned to announce a serious accident which occurred to two gentlemen who ascended in a balloon from Cheltenham. Mr. Green, the aeronaut, accompanied by Mr. Griffith, publisher of the Cheltenham Chronicle, ascended in a magnificent balloon. Before their ascent, it was discovered that some atrocious wretch had cut the net work and one of the cords, which sustained the car—but the remainder of the cords appeared uninjured, and a former disappointment having taken place when Mr. Green had appointed to ascend, that gentleman rashly resolved to mount without waiting to have the cords repaired.—While in the air, part of the net work and some other of the cords gave way, but the rest held till the balloon reached the ground. When, owing to the car hanging on one side, the aeronauts were unable to secure the balloon, which dragged them a considerable distance and at length threw them with violence to the ground. Every possible assistance was rendered to them by the neighboring gentlemen. It appeared, on examination, that Mr. Green had received a severe contusion on the left side, though unaccompanied with the fracture of the ribs, and that Mr. Griffith had received a severe injury of the spine, but not attended with paralysis of the limbs.—The balloon being destroyed, a subscription has been opened in Cheltenham, to remunerate Mr. Green for his loss. We sincerely hope the atrocious villain, who could wantonly devote his fellow creatures to destruction, will be detected and punished according to his deserts.

### NARROW ESCAPE.

The following singular accident recently occurred in London. A young girl was sitting on the second floor of a house in the court, at a window, with an infant of twelve months old in her arms. When it suddenly sprang from her arms into the court, and fell on a man who was eating oysters, which fortunately broke its fall, and the little infant dropped at his feet. It was almost instantaneously picked up and conveyed to a surgeon's, who, on examining it, declared to the delight and surprize of the mother, that the infant was not materially hurt; her feelings may be better conceived than described.

*Length of Life.*—De Moivre calculates the expectations of life thus: Subtract the age of the person from 86—half the remainder will be the expectation of that life.