

# NORTH CAROLINA SENTINEL.

UNION OUR WATCHWORD—TRUTH OUR GUIDE.

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## LITERARY AND MISCELLANEOUS SELECTIONS.

From the Richmond Enquirer.

SONG FOR THE EIGHTH OF JANUARY.  
Tune—"Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled."

Morning comes in mantle grey,  
Wake ye friends of Liberty,  
Hail the EIGHTH, the glorious day,  
Day of Jackson's victory!

This the day that Britain's power  
Hither came in boastful hour.  
Who then taught her sons to cower?  
Jackson, foe of tyranny!

Rise and pledge each other high;  
Joy should dance in every eye,  
Orleans, be the exulting cry!  
Orleans! where we saw them flee.

Hark! what sounds upon us steal?  
Drums now beat, and squadrons wheel,  
Cannon roar with peal on peal.  
Freedom's land artillery!

See our banners, waving light!  
See our Eagle's tow'ring flight!  
Thus be hovereth in the fight,  
O'er the sons of Liberty!

Who his country's saviour lauds?  
Who his deathless deeds applauds?  
Who like him will spurn at frauds?  
True Virginian! swear with me.

By our father's glorious death,  
By their rights they did bequeath,  
We will spend our latest breath,  
But we'll guard our liberty.

Is there one our voice would drown?  
Cast on him indignant frown.  
Jackson's be the Civic crown!  
Jackson, idol of the Free!

[From the Souvenir for 1829.]

THE PHILOSOPHY OF WHIST.

BY C. W. THOMPSON.

The road of life is but a game,  
Where some a thirst for power and fame,  
And some for pleasure feel—  
But every player does not win,  
Although he fairly may begin,  
And make a proper deal.

Some men assume the part of trade,  
Some turn the soil with active spade,  
While some to wealth incline,  
And making into earth their way,  
Bring up before the light of day,  
The diamond of the mine.

In clubs some take an active part,  
While some the dictates of the heart  
With eager zeal pursue;  
And given to wine, their ruin prove—  
Or trusting else in faithless love,  
Their disappointment rue.

All have their different parts assigned,  
And ranks throughout the world we find,  
Mid people red and black,  
Each on the one below him leans—  
Some rise aloft to Kings and Queens,  
Some sink to humble Jack.

But whether stationed high or low,  
He who his honest heart can know,  
Free from reproving thumps,  
E'en though he owns nor house, nor lands,  
That man in native glory stands,  
The very ace of trumps.

Some men will shuffle through the day,  
Unmindful how their partners play;  
Unmoved they seem to stand,  
And throw their cards with a most bold  
And tranquil face, although they hold  
A miserable hand.

The daring spirits take the lead,  
While those that in the game succeed,  
Seem bound to follow suit;  
Such play the very deuce at last,  
Their fortune, character they blast,  
And reap the bitter fruit.

How oft, alas! it is the fate  
Of jarring comrades, wise too late,  
To play a luckless club,  
And sadly finding out at last,  
The time for meditation past,  
A heart had gained the rub.

By honor some their fortunes win,  
And some by trick, nor deem it sin  
To profit as they may—  
But time will oft the wretch expose  
To merited contempt who chose  
Dishonorable play.

'Tis only he, who void of guile,  
Knows that he has a right to smile,  
And tells his heart the same—  
'Tis only he when fate shall close  
His pack of chequered joys and woes,  
Has fairly won the game.

The following beautiful and pathetic lines are from the last Albany Daily Advertiser; and we are sorry that no account is given of their origin. They are the inspirations of a gifted muse, and are not beneath the effusions of a Cowper or Burns in their happiest moments. The thought in the second verse, is exquisitely touching.—N. Y. Ec. Post.

### THE WIFE.

"She flung her white arms round him—thou art all that this poor heart can cling to."

I could have stem'd misfortune's tide  
And borne the rich one's sneer;  
Have brav'd the haughty glance of pride,  
Nor shed a single tear;  
I could have smil'd on every blow

From Life's full quiver thrown,  
While I might gaze on thee, and know  
I should not be alone.

