

Carolina Sentinel.

VOL. XI.

NEWBERN, N. C. SATURDAY, MAY 24, 1828.

NO. 530.

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

Miscellaneous.

From the Journal of Captain Andrew Smith.

THE FEVER SHIP.

I sailed from Liverpool for Jamaica; and after a pleasant voyage arrived at my place of destination and discharged my cargo. My vessel was called the *Lively Charlotte*, a tight brig, well found for trading, and navigated by thirteen hands. I reloaded with sugar and rum for Halifax, intending to freight from that place for England before the sitting in of winter. This object I could only achieve by using double diligence, allowing a reasonable time for accidental obstacles. My brig was built sharp, for sailing fast, and I did not trouble myself about convoy, (it was during war,) as I could run a fair race with a common privateer; and we trusted to manœuvring four heavy cannonades, and a formidable show of painted ports and quakers, for escaping capture by any enemy not possessing such an overwhelming superiority of force as would give him confidence to run boldly alongside, and find out what were really our means of defence. I speedily shipped what provisions and necessaries I wanted, and set sail. A breeze scarcely sufficient to fill the canvass carried us out of Port Royal harbor.—The weather was infernally hot; the air seemed full of fire; and the redness of the atmosphere, not long before sunset, glared as intensely as the flame of a burning city. Jamaica was very sickly; the yellow fever had destroyed numbers of the inhabitants, and three-fourths of all new comers speedily became its victims. I had been fortunate enough to lose only two men during my stay of three or four weeks, (Jack Wilson and Tom Waring,) but they were the two most sturdy and healthy men in the brig; the first died in thirty-nine hours after he was attacked, and the second on the fourth day. Two hands, besides, were ill when we left, which reduced to nine the number capable of performing duty. I imagined that putting to sea was the best plan I could adopt, to afford the sick a chance of recovery, and to retard the spreading of the disorder among such as remained in health. But I was deceived. I carried the contagion with me, and on the evening of the day on which we lost sight of land another hand died and three more were taken ill. Still I congratulated myself I was no worse off, since other vessels had lost half their crews while in Port Royal, and some in much less time than we had remained there.—We sailed prosperously through the windward passage, so close to Cuba that we could plainly distinguish the trees and shrubs growing upon it, and then shaped our course northeasterly, to clear the Bahamas and gain the great ocean.

We had seen and lost sight of Crooked Island three days, when it became all at once a dead calm; even the undulation of the sea, commonly called the ground swell, subsided; the sails hung slackened from the yard; the vessel slept like a turtle on the ocean, which became as smooth as a summer mill pond. The atmosphere could not have sustained a feather; cloudless and clear, the blue serene above and the water below were alike spotless and stagnant. Disappointment and impatience were exhibited by us all, while the sun flaring from the burning sky, melted the pitch in the rigging till it ran down on the decks, and a beefsteak might have been broiled on the anchor fluke. We could not pace the planks without blistering our feet, until I ordered an awning over the deck for our protection; but still the languor we experienced was overpowering.

A dead calm is always viewed with an uneasy sensation by seamen, but in the present case it was more than usually unwelcome; to the sick it denied the freshness of the breeze that would have mitigated in some degree their agonies; and it gave a predisposition to the healthy to imbibe the contagion, lassitude and despondency being its powerful auxiliaries. Assisted by the great heat, the fever appeared to decompose the very substance of the blood; and its progress was so rapid, that no medicine could operate before death closed the scene of suffering. I had no surgeon on board, but from the medicine chest I in vain administered the common remedies; but what remedies could be expected to act with efficacy, where the disease destroyed life almost as quickly as the current of life circulated! I had now but five men able to do duty, and never can I forget my feelings when three of these were taken ill on the fourth day of our unhappy inactivity. One of the sick expired as I stood by his cot, in horrible convulsions. His skin was of a saffron hue; watery blood

oozed from every pore, and from the corners of his eyes—he seemed dissolving into blood, liquefying into death. Another man rushed upon deck in a fit of delirium, and sprang over the ship's side into the very jaws of the numerous sharks that hovered ravenous around us, and seemed to be aware of the havoc death was making.

