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LITERARY AND MISCELLANEOUS SELECTIONS.

From the Token.

THE TRI-PORTAIT.

By N. P. WILSON.

'Twas a rich night in June. The air was all fragrance and balm, and the wet leaves were stirred

By the soft fingers of the southern wind, And caught the light capriciously like wings, Haunting the greenwood with a silvery sheen. The stars might not be numbered and the moon, Exceeding beautiful went up in heaven, And took her place in silence, and a hush, Like a deep sabbath of the night came down And rested upon nature. I was out With three sweet sisters wandering, and my thoughts

Took color of the moonlight, and of them, And I was calm and happy. Their deep tones, Low in the stillness, and by that soft air Melted to readiness, bore out, like song, The language of high feeling, and I felt How excellent is woman when she gives To the fine pulses of her spirit way.

One was a noble being, with a brow Ample and pure, and on it her black hair Was parted like a raven's wing on snow. Her tone was low and sweet, and in her smile You read intense affections. Her moist eye Had a most rare benignity; her mouth, Bland and unshadowed sweetness; and her face Was full of that mild dignity that gives A holiness to woman. She was one Whose virtues blossom daily, and pour out A fragrance upon all who in her path Have a blessed fellowship, I longed to be Her brother, that her hand might lie upon My forehead, and her gentle voice ally The fever that is in my heart sometimes.

There was a second sister who would wish An angel from his hymn. I cannot tell The secret of her beauty. It is more Than her slight pencilled lip, and her arch eye Laughing beneath its lashes, as if life Were nothing but a merry mask; 'tis more Than a motion, though she moved like a fay; Or music, though her voice is like a reed Blown by a low south wind; or cunning grace, Though all she does is beautiful; or thought, Or fancy, or a delicate sense, though mind Is her best gift, and poetry her world, And she will see strange beauty in a flower As by a subtle vision. I care not To know how she bewitches: 'tis enough For me that I can listen to her voice And dream rare dreams of music, or converse Upon unwearied philosophy; till I An wildered beneath thoughts I cannot bound, And the red lip that breathes them.

On my arm Leaned an unshadowed girl, who scarcely yet Had numbered fourteen summers. I know not How I shall draw her picture—her young heart Has such a restlessness of change, and each Of its wild moods so lovely! I can see Her figure in its rounded beauty now, With her half flying step, her clustering hair Bathing neck like Hebe's and her face By a glad heart made radiant. She was full Of the romance of girlhood. The fair world Was like an unmarred Eden to her eye, And every sound was music, and the taint Of every cloud a silent poetry.

Light to thy path, bright creature! I would charm Thy being if I could, that it should be Ever as now, thou darest, and flow on Thus innocent and beautiful to heaven! We walked beneath the full and mellow moon Till the late stars had risen. It was not In silence, though we did not seem to break The hush with our low voices; but our thoughts Stirred deeply at their sources, and when night Divided us, I slumbered with a peace Floating about my heart, which only comes From high communion. I shall never see That silver moon again without a crowd Of gentle memories, and a silent prayer, That when the night of life shall oversteal Your sky, ye lovely sisters! there may be A light as beautiful to lead you on.

SAND STORM IN THE DESERT.

The following terrific description is by Mr. Fraser, the traveller in Khorasan:— "It dawned at last: and morning found me still in a wide and trackless waste of sand; which, as the sun arose, was only bounded by those fitting vapors which deceive the thirsty traveller with the belief that water is near, and have thence obtained the name of 'the water of the desert.'" In vain I looked for the marks by which my friend Selim had taught me to recognize a place of refreshment. There was but too much cause to fear that I was now in one of those terrible tracts of dry and moving sand, in which no water is found, and which sometimes, when set in motion by the wind, swallow up whole caravans and their conductors. Alas! the morning light, so earnestly expected, only dawned to prove that I was surrounded by dangers I had never dreamt of. The wind, which had blown so piercingly all night, lulled, as is generally done, towards morning; but the hazy vapour, loaded with light particles of sand, through which the sun rose as red as blood, gave warning that the calm would not continue long; nor had I pursued my course another hour before the roar of the desert wind was heard, columns of dust began to rise in the horizon, and the air became gradually filled with drifting sand.