I could—I think I could, have brook'd  
E'en for a time, that thou  
Upon my fading face hadst look'd  
With less of love than now;

For then, I should at least have felt  
The sweet hope still my own,  
To win thee back—and whilst I dwelt  
On Earth, not be alone—

But thus to see, from day to day,  
Thy bright'ning eye and cheek,  
And watch thy life sands fade away  
Unnumber'd, slowly, meet;—

To meet thy smile of tenderness,  
And catch the feeble tone  
Of kindness ever breath'd to bless,  
And feel, I'll be alone—

To mark thy strength each hour decay,  
And yet thy hopes grow stronger,  
As fill'd with heaven-ward trust, they say,  
"Earth may not claim thee longer!"

Nay, dearest, 'tis too much—this heart  
Must break when thou art gone,  
It must not be, we may not part,  
I could not live alone!

From the Forget Me Not for 1829.

### LOST AND WON.

By Miss Mary Russell Milford.

"Nay, but my dear Letty—"

"Don't dear Letty me, Mr. Paul Holton!—Have not the East Woodhay Eleven beaten the Hazelby Eleven for the first time in the memory of man? And is it not entirely your fault? Answer me that, sir! Did you not insist on taking James White's place, when he got that little knock on the leg with the ball last night, though James, poor fellow, maintained to the last that he could play better with one leg than you with two? Did you not insist on taking poor James's place? And did you get a single notch in either in nings? And did not you miss 3 catches—3 fair catches—Mr. Paul Holton? Might not you have twice caught out John Brown, who as all the world knows hits up? And did not a ball from the edge of Tom Taylor's hat come into your hands, and did not you let her go? And did not Tom Taylor after that get forty-five runs in that same innings, and thereby win the game? That a man should pretend to play the cricket, and not be able to hold a ball when he has her in his hands! Oh, if I had been there!"

"You!—Why Letty—"

"Don't Letty me, sir!—Don't talk to me!—I am going home!"

"With all my heart Miss Letitia Dale! I have the honor, madam, to wish you a good evening." And each turned away at a smart pace, and the one went westward and the other went eastward ho.

This unlover-like parting occurred on Hazelby Down one fine afternoon in the Witsunweek, between a couple whom all Hazelby had, for at least a month before set down as lovers—Letty Dale, the pretty daughter of the jolly old Tanner, and Paul Holton, a rich young yeoman on a visit in the place. Letty's angry speech will sufficiently explain their mutual provocation, although, to enter fully into her feelings, one must be born in a cricketing parish, and sprung of a cricketing family, and be accustomed to rest that very uncertain and arbitrary standard, the point of honor, on beating our rivals and next neighbors in the annual match—for juxta-position is a great sharpener of rivalry, as Dr. Johnson knew, when to please the inhabitants of Plymouth, he abused the good folks who lived at Dock; moreover, one must be also a quick, zealous, ardent, hot-headed, warm-hearted girl, like Letty, a beauty and a heiress, quite unused to disappointment, and not a little in love, and then we shall not wonder, in the first place, that she should be unreasonably angry, or, in the next, that before she had walked half a mile her anger vanished, and was succeeded by tender relents and earnest wishes for a full and perfect reconciliation. He'll be sure to call to-morrow morning," thought Letty to herself. "He said he would before this unlucky cricket playing.—He told me he had something to say, something particular. I wonder what it can be!" thought poor Letty. "To be sure he has never said anything about liking me—but still—and then aunt Judith, and Fanny Wright, and all the neighbors say—However, I shall know to-morrow though," repeated Letty to herself, and immediately repaired to her pretty flower garden, the little gate of which opened on a path, that, for obvious reasons, Paul was wont to prefer—and began tying up her carnations in the dusk of the evening, and watering her geraniums by the light of the moon, until it was so late that she was fain to return, disappointed, to the house, repeating to herself, "I shall certainly see him to-morrow."

Far different were the feelings of the chidden swain. Well-a-day for the age of chivalry! the happy times of knights and paladins, when a lecture from a lady's rosy lip, or a buffet from a lily hand, would have been received as humbly and as thankfully as the Benedicite from a mitred abbot, or the accolade from a king's sword! Alas for the days of chivalry! They are gone and I fear me forever. For certain our hero was not born to revive them.