I had now the dreadful prospect of seeing all that remained perish, and prayed to God that I might not be the last: for I should then become an ocean solitary, dragging on a life of hours in every second. A day's space must then be an age of misery. There was still no appearance of a breeze springing up; the horrible calm appeared as if it would endure forever. A storm would have been welcome. The irritating indolence, the frightful loneliness and tranquility that reigned around, united with the frequent presence of human dissolution, thinning our scanty number, was more than the firmest nerves could sustain, without yielding to despair. Sleep fled far from me; I paced the deck at night, gazing on the remnant of my crew in silence, and they upon me, hopeless and speechless. I looked at the brilliant stars that shone in tropical glory, with feverish and impatient feelings, wishing I were among them, or bereft of consciousness, or were any thing but a man. A heavy presentment of increasing evil bore down my spirits. The scene, so beautiful at any other time, was terrible under my circumstances. I was overwhelmed with present and anticipated misery. Thirty years I had been accustomed to a sea life, but I had never contemplated that so horrible a situation as mine was possible; I had never imagined any state half so frightful could exist, though storms had often placed my life in jeopardy, and I had been twice shipwrecked. In the last misfortune, mind and body were actively employed, and I had no leisure to brood over the future.—To be passive, as I now was, with destruction creeping towards me inch by inch, to perceive the most horrible fate advancing slowly upon me, and being obliged to await its approach, pinioned, fixed to the spot, powerless, unable to keep the hope of deliverance alive by exertion: such a situation was the extreme of mortal suffering, a pain of mind language is inadequate to describe, and I endured in silence the full weight of its infliction.

My mate and cabin boy were now taken with the disease; and on the evening of the fifth day, Will Stokes, the oldest seaman on board, breathed his last, just at the going down of the sun. At midnight another died. By the light of the stars we committed them to the ocean, though while wrapping the hammock round the body of the last, the effluvia from the rapid putrefaction was so overpowering and nauseous, that it was with difficulty got upon deck and flung into its unfathomable grave. The dull plash of the carcass, as it plunged, I shall never forget, raising lucid circles on the dark unrippled water, and breaking the obstinate silence of the time; it struck my heart with a thrilling chillness; a rush of indelible feeling came over me. Even now this sepulchral sound strikes at times on my ear during sleep, in its loneliness of horror, and I fancy I am again in the ship. These mournful entombments were viewed by us at last with that unconcern which is shown by men rendered desperate from circumstances. Disease and dissolution were become every day matters to us, and the fear of death had lost its power; nay, we rather trembled at the thought of surviving; thus does habitude fit us for the most terrible situations. The last precaution I took was to remove the sick to the deck, under the shelter of a wet sail, to afford them coolness.

The next that died was my old townsman Job Watson. Just after I had seen him expire, about ten o'clock in the evening, when all around was like the stillness in a dead world, I was hanging over the taffrail and looking upon the ocean's face, that from its placidity and attraction to the eye was to me and mine, like an angel of destruction clothed in beauty, when, on a sudden, I became free from anxiety, obdurate, reckless of every thing. I imagined I had taken leave of hope forever, and an apathy came upon me little removed from despair. I was ready for my destiny, come when it might. I got rid of a load of anxiety that I could not have carried much longer, so that when even the rising of the moon showed me the body of the mate, which we had thrown into the water, floating on its back, half disengaged from its hammock—when I distinctly saw its livid features covered only by an inch of transparent sea, and a huge shark preparing its hungry jaws to prey upon it, I drew not back, but kept my eye coldly upon it, as if it had been the most indifferent object upon earth; for I was as insensible

to emotion as a statue would have been. This insensibility enabled me to undertake an office for the sick, and to drag the bodies of the dead to the ship's side and fling them overboard; for at last no one else was left to do it. All, save myself, were attacked with the disorder, and one by one died before the ninth day was completed, save James Robson, the least athletic man I had, and who judging from constitution, was not little likely to have survived. The disorder left him weak as a child; I gave him the most nourishing things I could find; I carried him a mere skeleton into my cabin, and placed him on a fresh bed, flogging his own and all the other's overboard. I valued him as the only living thing with me in the vessel, though had he died, I should at the time have felt little additional pain. I regarded him as one brute animal would have looked at another in such a situation.

How the ship was to be navigated by one man, and what means I possessed of keeping her afloat in case blowing weather should come on, gave me no apprehension; I was too much proof against the fear of the future, or any danger that it might bring. Robson could give me no assistance; I had therefore to rely on my own exertion for every thing. If the vessel ever moved again, I must hand & steer—tho', from the continuation of the calm, it did not seem likely I should be soon called upon deck, and could sleep, either by day or night, only by short snatches extended at full length near the helm. On the tenth night, while the sea was yet in the repose of the grave around me, I fell into a doze, and was assailed with horrible dreams that precluded my receiving refreshment from rest. I aroused myself, and the silence of every side seemed more terrible than ever. Clouds were rising over the distant sea line and obscuring the stars; and the ocean put on a gloomy aspect. Millions of living things, which had ascended from the caverns of the deep or been engendered from the stagnation and heat, played in squaky antics on its surface. No sailor was now pacing the deck on his accustomed watch. The want of motion in the ship, and her powerless sails hanging in restless amid the diminishing starlight, added to the solitary feeling which, in spite of my apathy, I experienced. I thought myself cut off from mankind forever, and that my ship, beyond where winds ever blew, would lie and rot upon the corruption sea. I forgot the melancholy fate of my crew at this moment, any thought, with comparative unconcern, that the time most soon come when the last draught of water being finished, "I too must die." Then half slumbering, a thousand strange images would come before my sight; the countenance of my late mate, or some one of the crew, was frequently among them, distorted and fixed upon uncouth bodies. I felt feverish and unwell on awaking. One moment I fancied I saw a vessel pass the ship under full sail and with a stiff breeze, and then a second, while no ruff appeared on the ocean near mine, and I hailed them in vain. Now I heard the tramp of feet upon the deck, and the whisper of voices, as of persons walking near me, whom I uselessly challenged; this was followed by the usual obdurate silence. I felt no fear; for nature had no visitation for mortal man more appalling; than I had encountered; and to the ultimate of evils with social men, as I have before observed, I was insensible—for what weight could social ideas of good or evil have with me at such a moment?