"As the wind increased, the whole plain around me which had been heaped by former tempests into ridges, like the waves of a troubled sea, now got in motion; and the sand blew from off their crests, like spray from the face of the waters, and covered myself and horse with its dense eddies; while, often unable to distinguish the true course, my horse toiled over the ridges, sinking up to the very girths in their dark blinding substance.

"I continued for some hours to persevere, struggling against the fury of the gale, when my alarm became increased by observing that my horse, which hitherto had stood out with admirable perseverance, even when his progress was the most painfully impeded by the deep sand, now became terrified and resive. He snorted, reared, and appeared unable, as well as unwilling, to face the sharp whirling of the still increasing storm. In vain I soothed him, or urged him on with heels and hand; the animal, which hitherto had obeyed my voice almost like an intelligent being, now paid no attention either to carresses or blows. In the severe squalls that drove past at intervals, he fairly turned his back to them and would not move; and even when the wind lulled for a little, he could hardly be forced to advance a step.

"I scorned to yield my life without a struggle, yet saw not the means of preserving it. To abandon my horse would have been, in fact, to give up hope; for I could not have proceeded a single mile on foot; yet to remain stationary, as I was forced to do by the terror of the animal, involved manifest destruction. Every thing that offered resistance to the torrent of sand, which sometimes poured along the earth, like a rapid stream of water, was overwhelmed by it in an incredibly short time; even while my horse stood still for a few moments, the drift mounted higher than his knees, and, as if sensible of his danger he made furious efforts to extricate himself.

"Quite certain that my only hope of safety lay in constant motion, and in the chance of gaining the lee side of some hill or mass of rock that might afford a shelter till the storm should blow over, I gave up my true course, turned my back to the wind, and made all possible efforts to press forward; and at last, just when both man and horse were exhausted, during a partial lull, I observed something like a rock or mound of earth looking through a dusky atmosphere. On approaching it, I discovered that it was the bank of an inconsiderable hollow, which was now nearly filled with sand, and the opposite side of which, being exposed to the wind, had by the same means become merely an inclined plane; beneath this bank I fortunately retired, resolved to trust to its protection, rather than to run the risk of a further progress with the imminent peril of perishing in the drifting sand, where vision could not extend for a space of many yards."

PARROTS.

[From Shaw's Nature Displayed.]

Curious instances of their sagacity.—The common ash-colored parrot is the well known species which is now most commonly brought into Europe. It is superior to most others, both in the facility and the eagerness with which it imitates the human voice. It listens with attention and strives to repeat. It dwells constantly on some syllables which it has heard, and seeks to surpass every voice by the loudness of its own.

A parrot which Col. O'Kelly bought for an hundred guineas at Bristol, not only repeated a great number of sentences, but answered many questions; it was also able to whistle many tones. It beat time with all the appearance of science; and so accurate was its judgment, that if, by chance, it mistook a note, it would revert to the bar where the mistake was made, correct itself, and still beating regular time, go through the whole with wonderful exactness. Its death was thus announced in the General Evening Post for the 9th of October, 1828:—"A few days ago, died in Half-Moon street, Piccadilly, the celebrated parrot of Colonel O'Kelly. This singular bird sang a number of songs in perfect time and tune. She could express her wants articulately, and give her orders in a manner approaching nearly to rationality. Her age was not known; it was, however, more than thirty years; for previously to that period, Col. O'Kelly bought her at Bristol for a hundred guineas. The col. was repeatedly offered five hundred guineas a year for the bird, by persons who wished to make a public exhibition of her; but this, out of tenderness to the favorite, he constantly refused. The bird was dissected by Dr. Kennedy and Mr. Brookes; and the muscles of the larynx, which regulate the voice, were found, from the effect of practice, to be uncommonly strong."

Dr. Goldsmith relates that a parrot, belonging to King Henry the Seventh, having been kept in a room next the Thames, in his palace at Westminster, has learned to repeat many sentences from the boatmen and passengers. One day, sporting on its perch, it unluckily fell into the water. The bird had no sooner discovered its situation than it called out aloud, "A boat, twenty pounds for a boat!" A waterman happening to be near the place where the parrot was floating, immediately took it up, and restored it to the King, demanding, as the bird was a favorite, that he should be paid

the reward he had called out. This was refused; but it was agreed that, as the parrot had offered a reward, the man should again refer to its determination for the sum he was to receive. "Give the knave a groat," the bird screamed aloud the instant the reference was made.