Paul Holton was a well looking and well educated young farmer just returned from the north, to which he had been sent for agricultural improvement, and now on the look out for a farm and a wife, both of which

he thought he had found a Hazelby, whether he had come on the double errand of visiting some distant relations, and letting two or three small houses recently fallen into his possession. As owner of these houses, all situated in the town, he had claimed a right to join the Hazelby Eleven, mainly induced to avail himself of the privilege by the hope of winning favor in the eyes of the ungrateful fair one, whose animated character, as well as her sparkling beauty, had delighted his fancy, and apparently won his heart, until her rude attack on his play armed all the vanity of man against her attractions. Loye is most intimately connected with self-love than people are willing to imagine; and Paul Holton's had been thoroughly mollified. Besides, if his fair mistress's character was somewhat too impetuous his was greatly over firm. So he said to himself—"The girl is a pretty girl, but far too much of a shrew for my taming. I am no Petruchio to master this Catharine. I come to wife it happily in Padua; and let her father be as rich as he may, I'll none of her." And, mistaking anger for indifference—no uncommon delusion in a love quarrel—off he set within the hour, thinking so very much of punishing the saucy beauty, that he entirely forgot the possibility of some of the pains falling to his own share.

The first tidings that Letty heard the next morning were, that Mr. Paul Holton had departed over night, having authorized his cousin to let his houses, and to decline the large farm, for which he was in treaty; the next intelligence informed her that he was settled in Sussex; and then his relations left Hazelby—and poor Letty heard no more. Poor Letty! Even in a common parting for a common journey, she who stops behind is the object of pity; how much more when he goes—goes, never to return, and carries with him the fond affection, the treasured hopes, of a young, unpractised heart.

"And gentle wishes long subdued—Subdued and cherished long!"

Poor, poor Letty!

Three years passed away, and brought much of change to our country maiden and her fortunes.—Her father, the jolly old tanner; a kind, frank, thoughtless man, as the cognomen would almost imply, one who did not think that there were such things as wickedness and ingratitude under the sun, became bound for a friend for a large amount; the friend proved a villain and the jolly tanner was ruined. He and his daughter now lived in a small cottage near their former house; and at the point of time at which I have chosen to resume my story, the old man was endeavoring to persuade Letty, who had never attended a cricket match since the one which she had so much cause to remember, to accompany him the next day (White-Tuesday) to see the Hazelby Eleven again encounter their ancient antagonists, the men of East-Woodbay.

"Pray come Letty," said the old father, "I can't go without you; I have no pleasure any where without my Letty; and I want to see this match, for Isaac Hunt can't play on account of the death of his mother, and they tell me that the East Woodbay men have consented to our taking in another mate who practices the new Sussex bowling. I want to see the new fangled man. "Do come Letty!" And, with a smothered sigh at the mention of Sussex, Letty consented.

Now old John Dale was not quite ingenious with his pretty daughter. He did not tell her what he very well knew himself that the bowler in question was no other than their sometime friend, Paul Holton, whom the business of letting his houses, or some other cause, not perhaps, clearly defined even to himself, had brought to Hazelby on the eve of the match, and whose new method of bowling (in spite of his former mischances) the Hazelby Eleven were willing to try; the more so, as they suspected, what indeed actually occurred, that the East-Woodbayites, who would have rested the innovation of the Sussex system of delivering the ball into the hands of any one else, would have no objection to let Paul Holton, whose bad playing was a standing joke amongst them, do his best or his worst in any way.

Not a word of this did John Dale say to Letty; so that she was quite taken by surprise, when, having placed her father now very infirm, in a comfortable chair, she sat down by his side on a little hillock of turf, and saw her recreant lover standing amongst a group of cricketers very near and evidently gazing on her, just as he used to gaze three years before.

Perhaps Letty had never looked so pretty in her life as at that moment. She was simply drest, as became her fallen fortunes. Her complexion was still colored, like the apple blossom, with vivid red and white, but there was more of sensibility, more of the heart in its quivering mutability, its alternation of paleness and blushes; the blue eyes were still as bright, but they were oftener cast down; the smile was still as splendid but far more rare; the girlish anxiety was gone, but it was replaced by womanly sweetness; sweetness and modesty formed now the chief expression of that lovely face, lovelier, far lovelier, than ever. So apparently thought Paul Holton, for he gazed and he gazed with his whole soul in his eyes, in complete oblivion of cricket and cricketer, and the whole world. At last he recollected himself, blushed and bowed, and advanced a few steps as if to address her; but, timid and irresolute, he turned away

without speaking, joined the party who had assembled round the wickets, the umpires called "Play!" and the game began.

