

# NORTH CAROLINA SENTINEL.

UNION OUR WATCHWORD... TRUTH OUR GUIDE.

VOL. XII. NEWBORN, SATURDAY, AUGUST 8, 1829. NO. 591.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY, BY THOMAS WATSON.

### LITERARY AND MISCELLANEOUS SELECTIONS.

#### TO A DEPARTED SPIRIT.

From the bright stars, or from the viewless air,  
Or from some world, unreach'd by human thought,  
Spirit, sweet spirit! if thy home be there,  
And if thy visions with the past be fraught,  
Answer me, answer me!

Have we not commun'd here, of life and death?  
Have we not said that love, such love as ours,  
Was not to perish as a rose's breath,  
To melt away, like song from festal bowers?  
Answer, oh! answer me!

Thine eye's last light was mine—the soul that shone  
Intensely, mournfully, through gathering haze;  
Didst thou bear with thee, to the shore unknown,  
Nought of what lived in that long earnest gaze?  
Hear, hear and answer me!

Thy voice—its low, soft, fervent, farewell tone  
Thrilled through the temple of the parting strife;  
Like a faint breeze—oh! from that music down  
Send back one sound, if love's be quenchless life!  
But once, oh! answer me!

In the still moonlight, in the sunsets hush  
In the dead hour of the night, when thoughts  
Grow deep;  
When the heart's phantoms from the darkness  
Rush.  
Fearfully beautiful, to strive with sleep;  
Spirit! then answer me!

By the remembrance of our blended prayer;  
By all our tears, whose mingling made them  
Sweet;  
By our last hope, the victor o'er despair;  
Speak!—if our souls in deathless yearnings meet,  
Answer me, answer me!

The grave is silent—and the far-off sky,  
And the deep midnight—silent all, and lone!  
Oh! if thy buried love make no reply  
What voice has earth!—Hear, pity, speak!  
mine own  
Answer me, answer me!

#### THE ROBBERY AT MOUNT EVELYN.

Clonwell, the birth place of Larry Sterne and the capital, i. e. assize town, of the richest and most riotous shire in Ireland, is a busy, cheerful, dirty looking town. The approach from the Two-mile Bridge is splendid; the cultivated fertility of the rich lands on either side the river is agreeably relieved by the magnificent range of Galtee mountains, which form the back ground of the scene, and which, though many miles distant, seem, in their dusky and gigantic grandeur, towering almost over the head of the spectator. The best part of Clonwell, like that of most of the good towns in Ireland, is composed of barracks. In the time of war, they used to gather in recruits here from all quarters, and drill them in their military exercise, previously to passing them on to Cork, for embarkation to foreign service. It was likewise a depot for various military stores, and its communication with Waterford by the river, renders it a favorable situation for inland trade.

The inexperienced toper who takes Irish punch by way of a sleeping-draught, would do well to remember that there are exceptions to the rule of *in medio tutissimus ibis*. He take a sufficient quantity, there's no doubt he'll sleep afterwards, though he should lie down on the river's brink, with his feet in the stream, and that almost as soundly, for a limited time, as if he thought proper to reverse this position of his body. What the feelings might be of his body in the one case, or of his spirit in the other upon the awaking, which in either must ensue, I shall not, however, pretend to determine. If he take very little, it will of course make very little difference to him in any way, but the effects of a medium quantity are sometimes any thing but salutiferous. Such at least did I find my friend the Attorney's most ably compounded mixture, and in vain I called upon the "blessed barrier betwixt day and night" to dull my senses to the quick pulsation of the punch, provoked blood vessels. In vain I tried to fix my fancy on the cluster of soothing images which Wordsworth strings admirably together with such ingenuity and harmony—  
"A flock of sheep that leisurely pass by,  
One after one; the sound of rain, and bees  
Murmuring; the fall of rivers, winds, and seas,  
Smooth fields, white sheets of water, and pure sky."

All these I thought of by turns, but without effect—sleep would not come,—and in despair of winning rest, by courtng it, I jumped up, and paced the room for the sake of the easement of variety. It was yet several hours to day; and, as I looked from my window, scarcely a star could be seen to relieve the heavy deep darkness, of an October night: the intensity of the nocturnal silence, too, was painful, only broken by the monotonous return of the tick-tick of the clock, which, although at the bottom of three pair of stairs, I thought I heard as distinctly as if I had been standing inside of it. Then, by degrees, the sense, by attention becoming sharper, I could distinguish the trampling of the horses upon the litter in their stables, and I was grateful when, at distant intervals, the cock put forth his single solitary crow, "piercing the night's dull ear." Suddenly, however, the silence was torn up, by a thundering noise at the street door below, which made me start, as

Macbeth may be supposed to have done, when he heard the "knocking at the gate," after the murder of Duncan, there being a great similarity between the effects of whiskey punch, and a guilty conscience, upon the nerves. The noise at the door was several times repeated, and I was myself thinking of descending to ascertain the cause, when I heard the shuffle of some one in the hall moving towards the door inside. "Who's there?" called the inside voice. "It's me, Paddy Byrne," said the person outside; "let me in, an' doant be keepin' me."