Mr. Locke, in his essay on the Human Understanding, relates the following anecdote concerning a parrot. During the government of Prince Maurice in Brazil, he had heard of an old parrot that was much celebrated for answering, like a rational creature many of the common questions which were put to it. The curiosity of the prince was roused, and he directed it to be sent for. When it was introduced into the room where the prince was sitting in company with several Dutchmen, it immediately exclaimed in the Brazilian language, "What a company of white men are here?" They asked, "Who is that man?" (pointing to the prince,) the parrot answered, "Some general or other." When the attendants carried it up to him, he asked, through the medium of an interpreter, "From what place do you come?" The parrot answered, "From Marignan." The prince asked, "To whom do you belong?" It answered, "To a Portuguese." He asked again, "What do you do there?" It answered, "I look after chickens!" The parrot in answer, said, "Yes I; and I know well enough how to do it;" clucking at the same time, in imitation of the noise made by the hen to call together her young ones.

Madame Nabault, sister to Buffon had a parrot, which often spoke to his paw, and answered by holding it up. He loved the voice of children, yet hated themselves, pursued and bit them till he drew blood. He also had his objects of attachment; and though his choice was not very nice, it was constant. He was very fond of a cook maid, would follow and find her. If she had been some time out of his sight, the bird climbed with his bill and claws to her shoulders, lavished his caresses, and would on no account quit her; his fondness had all the marks of close and fond friendship. The girl happened to have a very sore finger, which was tedious in healing, and so painful as to make her scream; while she uttered her moans, the parrot never left her chamber. The first thing he did every day was to pay her a visit; and this tender condolence continued the whole time of the cure, when he returned to his calm settled attachment. Yet this strong predilection seems to have been more to the office of the girl in the kitchen, than to her person; for, when another cook-maid succeeded her, the parrot showed the same fondness the very first day.

The power of imitating exactly articulate discourse implies in the parrot a very peculiar and perfect structure of organ; and the accuracy of its memory, (tho' independent of understanding,) manifests a closeness of attention, and a strength of mechanical recollection, that no other bird possesses in a higher degree. Accordingly, all naturalists have remarked the singular form of its bill, of its tongue, and its head. Its bill, round on the outside and hollow within, has, in some degree, the capacity of a mouth, and allows the tongue to play freely; and the sound, striking against the circular border of the lower mandible, is there modified as on a row of teeth, while the concavity of the upper mandible reflects it like a palate; hence the animal does not utter a whistling sound, but a full articulation. The tongue, which modulates all sounds, is proportionably larger than in man; and would be more voluble, were it not harder than flesh, and invested with a strong horny membrane. From the peculiar structure of the upper mandible of its bill, the parrot has a power, which no other birds, have, of chewing its food. It seizes its food sideways, and gnaws it deliberately. The lower mandible has very little motion, but that from right to left is most perceptible; and this is often performed when the bird is not eating, whence some persons have supposed it to ruminate. In such cases, however, the bird may be only whetting the edge of this mandible, with which it cuts and bites its aliment.

[From the Boston Gazette.]

ANECDOTE OF MR. MAELZEL.

Mr. Maelzel is as much distinguished for his promptness and punctuality, as for his skill and ingenuity.—When in Amsterdam, a few years since, he occupied the whole of the great theatre in that place with his exhibition; and upon the "opening night," as it is called, an event is said to have occurred, which, while it displayed the independence of the artist, elicited the warmest expressions of approbation from those present. The curiosity of the people had been considerably excited by the favorable reports they had heard relative to the *androsides*, and the panorama of the "Burning of Moscow," and upon the evening alluded to, long before the hour for the performance to commence had arrived, the house was crowded from top to bottom with spectators. In the outset, they sat quite still and contented; by degrees, however, their good nature left them, and like all audiences they began to grow restless and impatient. Now they would clap and thump, and now cry out for Mr. Maelzel, or the entertainment; at length the pit and gallery became really uproarious; when some of the nobility and gentry, apprehensive that serious consequences might ensue, ran behind the

