

Carolina Sentinel.

VOL. IX.

NEWBERN, N. C. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1826.

NO. 453.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, BY
WATSON & MACHEN,
At \$3 per annum—half payable in advance.

From the New York Enquirer.
U. S. SQUADRON IN THE ARCHIPELAGO.
Extract from the Journal of an officer.

July 4.—I had promised myself the pleasure this day of landing at ancient Troy, and of drinking to the prosperity of our country on the ground made memorable by the immortal strains of Homer; but the violence of the wind making it extremely difficult to land, I determined to postpone my visit until the next day—another circumstance occurred which required my presence elsewhere.

At 10 o'clock in the forenoon, we discovered a number of vessels coming out of the Hellespont, and from their confused manner of sailing, we soon determined them to be Turkish ships of war; by 11, we could easily distinguish a numerous fleet, wearing the colours of the Grand Seigneur, steering directly towards Tenedos. In approaching that island, one of the frigates struck on a rock and knocked off her rudder, in consequence of which she was compelled to anchor near the town. The remainder of the fleet, consisting of 25 sail, composed of two line of battle ships, several large frigates, a number of corvettes, and four brigs, passed within a mile of our squadron. As the Turkish Admiral got abreast of us, the whole American squadron fired a national salute in honor of the anniversary of our independence. The Turkish Admiral, supposing himself saluted, promptly returned the number of guns fired from this ship.

At 4 P. M. I was ordered by the Commodore to go on board the Porpoise, run down to the Turkish fleet, and wait on the Admiral. I immediately went on board his ship, in company with Mr. English, interpreter to the Commodore, and was received with great distinction, being met by the Admiral at the gangway, and conducted to his cabin, where he immediately ordered coffee and pipes, the highest compliment paid to visitors. We learned that the fleet in company was only a division of the Turkish fleet, and that the Admiral of whom we have been speaking, bears the rank of Captain Bey, an officer next in rank to the Captain Pacha. I was particularly struck with the singular appearance of the officers and crew of this ship. It would seem that the Captain Bey had collected them from every part of the world: there were Turks, Egyptians, Franks, Greeks, Jews, Armenians, Arabs, &c. all dressed in their peculiar costume; one third of them, perhaps, had never before seen a ship. The officers are frequently appointed from the interior of the country, and it is not unusual to appoint a man to the command of a frigate who never in his life saw the sea. After conversing some time with the Captain Bey, we arose to depart; he politely attended us to the gangway, shook us by the hand, in the European manner, and, as we got into our boats, a very good band struck up an Italian march.

July 5.—I was directed by the Commodore last evening, to prepare myself for an early departure this morning from the ship, as he intended to despatch one in company with Mr. English by land to the Dardanelles, for the purpose of waiting on the Captain Pacha. A difficulty, however, in obtaining horses and guides, prevented our jaunt, and in the evening the principal Drogaman of the Captain Pacha, accompanied by a colonel of the Janizaries, came on board to inform the Commodore that the Captain Pacha had arrived at Tenedos in his boat, and would be happy to see him on shore at 9 the next morning.

July 6.—This day, the Commodore, in company with several of the officers, waited on the Captain Pacha, and were received with great courtesy and distinction. The Commodore had heard that the commander of the Turkish frigate which had struck on the rock of Tenedos, as mentioned in my remarks of the 4th inst. was, in

consequence of his carelessness, to lose his head, by order of the Captain Pacha, and as he thought it possible his Highness would pardon him at his solicitation, he embraced the opportunity of interceding for him, and was successful in saving his life; but the Captain Pacha would not excuse him from the bastinado, which, I presume, has since been inflicted.

