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Miscellaneous.

A PICTURE OF ENGLAND.

It is within the recollection of most of our readers that our country, its resources, manufactures, &c. furnished a fruitful source for the scurrility of many of the English Journals, all of which ridiculed the idea of any thing like a competition from a nation whose existence was comparatively of yesterday.—But it seems the tone of many has recently changed, and it is to be apprehended that they may now go to the other extreme and laud us without mercy.

[Balt. Gaz.]

The London Sunday Times, in speaking of the situation of Great Britain says,—

"It is not our habit to sound the tocsin on light occasions—but we conceive it impossible to view the existing state of this country without more than apprehension and alarm. Twelve years of peace and what is the situation of Great Britain? We have a ministry without a head! Its members, the antipodes of each other in principle, and equally devoid of confidence. The shipping interest, the cradle of our Navy, is half ruined—our commercial monopoly exists no longer, and thousands of our manufacturers are starving, or seeking hope and redemption in distant lands. We have a debt of near 800 millions!—an incubus that rides the country like a nightmare. Taxation to meet the interest of this debt and our public establishments swamp near 60 millions annually!—England is flooded with pauperism, and Ireland in all but open revolt. Last year's revenue was deficient two millions, and no sensible improvement has since occurred.

Such is the domestic state of this Empire. Do not hostilities in Western Europe hang on a hair? Does not Spain already front us in arms? And is not her gothic trumpet sounding from Badajoz to Seville? We have closed the Western Indies against America from feelings of commercial rivalry. Its active seamen have already engrossed an important branch of our carrying trade with the Eastern Indies. Then comes an embargo and a Non-Intercourse Act, from which America would now have less to fear than formerly; for she is no longer dependent on Britain for the supply of her domestic wants. In a few years they will entirely supersede British productions, with the exception perhaps of silk and the finer cotton fabrics. Even now they interfere materially with our manufactures in Upper Canada, & South America. They have even reached the Mediterranean, to one point of which, within a few months, 1500 bales of American cotton goods were shipped from Boston!

Peace or war, our commerce, and manufacturing monopoly are no more! Already multitudes of our best workmen have emigrated, bearing their arts and industry to other shores. They swarm through the Northern States of America. Her starved flag is now conspicuous on every sea, and will soon defy our thunder. Her fisheries were formerly the nursery of our seamen. Those of New Foundland and Labrador are almost exclusively engrossed by the Americans. They send annually more than 40,000 vessels to these shores, and employ 50,000 seamen in the trade. They are nursed amid the fog and tempests on those inhospitable shores, familiar with every rock and quicksand in that difficult navigation, impenetrable to cold and insensible to hardships.

Let England then look well to herself, and tremble for the fate of Ireland! That island is now a sleeping volcano, the first eruption of which may be terrible. Should an American fleet ride the channel, bayonets and ball cartridges will not keep down the Irish people. Different legislation must then be tried. The safety of England may be compromised, & the justice now denied will then be rendered from fear. Such a sway is never secure or permanent, its apprehensions are continually awake. Never was there a period when the efforts of a wise and well constituted ministry were more necessary. We despair of any cabinet in which Lord Eldon sits as Chancellor, Lord Bathurst as Colonial Secretary, and the Earl of Westmoreland as Privy Seal."

MATRIMONIAL MAXIMS.

Addressed to Married Ladies.—The following maxims, if pursued, will not only make the men in love with marriage, but cause them to be good husbands. The

first is to be good yourself. To avoid all thoughts of managing a husband. Never try to deceive or impose upon his understanding; nor give him uneasiness, but treat him with affection, sincerity and respect. Remember that husbands at best are only men, subject, like yourselves, to error and to frailty. Be not too sanguine, then, before marriage, or promise yourselves happiness without alloy.—Should you discover any thing in his humor, or behavior, not altogether what you expected or wish, pass it over, smooth your own temper, and try to mend his by attention, cheerfulness, and good nature. Never reproach him with misfortunes, which are the accidents and infirmities of human life; a burden which each has engaged to assist the other in supporting, and to which both parties are equally exposed; but, instead of murmuring, and reflections, divide the sorrow between you; make the best of it, and it will be easier to both. It is the innate office of the softer sex to soothe the troubles of the other.—Resolve every morning to be cheerful and good natured that day; and should any thing occur to break your resolution, suffer it not to put you out of temper with your husband. Dispute not with him, be the occasion what it may; but much rather deny yourself the trifling satisfaction of having your own will, or gaining the better of an argument, than risk a quarrel, or create a heartburning, which it is impossible to foresee the end of. Implicit submission in a man to his wife is ever disgraceful to both; but implicit submission in a wife to the will of her husband is what she promised at the altar; what the good will reverberate for, and what is in fact the greatest honor she can receive. Be assured, a woman's power, as well as her happiness, has no other foundation than her husband's esteem and love; which it is her interest, by all possible means, to preserve and increase. Study, therefore, his temper, and command your own. Enjoy with him his satisfaction, share and sooth his cares, and with the utmost assiduity conceal his infirmities. If you value your own and your husband's ease, let your expenses and desires be ever within the reach of his circumstances; for if poverty should follow, you must share the evil. Be very careful never to give him any cause of jealousy. Let not many days pass without a serious examination into your conduct as a wife; and if, on reflection, you find yourself guilty of any foibles or omissions, the best atonement is to be more careful in future.