scenes to the proprietor. "Mr. Maelzel," said they, "you must begin the exhibition; every body is waiting and the people are making a great noise in the theatre."—"My dear sirs," replied "the prince of mechanics," with the utmost calmness, "it is not yet eight o'clock!" Presently several more came. "Mr. Maelzel, why don't you begin the exhibition? the audience are all waiting; you ought to begin; the people will not be trifled with," &c.—"It is not yet eight o'clock," again replied the exhibitor, with the same coolness as before. In a few moments three or four others came, and made the same inquiries, and received the same answers, though in a warmer tone than before; until, finally, losing all patience, Mr. Maelzel sprang from his seat, and ordered the curtain to be drawn up, then presenting himself respectfully upon the stage, he pulled out his watch, and thus addressed the audience: "Ladies and gentlemen, by my advertisement you will perceive that my exhibition commences at eight o'clock. It wants fifteen minutes of that time now. At eight o'clock, my exhibition will begin, and not before." The firm voice, and authoritative, though very becoming, manner in which these words were spoken, silenced the pit and gallery at once, and at the same time drew the loudest applause from the boxes. At eight o'clock, the exhibition commenced, according to previous announcement, and went off with the same eclat as in England, on the continent, and in this country; and from that time until he left the city, Mr. Maelzel was not annoyed by any more symptoms of impatience from the good people of Amsterdam.

Mr. Adams and the Federalists.

We have occupied a large portion of our paper for the last two days, with the correspondence between some gentlemen in Massachusetts, and the President of the United States, relating to a charge made by the latter against certain leaders of the federal party in that state, of entertaining a design to effect a dissolution of the Union. The nature of the subject, and the peculiar manner in which it has been brought before the public, as well as the character of the parties, and the style and manner of Mr. Adams's letter, are such as to justify some remarks upon the documents. We enter upon the task with reluctance; and will confine ourselves to as plain and concise a view of the controversy as is practicable.

And, in the first place, we remark, that we have no recollection of having seen, in any instance, a more injudicious and indiscreet publication, under the sanction of a man of talents and distinction, than that published in the National Intelligencer, by the authority of Mr. Adams, on the 21st of October last. There was not, in our apprehension, the least necessity for it, nor was there any call upon him for any such explanation, or disclosure. The period in which it could, in the nature of things, have been of any importance, had long passed by; the momentous calamity which, in the indulgence of a heated imagination, he seems once to have feared, had not overtaken the country; some of those involved in the general accusation were in their graves; the names, character, and objects of political parties had changed; and the situation of the country could not be benefited, by a recurrence to the present time to the events of its earlier history. Mr. Adams himself had reached the highest honors of the government, with the concurrence and approbation, if not by the positive exertions, of some at least of the very persons who were the objects of his accusation—he had received their civilities, and partaken of their hospitality; and apparently all former animosities had been buried in oblivion. In such a state of things, and especially just at the moment when he was expecting a new election to office, when the feelings of these distinguished individuals acquiesced in the expediency of his being a candidate for a second time for the presidency; when they had so far overcome the sensations which his former desertion of his friends and party had excited, as to induce them not merely to desire his success, but to engage in endeavors to secure it; under such circumstances, we cannot withhold the expression of the opinion, that a more unwise, and for himself, a more unfortunate measure was never adopted, than that to which we have above referred.

In the next place, we think Mr. Adams would have appeared to much more advantage, if he had given a plain and direct answer to his correspondents. Instead of this, he has quibbled, and evaded their request, professing not to recognize them as suitable characters to call upon him for the information desired. Notwithstanding these gentlemen did not claim to be "leaders of any party in Massachusetts," every person tolerably acquainted with the times, and the federal party, must know, that these individuals, and those who are represented in their letter, were among those who, according to the common acceptation of the phrase were leaders of the federal party. By leaders, we mean men whose talents, characters, standing and influence, give a tone to public opinion; and this is all, short of low, base intrigue and corruption, that can ever be meant by such an expression, in this country. Who that was on the stage of life at the time alluded to, does not know that the late Chief Justice Parsons, George Cabot, and Samuel Dexter, to say nothing