July 7.—At the visit of the Commodore to the Captain Pacha, yesterday, he offered the Porpoise to his Highness, to carry him to the mouth of the Dardanelles on his return to the fleet. The offer was accepted, and at 7 o'clock this morning, I was directed to go on board the schooner with orders for the captain to anchor in the port of Tenedos, and there await the directions of the Captain Pacha. As soon as the schooner anchored, the captain and myself waited upon his Highness, and were treated with great cordiality. He said to us, in a laughing manner, that the Commodore had placed the schooner and ourselves under his command for the day, and we must obey his orders, and that he should be ready to sail at noon. We made an appropriate reply, and returned to the schooner. He soon after sent on board the Porpoise a bullock, several sheep, and a large quantity of wine, fruits and vegetables. At 12 o'clock he came on board, accompanied by his adopted son, his Drogaman and servants, when we immediately weighed anchor. After getting out of the harbour, the flag of the Captain Pacha was hoisted at the fore royal-mast head of the schooner. We found the old gentleman very conversable, and extremely inquisitive, keeping us employed all the time he was on board, (a period of seven hours) in answering, through an interpreter, innumerable questions respecting our navy, army and militia, our commerce, domestic manufactures, customs, laws, &c. At half past 7, he left the sch' under a salute of 21 guns; the captain and myself accompanied him part of the way, near the shore, in his elegant barge, rowed by 24 Armenian slaves. In this boat there were no seats, as the Turks invariably sit in a manner similar to tailors.

July 14.—As soon as day appeared this morning, we discovered the fleet of the Captain Pacha, standing for the anchorage off the Castle of Myteline. At 6 A. M. I was directed to wait on his excellency, who had his flag flying at the main of a large frigate. He received me in the most courteous manner; spoke of my politeness to him on board the Porpoise, and expressed the most friendly sentiments towards the Commodore, and the officers of the squadron generally. I informed him that it was the Commodore's wish to pay every honour to the Turkish fleet, and that the North Carolina would salute his flag at 8 o'clock; he replied that he should be most happy to reciprocate these civilities, and desired me to say to the Commodore, that as soon as the whole of his fleet had anchored, he should wait upon him on board the North Carolina.

At 8 A. M. the North Carolina saluted the flag of the Captain Pacha, with 21 guns, which compliment was immediately returned with the same number of guns from the Turkish flag ship. Shortly after breakfast, the drogaman of the Captain Pacha came on board and informed the Commodore that his Highness would wait on him at any hour most convenient to himself. The Commodore fixed 2 o'clock, and at the appointed hour he accordingly made his appearance, accompanied by the Patrona Bey, 3d in command of the fleet, his own captain, his adopted son, and confidential drogaman. He remained on board about two hours, visited every part of the ship, expressed great admiration of the perfection of the fittings, cleanness, &c.

July 15.—This day, the Commodore in company with the captains of the squadron, and several other officers returned the visit of the Captain Pacha, and was received with great form and ceremony. After being

seated in the cabin a few minutes, there appeared five pipebearers, each with a pipe about 5 feet long, the mouthpiece of amber, of the most costly kind; these men advanced directly in front of the officers, to whom the pipes were given, and presented them in the most graceful manner, kneeling to place the bowl of the pipe in a small brass dish, laid on the carpet for that purpose.

After a lapse of 8 or 10 minutes, a servant approached, bearing a large silver waiter, on which was placed a coffee cup for each of the guests, about 20 in number; over this waiter and cups, was spread an elegant silk napkin, embroidered with gold. Next came an attendant with the coffee pot, and in the rear a whole host of servants held themselves in readiness to distribute the coffee, each one taking a cup in his hand and presenting it, then stepping back 3 or 4 feet, stood in the most respectful and submissive attitude, covering his hands with his robe, it being considered indecorous to expose the hands or feet before a superior. When the cups were emptied, the servants advanced, and received them in the palms of their left hands, and closing the right hand over the cups, retired. Fresh pipes were now brought in; next came in regular succession, sweetmeats, served by one servant in the following manner: they were of various kinds, each particular variety in a small silver plate, the whole on a large silver waiter. The servant advanced, threw himself on his knees, holding the waiter in front, from which the visitor helped himself to a small spoonful from one of the little plates, the servant then passed to the next; after this, the pipes were again changed. Allowing about 15 minutes to elapse, and just on the eve of our taking leave, sherbet was served in elegant glass bowls, each attendant having on his arm a cambric napkin, embroidered with gold, to wipe the mouths after drinking. On our leaving the ship of the Pacha, the flag of the Sultan was displayed at her main, and a salute of 21 guns fired in honour of the visit. The Drogaman of the Pacha informed the Commodore, that in no other similar occasion, was the Sultan's flag hoisted, but in this instance was displayed as a particular mark of respect for the government of the United States, and as a token of respect for the Commodore.