From the New Monthly Magazine.
EMINENT LIARS.

"I reverence liars. I must not be understood as meaning those coiners and utterers of falsehoods, always petty whether great or small, which are intended either to injure other persons, or to serve themselves; those despicable creatures who invent lies, or pervert truth, as a means to attain an end: all such I abandon to the contempt they deserve. Nor do I mean those peddling, pettifogging, would-be-liars, who only lie by halves, who falsify facts, or timidly set about embroidering a groundwork of truth with details of their own creating. No; the liars I allude to are the spirited emulators of the Mandevilles, the Pintos, and Munch-Hausens, who tell you the lie, the whole lie, and nothing but the lie; and who lie, too, (I do not desire a softer term, for, though "familiar" yet, in the sense in which it is here applied, it is "by no means vulgar") from no less noble an impulse than the pure, disinterested, honest, unadulterated love of lying. So profound is my veneration for that illustrious fraternity, that I cannot consent to honour with a niche in their temple even Gulliver himself. To say the truth, Gulliver was but a poor fellow after all. Indeed it never was seriously pretended that such a man as Gulliver did exist, or ever had existed. He was nothing more than a peg to hang a satire upon; the puny invention of the novelist. Gulliver was Swift and Swift was Gulliver, and the history of his adventures was timely put forth as a mere fiction. For this reason the book called Gulliver (for Gulliver is but a book and never was a man) must be degraded to the level of the Utopians, the Arcadias, and other flimsy books of the same ignominious kind. Had Jonathan Swift stood forward, as a gallant, gentlemanly liar (my late lamented friend, Colonel Nimrod, for instance would have done, and roundly asserted that he, himself, the identical Jonathan, —that he, in his own proper person, had visited a country called Lilliput, where he had held intercourse with a race of human beings of such diminutive proportions that their very giants were scarcely six inches tall; had he pledged his own character for veracity on the

possessive occurrence to himself of all the adventures he tamely ascribes to a shadow, then had Jonathan Swift been deemed worthy of equal rank with those glorious liars whose names I have recorded. As it is, he has compromised his fame. He may be a fine writer, a keen satirist, a profound philosopher;—with so much reputation as those ordinary qualifications may acquire for him, let him rest satisfied; but—LIAR he is not.

I have mentioned Munch-Hausen. It is generally believed that Munch-Hausen is only a *nom de guerre*. Such, however, is not the fact. Baron Munch-Hausen was a Hanoverian nobleman, and even so lately as five and forty years ago he was alive and lying. It is true, that the travels published as his, though not by him, were intended as a satire or parody on the Travels of the famous Baron de Tott; but Munch-Hausen was really in the habit of relating the adventures, now sanctioned by the authority of his mendacious name, as having positively occurred to him; and from the frequency of the repetition of the same stories, without the slightest variation even in their most minute points, he at length believed the narratives he had himself invented, and delivered them with as much sang-froid as if they had described nothing but so many probable events. There was nothing of the *Fanfare*, or braggart, in his manner; on the contrary, he was distinguished by the peculiar modesty of his demeanor. When called upon, in company, as he invariably was, to relate some of the extraordinary adventures of his life, he would enter upon the subject with as much diffidence as a Wellington or a Nelson, describing his own real achievements, till, gradually warming, he would become vehement, and endeavour to illustrate his descriptions by the most extravagant, yet, at the same time, the most expressive gestures and attitudes. He was a masterly liar; a great artist. It must be remarked, that in his wildest inventions there is nothing to shock the understanding; admit the cause, and the consequences follow naturally enough. He shoots a handful of cherry-stones into a stag's forehead! Allow the possibility of cherry-stones taking root in a stag's forehead, and there is nothing improbable in his finding a few years afterwards, a cherry tree sprouting from it. The cold, in a certain country where he is travelling, is so intense as to freeze the tunes a post boy endeavours to play upon his horn. The horn is hung by the fire-side, and, as the tunes in it become thawed, they flow out audibly one after another. Admit the cause, I say, and there is nothing absurd in the consequence. Had he made a tree of emeralds and rubies to spring from his cherry stones; or a band of musicians to start out of his horn, (as some of his awkward imitators would do,) he would not so long have maintained his enviable eminence as a consistent and credible liar, but have been confounded in the mass of inventors of nonsensical Rhodomontades.