The morning of the eleventh day of my suffering I went down into the cabin, to take some refreshment to Robson. Though at intervals in the full possession of his senses, the shortest rational conversation exhausted him; while talking in his incoherent fits did not produce the same debilitating effect. "Where is the mate?" he wildly asked me; "Why am I in your cabin, captain?—have they flung Waring overboard yet?"—I contented myself with giving general answers, which appeared to satisfy him. I feared to tell him where the only survivors; for the truth, had he chanced to comprehend it in its full force, might have been fatal. On returning upon the deck, I observed that clouds were slowly forming, while the air became doubly oppressive and sultry. The intensity of the sun's rays was exchanged for a closer and even more suffocating heat, that indicated an alteration of some kind in the atmosphere. Hope suddenly arose in my bosom again; a breeze might spring up, and I might get free from my horrible captivity. I took an observation, and found that I was clear of the rocks and shoals of the Bahamas towards which I feared a current might have insensibly borne me; all I could do, therefore, in the case the wind blew, was to hang out a signal of distress, and try to keep the sea

until I fell in with some friendly vessel.—I immediately took measures for navigating the ship by myself. I fastened a rope to secure the helm in any position I might find needful, so that I might venture to leave it a few moments when occasion required. I went aloft, and cut away the topsails which I could not reef, and reduced the canvass all over the ship as much as possible, leaving only one or two of the lower sail set; for if it blew fresh, I could not have taken them in, and the ship might perish; while by doing this, I had some chance of keeping her alive.

I now anxiously watched the clouds which seemed in motion, and the sight was a cordial one to me. At last the sea began to heave with gentle undulations; a slight ripple succeeded, and bore new life with it. I wept for joy, and then laughed, as I saw it shake the sails and gradually fill them; and when at length the brig moved, just at noon on the eleventh day after our becalmment commenced, I became almost mad with delight. It was like a resurrection from the dead; it was the beginning of a new existence with me. Fearful as my state then was in reality, it appeared a heaven to that which I had been in. The hope of deliverance aroused me to new energies. I felt hungry, and eat voraciously; for till that moment I had scarcely eaten enough to sustain life. The chance of once more mingling with my fellow men filled my imagination, and braced every fibre of my frame, almost to breaking. The ship's motion perceptibly increased; the ripple under her bows became audible; she felt additional impulse, moved yet faster; and at length cut through the water at the rate of four or five knots an hour. This was fast enough for her safety, though not for my impatience. I steered her large before the wind for some time, and then kept her as near as possible in the track of vessels bound for Europe, certain that carrying so little sail I must be speedily overtaken by some ship that could render me assistance. Nor was I disappointed in my expectation. After steering two days with a moderate breeze, during which time I never left the helm, a large West Indian man came up with me, and gave me every necessary aid. By this means I was enabled to reach Halifax, and finally the river Mersey, about five weeks later than the time I had formerly calculated for my voyage.

DUNDAS AND THE BARBER.

Before Henry Dundas, afterwards Lord Melville, had obtained the patronage of Scotland, he was not very popular with the natives of that country: indeed the inhabitants of the good town of Edinburgh at one time, sought his life, and would have sacrificed him to their fury, for having been concerned in certain measures to which the general opinion was opposed.

In this state of the public mind, he made a visit to the Scottish capital, and being one day recognized walking on the north bridge or mound, he was surrounded by an immense mob, who hustled him in a very rude manner, and made preparations to throw him over the parapet. Luckily he happened to have a considerable quantity of money in his pocket, in the shape of notes and silver, which he had the presence of mind to throw, alternately among them, so as to divert their attention, whilst he made all possible way for the mansion of the Lord Provost; where, after great difficulty, and having disposed of his last shilling, he arrived, and found refuge and protection.