I have said so much of the Captain Pacha, that it might be well to give a brief description of his person and history.

He is about 55 years of age, of short stature; portly in his person, and may be considered handsome; from his chin, descends a full white beard at least twelve inches; he is very courteous, full of smiles and compliments, although said to be very crafty, and one of the most rigid Mussulmen in the empire. He is a Georgian by birth, and was brought a slave from that country at a very early age. He was purchased by Hassan Pacha, a very distinguished man of the last century. For his faithful services to his master, he was emancipated and appointed to a respectable office—since which he has successively filled some of the most distinguished stations in the Ottoman Empire, and has been already chosen successor to the Grand Vizier, who is next in rank to the Sultan.

GENERAL WASHINGTON.

Extracts from the "RECOLLECTIONS OF WASHINGTON," a new work by GEORGE W. P. COSTIS, Esq. author of the Conversations of Lafayette, &c.

HIS PORTRAIT.

Of the thousand portraits which have been given of Washington, all of them possess a resemblance, from the drawing of a sign-post to the galleries of Taste.—He was so unique, so unlike any one else, his whole appearance so striking and impressive, that it was almost impossible to make a total failure, in forming a likeness of him, "on whom every God appeared to have set his seal, to give the world assurance of a man."

While several original pictures and sculptures are excellent likenesses of his physiognomy, in various stages of life, there has been a general failure in the delineation of his figure. His manliness has been misrepresented by bulkiness, while his vigorous, elastic frame, in which so many graces combined, has been drawn from the model of Ajax, when its true personification should be that of Achilles.

General Washington, in the prime of life, stood six feet two inches, and measured precisely six feet when attired for the grave. From the period of the Revolution, there was an evident bending in that frame so passing straight before, but the stoop is attributable rather to the care and toils of that arduous contest than to age: for his steps were firm, and his carriage noble and commanding, long after the time when the physical properties of man are supposed to be in the wane.

To a majestic height, was added correspondent breadth and firmness, and his whole person was so cast in nature's finest mould, as to resemble the classic remains of ancient statuary, where all the parts contribute to the purity and perfection of the whole.

His habit might be deemed rather spare than full, his weight never exceeding two hundred and ten to twenty. His limbs were remarkable. His arms were long, large, and sinewy, and could a cast have been made from his hand, it would have afforded a study for the sculptor, and if exhibited in the present day, it would be supposed to have belonged to some hero of romance.

His physiognomy was decidedly Roman—not in its type expressing the reckless ambition of the "broad fronted Cæsar," or the luxurious indulgence of the "curled Anthony;" but rather of the better age, of Rome the Fabius Maximus, Marcellus, or the Scipios.

An equestrian portraiture is particularly well suited to him who rode so well, and who was much attached to the noble animal which so oft and so gallantly had borne him in the chase, in war, and in the perilous service of the frontier. Rickets, the celebrate equestrian, used to say, "I delight to see the General ride, and make it a point to fall in with him when I hear that he is abroad on horseback—his seat is so firm, his management so easy and graceful, that I, who am a professor of horsemanship, would go to him and learn to ride."

Bred in the vigorous school of the frontier warfare, "and the earth his bed, his canopy the heavens," he excelled the hunter and woodsman in their athletic habits, and in those trials of manhood which distinguished the hardy days of his early life, he was amazingly swift of foot, and could climb the mountain steep, and "not a sob confess his toil."