But my main object in this paper is to rescue from oblivion, a few of the mighty lies of one who, had he committed his sublime inventions to the press, instead of modestly employing them for the edification and delight of those private circles which he sometimes honored with his presence, had eclipsed the whole galaxy of liars. But, alas! he is dead! Colonel Nimrod is dead! The day that witnessed the extinction of that lying luminary of the sporting world, was a day of rejoicing to all the birds in the air and all the fishes in the sea. Ah! securely may'st thou gambol now on yonder pleasant slope; thou noble stag, for Nimrod is no more! Spread out your glittering wings in peace, ye bright inhabitants of ether, and you, ye little fishes and ye great! sprats, shrimps, leviathans, white-bait, whales, sport freely in your watery homes, for Nimrod is no more! Well might it be to them a day of jubilee when their unparalleled destroyer was destroyed: to me it was a day of lamentation and sorrowing. I knew him well. With what delight have I listened to his astounding narratives, each sentence worth a whole volume of truth! and how patiently have I, upon such occasions, turned from the captious lover of matter of fact who has petulantly whispered me—"Tis all a lie,"—and what then? The Fairy Queen is a lie, the Midsummer-Night's Dream is a lie; yet neither Spenser nor Shakespeare are stigmatized as liars. Why

* The present paper is certainly admitted to be a suspicious medium for the conveyance of truth; nevertheless the information concerning Baron Munch-Hausen is given under the positive belief of the writer that it is authentic. He received from a Polish gentleman, one whose veracity has never been impeached, who assured him that when travelling many years ago, through Hanover, he met with several persons who had been well acquainted with the hero, and that the name of Munch-Hausen was then, as it may be still, a by-word for any story partaking over-much of the marvellous.

then should the epithet "lie," in its opprobrious and offensive sense, be applied to those extempore prose inventions of any reveller in the realms of imagination, which, were measured out by lines and syllables, and committed to paper, would be called Poems? All inventive poets are, in a certain sense, liars; and akin with poets are travellers into countries which never existed, seers of sights which have never been seen; doers of deeds which were never done; and such merely was Colonel Nimrod: he was an extempore prose poet. Such liars, I would say liars generally, are your only interesting tale-tellers; for nothing is so insipid as the bare truth; and the truth of this is, that we seldom meet with a true story worth telling. This may appear to be a startling opinion, but most people entertain it, and are often unconsciously led to express it.—Of a hundred real adventures, ninety-nine are not worth relating; and the common eulogy bestowed on any real occurrence, which happens to be somewhat out of the usual way, is, that it is as interesting as a romance in other words, that that particular fact is as interesting as a fiction—or, to come at once to the point, that that true story is as interesting as if it were a lie.

But I am digressing from my purpose, which is simply to record two or three of the most exquisite of the many admirable lies, have heard delivered by my late lamented friend, Col. Nimrod; and, outrageous and extravagant as they will appear, I do most positively assert that I repeat them, as nearly as I can, in his own words. His manner of narrating those marvellous tales, of which he always was himself the hero, was perfectly easy and assured, and was calculated to impress his hearers with a conviction that, at least, he entertained not the slightest doubt of their truth. He seldom described his feats, or the accidents of his life, as subjects to be wondered at; they were casually noticed, as the turn of the conversation might afford occasion, and as mere matters of every day occurrence. If, indeed, any one expressed a more than usual degree of astonishment, or exclaimed, "That's rather extraordinary, Colonel!" his reply invariably was—"Extraordinary, sir!—why I know it is extraordinary; but I'll take my oath that I am in all respects the most extraordinary man that God ever let live."

A broken head.—I was one day standing with him at his window when a man was thrown from his horse. "There's a broken head for him, Colonel," said I, "I am the only man in Europe, sir," he replied, "that ever had a broken head—to live after it. I was hunting near my place in Yorkshire; my horse threw me, and I was pitched head-foremost, upon a scythe that had been left upon the ground. When I was taken up, my head was found to be literally cut in two, and was spread over my shoulder like a pair of epaulettes. That was a broken head."

New mode of executing a Writ.—Something having occurred in conversation that led to the subject of arrests, he started up and exclaimed, "Gentlemen, I have been arrested oftener than any man in England! Once under most atrocious circumstances. You must know that I was lodging at Stevens's; wife was with me.—One morning between seven and eight, while we were in bed, a bailiff came into the room. "I understand your business, my good fellow," said I; wait below, I'll get up and dress, and accompany you to my solicitor, who will do the needful."