East-Woodbay gained the toss and went in, and all eyes were fixed on the Sussex bowler. The ball was placed in his hands; and instantly the wicket was down, and the striker out—no other than Tom Taylor, the boast of his parish, and the best batsman in the country—"Accident, mere accident!" of course, cried East Woodhay; but another, and another followed; few could stand against the fatal bowling, and none could get notches. A panic seized the whole side.—And then, as losers will, they began to exclaim against the system, called it a toss, a throw, a trick; any thing but bowling, and any thing but cricket; reiled at it as destroying the grace of the attitude, and the balance of the game; protested against being considered as beaten by such jugglery, and finally, appealed to the umpires as to the fairness of the play. The umpires, men of conscience, and old cricketers, hummed, and hawed and sea-sawed; quoted contending precedents and jostling authorities; looked grave and wise, whilst even their little sticks of office seemed vibrating in puzzled importance. Never were judges more sorely perplexed. At last they did as the sages of the bench do in such cases—reserved the point of law, and desired them to "play out the play."—Accordingly the match was resumed; only 27 notches being gained by the East-Woodbayians in their first innings, and they entirely from the balls of the old Hazelby bowler, James White.

During the quarter of an hour's pause which the laws allow, the victorious man of Sussex went up to John Dale, who had watched him with a strange mixture of feeling, delighted to hear the stumps rattle, and to see opponent after opponent throw down his hat and walk off, and yet much annoyed at the new method by which the object was achieved. "We should not have called this cricket in my day," said he, "and yet it knocks down the wickets most gloriously too." Letty on her part, had watched the game with unexampled interest and admiration. "He knows how much I like to see a good cricketer," thought she; yet still, when that identical good cricketer approached, she was seized with such a fit of shyness—call it modesty—that she left her seat and joined a group of young women at some distance.

Paul looked earnestly after her, but remained standing by her father, inquiring with affectionate interest after his health, and talking over the game and the bowling. At length, he said, "I hope that I have not driven away Miss Letitia."

"Call her Letty, Mr. Holton," interrupted the old man—"plain Letty. We are poor folks now, and have no right to any other title than our own proper names, old John Dale and his daughter Letty. A good daughter she has been to me," continued the fond father, "for when debts and losses took all that we had—for we paid to the utmost farthing, Mr. Paul Holton, we owe no man a shilling!—When all my earnings and savings were gone, and the house over our head—the house I was born in, the house she was born in—I loved it the better for that!—taken away from us, then she gave up the few hundreds she was entitled to in the right of her blessed mother, to purchase an annuity for the old man, whose trust in a villain had brought him to want."

"God bless her!" interrupted Paul Holton.

"Aye, and God will bless her," returned the old man, solemnly—"God will bless the dutiful child, who despoiled herself of all to support her old father!"

"Blessings on her dear generous heart!" again ejaculated Paul; "and I was away and knew nothing of this!"

"I knew nothing of it myself until the deed was completed," rejoined John Dale. "She was just of age; and the annuity was purchased and the money paid before she told me; and a cruel kindness it was to strip herself for my sake; it almost broke my heart when I heard the story. But even that was nothing," continued the good tanner, warming with his subject, "compared with her conduct since. If you could but see how she keeps the house, and how she waits upon me; her handiness, her cheerfulness, and all her pretty ways and contrivances to make me forget old times and old places. Poor thing! she must miss her neat parlor and the flower garden she was so fond of, as much as I do my tanyard and the great hall; but she never seems to think of them, and never has spoken a hasty word since our misfortunes, for all you know, poor thing! she used to be a little quick tempered!"

"And I knew nothing of this!" repeated Paul Holton, as two or three of their best wickets being down, the Hazelby players summoned him to go in. "I knew nothing of this!"