Of the power of his arm, we have many recollections. The Rappahannock river, below Fredericksburg, will afford a lasting memorial. Of the article with which he spanned this bold and navigable stream, there are various accounts. We are assured it was a piece of slate, fashioned to about the size and shape of a dollar and which sent by an "arm so strong," not only spanned the river, but took the ground at least thirty yards on the other side. Numbers have since tried this feat, but none have cleared the water, 'Tis the "Douglas cast," made in the days when Virginia's men were strong, as her maids are fair; when the hardy sports of the gymnasium prepared the body to answer the "trumpet call to war," and gave vigor and elevation to the mind, while our modern habits would rather fit the youth "to caper nimbly in a lady's chamber."

Who will enter the arena, "now the master's gone," take up his gage, and prove that the manhood of the descendants is worthy of the renown of their sires. We fear that very many will be the suitors for the athletic prowess of the departed Ulysses, ere

one can be found who will "bend his bow."

Of original pictures, there are four at Arlington House. The most ancient, and the only one extant of the hero at that time of day, is the work of the elder Peale; was painted in 1772, full size and three quarter length, represents the Provincial Colonel in the Colonial uniform, blue, with scarlet facings, silver lace, and scarlet under-cloths, with sash and gorget, and the hat usually called the Wolfe hat, which, from its size and shape, must have been better suited for service in a forest warfare than would be the chapeaus of modern times. This is a fine, expressive picture, and said by his cotemporaries, to be the Washington in the prime of life—the countenance open and manly, the mind blue eye, the whole bespeaking intelligence, the dominion of lofty feelings, and the passions at rest.

It will be remembered that 1772 was the year of the remarkable Indian prophecy.

Next, in the order of original, is a half bust by Houdon, after the manner of the antique, full size and was taken soon after the war of the Revolution.

3d. A beautiful cabinet picture, in relief, by Madame de Brienne, representing the heads of Washington and Lafayette, about the time of Houdon.

4th. The profile likeness in crayon, by Sharpless, in 1796, an admirable likeness, the profile taken by an instrument, and critically correct.

Of other originals, we have to notice the equestrian picture, by Trumbull, of 1790, now in the City Hall of New York. For this, the white charger had several standings. The figure of the General in Chief, is well described, the costume, the uniform of the staff in the War of Independence, being the ancient whig colors, blue and buff—a very splendid performance throughout, and the objection to the face being too florid not a correct one. He was both fair and florid.

A Mr. Williams, a painter in crayons, had sittings about 1794, made a strong likeness, but we have no further knowledge of him or his works.

The works of Stuart have acquired such extensive and deserved celebrity, that a critique from us would be almost superfluous. Of the Great President, the head (that is the head only) of Stuart is certainly a chef d'œuvre. There are three originals by this distinguished master—the head and bust, from which many copies have been taken, the full length for the Marquis of Lansdown, and an original intended for Mrs. Washington. The artist has been particularly happy in delineating that graceful fall of the shoulders, for which the Chief was remarkable, and which is said to constitute among the finest lines in the portraiture of manly excellence. The defects of the full length are in the limbs. There is too much of roundness and finish, according to the rules of art and the most approved models of taste and celebrity, whereas the original was in himself a model for the arts. Stuart once observed, "My impression of his superior size considerably abated, on trying on his coat, and finding that the span of his body was not greater than was to be found in some other men." True. We repeat, that his remarkable conformation was exclusively in the limbs, and the great artist, and truly pleasant gentleman, might have continued his trials and worn out the coat in trying ere he would have found a man whose arms should have filled the sleeves, or who possessed that breadth of wrists and those hands which, in the Chief, almost "exceeded nature's law."

We are thus minute in describing the portraiture of Washington, because posterity always inquires, "How looked the Great of the older time?" Should these "Recollections" meet the eye of futurity, we can only say that our portrait, though humbly, is faithfully drawn.