But, gentlemen, he swore I should up and go with him as I was. "What! in my night-shirt!" said I. He insisted, I resisted; when the scoundrel went to the fire place, drew out the poker which had been in the fire all night, and thrust it red hot as it was, into the bed between Mrs. N. and me. Mrs. N.—woman like—the moment she felt the red hot poker, jumped out of bed; not so, your humble servant. There I lay, and there stood the scoundrel poking at me; and there would I have remained, had not the bed-clothes have taken fire. Now I did not choose to be burnt in my bed, nor would endanger the safety of the house, in which there happened to be many lodgers at the time, so I got up & dressed myself—I resolved to carry that point, and I did. Now put it to you as men and gentlemen; did I compromise my honour by giving in at last? But observed, 'twas as I tell you—not till the bed took fire."

Expedition Shooting.—I once said to him—"You have the reputation of being an excellent shot, Col. Nimrod;"—"Ay, sir; I shoot with a ramrod sometime;"—"Shoot with a ramrod!"—"Why how the devil else would you shoot when you are in a hurry?"—"Really, I don't un-

derstand you."—This is what I mean, Sir, for instance; I was going out one fine morning at the latter end of October, when I saw the London mail changing horses—as it always did within a mile of my gates—when I suddenly recollected that I had promised by friend F—a basket of game. Devil a trigger had I pulled—the coach was ready to start—what was to be done? I leaped over the hedge, fired off my ramrod and may I be shot if I didn't spit, as it were, four partridges and a brace of pheasants. Now I should be a liar if I said I ever did the same thing twice—in point of number, I mean."

These specimens will serve to show to what perfection poor Nimrod had brought the art of lying. I could repeat another he delivered whilst lying (in both senses of the word) on the death-bed, but that it might be misconstrued into the pure effect of delirium. For my own part I consider it as another illustration of "the ruling passion strong in death." That he believed his own stories, and expected they would be believed by his hearers, I am fully persuaded. I shall not attempt to trace the causes of this infirmity of mind; but wherever it exists in the same degree, I consider it as presenting a case for the consideration of the physician rather than of the moralist.

P.

Agricultural Report.—Weather, &c.

Our accounts from the southern section of Virginia, and from that portion of North-Carolina bordering on Roanoke River, are flattering with respect to the Corn and Cotton Crops. One of our citizens who has just returned from a tour in the Counties of Sussex, Greensville, Northampton, lower part of Southampton, and Hertford, assures us that he has never in any previous season, seen the fields look more flourishing than at present. The Crop of Wheat, however, from all we can hear, promises but indifferently; and from the northern and western sections of the state, embracing what is called the Valley of Virginia, the advices are less pleasing still.

From the observations of our correspondents, the fall of Snow on the 1st of May, which was noticed here as something of a phenomenon, would appear to have been almost universally experienced from Maine to Florida. The South Carolina and Georgia papers, speak of a succession of frost from the 1st to the 7th inst. by which the Cotton, &c. was considerably injured. In this neighbourhood, we had one or two white frosts about the same time, but without doing material harm to the young growth.

Speaking of the extraordinary forwardness of the season, the N. England Farmer says, "It is one of the very few which transcend or surpass the ordinary limits on the average of any ten years taken together. It is very forward, and he traces its forwardness to the early and long continued coverings of snow. Cherries began to open their flower this year April 21; two days earlier than in any year during the last fourteen years, and earlier than the average of the 14 years, about 14 days. Peaches this year opened on the 16th April, which is earlier than it has opened for the last twelve years in 1825, the earliest year, before the present for fourteen years, the Siberian crab apple began to flower May 7—this year it did on May 4. The grass is from ten days to a fortnight more forward than usual.—Peaches never promised better."

[Petersburg Int.]

HEALTHS.—The origin of health drink! ing took its rise from the time of the Danes being in England, when it was common with them, whilst an Englishman was drinking, to take that opportunity of stabbing him. To guard against this Danish treachery, the English entered into a combination to be mutual pledges of security to each other whilst drinking.

When, therefore, an Englishman at that period drank to his friend, his tacit language was—"Sir, I am afraid that some malicious Dane will stab me or cut my throat whilst I am drinking, I beg the favor of you to watch carefully that I may drink safely."

To which his friend was supposed to answer, "Sir, I will pledge you and be your safety." He then replied, "I am much obliged to you, sir,—your health; that you may live till I have done drinking, and save me from his wicked intentions.—Universal Magazine.

Thanksgiving Day.—There is a tradition that in the planting of New England, there were many discouraged with their difficulties in a wild country, and being men of piety they laid their wants before the Lord on frequent set days of fasting and prayer. Constant meditation and discourses on their difficulties, kept their minds gloomy and discontented. At length when it was proposed in one of