Again all eyes were fixed on the Sussex cricketer, and at first he seemed likely to verify the predictions and confirm the hopes of the most malicious of his adversaries, by batting as badly as he had bowled well. He had not caught sight of the ball; his hits were weak; his defence insecure, and his mates began to tremble and opponents to crow. Every bit seemed likely to be his last; he missed a leg ball of Ned Smith's; was all but caught out by Sam Newton; and

East-Woodbay triumphed, Hazelby was quaking; when a sudden glimpse of Letty, watching him with manifest anxiety, recalled her companions wandering thoughts. Gathering himself up, he stood before the wicket another man; knocked the ball hither and thither, to the turnpike, the coppice, the pond; got three, four, five, at a hit; baffled the slow bowler, James Smith, and the fast bowler, Tom Taylor; got fifty three notches off his own bat; stood out all the rest of his side; and so handled the adverse party when they went in, that the match was won at a single innings, with six and twenty runs to spare.

Whilst his mates were discussing their victory, Paul Holton again approached the father and daughter, and this time she did not run away—"Letty, dear Letty," said he, "three years ago I lost the cricket match, and you were angry, and I was a fool. But Letty, dear Letty, this match is won, and if you did but know how deeply I repented, how earnestly I have longed for this day! The world has gone well with me, Letty, for these three long years. I wanted nothing but the treasure which I myself threw away, and now, if you would but let your father be my father, and my home your home!—if you would but forgive me, Letty!"

Letty's answer is not upon record; but it is certain that Paul Holton walked home from the cricket ground, with old John Dale hanging on one arm, and John Dale's pretty daughter on the other; and that a month after the bells of Hazelby church were ringing merrily in honor of one of the fairest and luckiest matches that ever cricketer lost and won.

Gleanings from Foreign papers, for the New York Enquirer.

Travelling in France.—Upwards of three hundred public coaches have left Paris daily. In the year 1790 they were farmed out by Government, and produced \$120,000. The annual produce of the tax upon public carriages, amounts this year to \$950,000. Although there is more expedition now than formerly, yet the prices have not diminished for the last half century. For instance, from Lyons to Paris, the fare in 1760 was \$10, and the coach was ten days on the road.—The same fare is paid now, but the travelling is performed in less than three days.

Enough is as good as a feast.—The English newspapers are frequently filled with notices of the disgusting practice of laying wagers on the quantity of victuals and drink a man can consume within a given time. One evening a blacksmith drank a gallon of ale in four minutes, and was a corpse the day afterwards. At Brighton, a man named Maxwell offered to eat four pounds of pork, or forty eggs within a given time, but finding no one willing to accept his offer, he proposed to eat 2 pounds of bullock's liver, raw; but this met with no better reception. He then offered to eat a pound of salt, which costing but little (only one-half penny,) was sent for; this he mixed with some ale, and actually consumed and he expired about nine the following day; on opening the body, the stomach was found to be in a high state of inflammation.—Such brutes hardly deserve a better end.

March of mind.—At a recent drawing of the recruiting list for 1828, in the department of Cote d'Or (France) the following curious facts were elicited:—Out of 3230 young men, 1782 could read and write, 195 could only read; and the remainder could neither read nor write. A neighboring department, (Saone et Loire) offered the following results:—Out of 4355 individuals, only 1311 could read and write. We should like to see a similar statement from some of the English counties, by way of comparison.

Newspapers.—If the intellectual superiority of a country is indicated by the number of its public journals, the United States of America is the most intellectual country in the world. For a population of eleven millions and a half, it provides 850 journals being in the proportion of one journal to every 13,500 individuals. England with a population of twenty three millions, has only 483 journals, making the proportion as one to 48,500. But there are many gradations of the scale between both. Saxony has 54 journals, and her population is only one million and a half, being in the proportion of one to 26,000. Denmark with a population of two millions and a half, publishes 80 journals, being one to 31,000. The Netherlands containing six millions, has one hundred and fifty journals, being one to 41,000. Prussia, whose population is twelve millions and a half, has 228 journals, or a proportion of one to 26,000; and the German confederation, a population of thirteen millions, issues 305 journals, being as one to 44,500. As we descend, we find Sweden, France, Switzerland, British America, Hanover, Bavaria, Portugal, Tuscany, Austria, the States of the Pope, the Brazils, Russia, Spain and Africa, all gradually sinking to a still decreased proportion, until we come to Asia, which terminates the points of the publishing declivity. In Asia, not happy Asia—where there is a population of three hundred and ninety millions, we find the literary periodicals amount to the number of 37, being in the proportion of one journal to every 14,440,000 persons;—Eng. paper.