of those now living, possessed this species of character, talents, and influence? It is then an evasion, unworthy of Mr. Adams, to shelter himself behind the feeble breast-work that he has here thrown up, viz. that he cannot recognize the writers of the letter addressed to him, as the representatives of the federal party, because they have not produced their credentials for presenting themselves as their champions, nor assigned satisfactory reasons for appearing without them. It would have been much more frank and manly to have said explicitly, and without any attempt at a sneer or a sarcasm, that he did, or did not, allude to them individually, not because they did not claim to be leaders, but because he meant somebody else. If the expression "leaders of the federal party," did not allude to some, at least, of the persons mentioned in this letter, as coming under that description, it is difficult to imagine to whom it had reference. There were others undoubtedly, that might be considered as such. But if all these are to be excluded, the others would not constitute a very numerous, or very powerful body.

Nor do we think it very becoming in Mr. Adams to refuse to comply with the request of these gentlemen, on the ground that he might be exposed to a prosecution in a court of law. He could hardly suppose at this time of day, that their object was to draw from him a confession, which would expose him either to a civil or criminal suit. This, in our estimation, is also mere evasion, unworthy of the man, and of the occasion.

Mr. Adams says, that "the statement in the Intelligencer, was made not only without the intention, but without the most distant imagination of offending these gentlemen, or of injuring any one of them." It would seem, by one expression used by him it was for the purpose of defending certain citizens of Massachusetts from the charge of treasonable negotiations during the war, with the British Government, made by Mr. Jefferson, and by him said to be derived from Mr. Adams. We should think no citizen of that state, or any other would feel himself indebted to Mr. Adams for volunteering in such a defence, when it would seem that all the object he had in view was to correct Mr. Jefferson's memory in a mistake in point of time. That a man of the advanced age of Mr. Jefferson should have been incorrect in his recollection of dates, is not extraordinary. But the mere transfer of the disloyal conduct of the persons implicated from one point of time to another, seems to be of small moment. If they had carried on treasonable negotiations with a foreign government at all, it was of but little importance, at least in a moral light, whether they took place in 1804, 1808, or 1812. But Mr. Adams says, that in 1807, he had seen a letter from the governor of Nova Scotia, to a person in Massachusetts, (who he afterwards says was not a leader of the federal party,) which affirmed "that the British government had certain information of a plan by that of France, to conquer the British possessions, and effect a revolution in the United States, by means of a war between them and Great Britain." From this he inferred, "that there existed between the British government and the party opposed to Mr. Jefferson in Massachusetts, a channel of communication thro' the governor of Nova Scotia, which he was exercising to inflame their hatred against France and their jealousy against their own government." Now, allowing this strange inference to be correct, it would seem to be a singular kind of proof to support Mr. Adams' charge against the federal leaders of Massachusetts. That charge was, that the object of those leaders had been, for several years, to bring about a dissolution of the Union, and that, in the event of a civil war, they would secure the co-operation of Great Britain. Now, how any attempts of the Government of Great Britain, through the governor of Nova Scotia, to inflame the hatred of the opposers of Mr. Jefferson against France, and increase their jealousy against their own government, would have even a tendency to bring about a dissolution of the Union, or in case of a civil war, to secure the co-operation of G. Britain is difficult for us to imagine.—The two things, as far as we can discern, have not the least connection with, or relation to each other. The animosity of a party towards a chief magistrate, may, as experience has taught us, and that very recently, rise to such a pitch as to prevent his re-election; but it does not necessarily, nor even remotely lead to a dissolution of the Union, nor to a civil war.

But the whole story is ridiculous in the extreme. If the governor of Nova Scotia thinks proper to write a letter to an individual in Massachusetts, not a leader of the federal party, and the latter shows that letter to Mr. Adams, does that furnish any legitimate ground for an inference against the loyalty of men who never saw, and who do not even know of its existence? If it does, the most pure and virtuous patriot that ever breathed, may be involved in charges of the most serious nature, without the possibility of escape. Such doctrine as this, would clothe the governor of Nova Scotia with the most fearful power, and enable him to wield it with the most tremendous effect.

But if he wished to throw out a hook for a gudgeon, if he wished to make a dook of a Senator of the United States, it seems he took the most ready and effectual mode that he could have adopted.