The mob increased, however, and surrounded the Chief-Magistrate's house, crying vehemently, "Put out Dundas! put out Dundas!" and behaved otherwise in a very riotous manner. At length the Provost, fearing they would proceed to extremities, came out and addressed them on the duties of hospitality, and on the ancient and uniform character of the Scots for the exercise of that virtue: and concluded by saying, that he "himself would prefer falling a victim to their fury, rather than eject any person who had sought the asylum of his roof." This was an appeal which no Scotchman could withstand, more particularly as it came from a man, whose amenity of character and mild disposition had rendered him generally beloved. Having given the Provost three cheers, they quietly dispersed to their houses.

Whilst he remained in Edinburgh on this occasion, Mr. Dundas took care not to show himself again in the streets, but soon took his departure for London.

Soon afterwards, being obliged to revisit his native country, and knowing the storm had blown over, he met with a very odd adventure, but one which terrified him equally, if not more so, than that on the North Bridge. It seems that he had recently been accessory to some other

obnoxious measure: not, however, of such general importance as the former one; it was such, however, as to keep alive the public feeling, though not sufficient to blow it into actual flame. In this state of things he arrived at an hotel in Edinburgh, and next morning sent for a barber to shave him.

The Tonsor, who happened to be a wag, on entering the room, saluted Mr. Dundas, and welcomed him to Edinburgh. Then having decorated him with an apron, he began to lather his face; during which operation, he cast upon him sundry scowling and penetrating glances, the meaning of which the stranger could not well comprehend. At length, flourishing his razor, he said in a sharp and stern voice,

"We are much obliged to you, Mr. Dundas, for the part you lately took in London."

"What!" replied the Secretary, "you are a politician I find? I sent for a barber."

"Oh yes," returned the night of the pewter basin, "I'll shave you directly," which he did until one half of the beard was cleanly mowed, when coming to his throat, he drew the back of the razor across it, saying, "take that ye traitor!" and off he ran, down stairs, into the street.

Whether Mr. Dundas had previously felt any uneasiness at the barber's manner, we know not, but the latter expression—the action being so well suited to the word, induced him instantly to apply the apron to his throat, and to make a loud gurgling noise, which being heard by some of the people of the house, they immediately ran to his assistance. They soon discovered by the pantomimic gestures of Mr. Dundas, what had occurred, and it was not long before the room was full of members of the Faculty, of all degrees: apothecaries, surgeons, and physicians! It was a considerable time before the patient could be prevailed on to remove the apron and expose his throat; but at length, when he did so, with much caution—it was found to be in a perfectly whole state; there not being even a scar visible!

Though Mr. Dundas had much reason to be delighted at having escaped unhurt, he was a little mortified at the laugh which this adventure occasioned; and his chagrin was greatly increased when he found he had to pay for the attendance of the medical gentlemen: which having done, and having shaved the other side of his face himself, (for he would trust no more barbers,) he decamped from Edinburgh, and did not return for many years.—*Clubs of London.*

Death of Columbus.—With all the fervour of his imagination, its fondest dreams fell short of the reality. He died in ignorance of the grand discovery. Until his last breath, he entertained the idea that he had merely opened a new way to the old resorts of opulent commerce, and had discovered some of the wild regions of the east. He supposed Hispaniola to be the ancient Ophir, which had been visited by the ships of Solomon, and that Cuba and Terra Firma were but remote parts of Asia. What visions of glory would have broke upon his mind could he have known that he had indeed discovered a new continent, equal to the whole of the old world in magnitude, and separated by two oceans from all the earth hitherto known by civilized man. And how would his magnanimous spirit have been consoled amidst the afflictions of age and the cares of penury, the neglect of a fickle public, and the injustice of an ungrateful king, could he have anticipated the splendid empires which were spread over the beautiful world he had discovered; and the nations, and tongues, and languages, which were to fill its lands with his own renown, and to rever and bless his name to the latest posterity?—*Iroing's Life of Columbus.*

\$15 REWARD.

RANAWAY from the subscriber on the 2d instant, his negro woman TEMP. She is about 28 years of age, has a green countenance, when spoken to, is five feet, five or six inches high. I have no doubt but she is lurking about Newbern, as she has a number of relations in town. I will give the above reward to any person that will apprehend said negro, and deliver her to me at my plantation on Treat, in Jones County, or lodge her in any jail, so that I get her again.—All persons are warned from harboring or employing said negro, under the penalty of the law.
THOMAS J. FONVILLE.

May 17.—'28 '31

Dr. Robert Cannon Bond,

HAVING located himself in Newbern, respectfully offers his professional services to the inhabitants of the town and the adjacent country. He may be found at his shop on Broad St. nearly opposite the residence of Ed. Graham, Esq.

April 12, 1828—'24.

INLOUR.—75 Bbls. landing this day from T. Sch. Triumph. G. BRADFORD, & Co. May 9.