"An' who the devil are you? rejoined the angry boots, who judged by the first answer that it was not a person of sufficient consequence to justify his being disturbed at an unreasonable hour: "it is, drunk you are, or what d'ye mane be risin' a row this a-way in the middle of the night?"

"Let me in, I tell you, Paddy," said the man outside, with increased earnestness; "sure you know me well, and me name's Tim Doolan. We're all kilt, and robbed, and ruined, up at the Mount; an' I'm bruk loose, an' come down for help, Och! it is keepin' me here all night you're goin' to be after doin'?"

"Why, thin, is it yourself, Tim Doolan?" said Paddy, now opening the door—"It's dead asleep I was, an' I didn't know your voice; an' dramein' I was too, and that I was at home in my ould modther's cabin, an' Captain Rock's min was brakin' open the door."

"Thin bad luck (luck) to the same Captain Rock!" rejoined the second voice, which I more distinctly heard within the house—"I wish it was only dramein' of 'im I was this blessed night, instead of seein' him brakin' in an' robbin' our place, an' frightnin' the ould mistress and Miss Louisa out of their seven senses, an' tied meself up for an hour an' a hayt (half), so they did; only I bruk loose the minute they went away; an' I'm come down to look for the polis, or some help to go after them, the ruinatin' thieves."

I had by this time heard enough of the man's communication, to induce me to hurry on my clothes, and go down to learn more distinctly what had happened. Two or three people, roused by the noise, had got about him by the time I got down stairs, and then and there I extracted from a long and most confused detail, that the house of a lady, about three miles distant, where he was servant, had been attacked, broken into, and robbed, and that the ladies, without any gentleman in the house, had been in the most deplorable state of agitation and alarm, while he had run into town for assistance.

"Well, well," said I, when the story came to an end, "the less time lost in talking the better—some persons should gallop off instantly. I shall go myself, if you think I could be of any use."

"Good look to your honour!" said Tim "Sure you'll be of all the use in life—it's just what I wanted—some gentleman that could spake a word to comfort the ladies; sir: for there's the ould lady is frightened clean out of her life, and my mistress isn't much better, I suppose, though she doesn't take on so much; for she's almost as quiet as a lamb, the crethur."

This was enough to fix my determination of setting off to the scene of the depredation, and we speedily got ready. A sergeant and two men of "the Peelters," were found somewhere about the house, upon whom we prevailed, in the absence of their officer, who was some miles off at a ball, to accompany us, and having got some posting horses in the stable, for the due return of which I satisfied the not unwilling hostler, by promising to be accountable, we started off for Mount Evelyn, which I understood to be the name of the place that had been attacked, and guided by Tim, we reached it in half an hour's riding. The heavy darkness of the night was now stealing away with a laggard pace, and just enough of day appeared to give an imperfect view of the dwelling we approached, which seemed to be one that, under different circumstances, one could not have looked upon without much pleasure. A lawn of smooth verdure surrounded it, which rising regularly and gently to the centre, where the house stood, gave the occasion, no doubt, for the name of "the Mount" which it bore. A belt of planting, rising from the skirts of the lawn on either side, thickened as it approached the back of the house, and seemed to conceal the officers from view; while the neatness of the small modern built mansion itself attracted attention, surrounded by a broad border of pleasure ground, to which the long low windows, opening like glass doors, gave ready access.

front of the house—and the fractured glass and sashes of one of the large windows, showed where the robbers had forced their entrance. [To be continued.

In order to present the Irish pronunciation of the word to his ear, the English reader must suppose a sound of the double vowel, analogous to that in the word "poor." If custom were not all-in-all in pronunciation, one might be disposed to say, in Hibernian fashion, that the wrong pronunciation was the right one.

#### LEONORA DE VELASCO.

Capt. Sherer, author of "Recollections of the Peninsula" and other very popular works, has lately published in two volumes, "Tales of the Wars of our Times." From one of them the present short extract is taken. Leonora was devotedly attached, though with an unrequited affection, to Ensa, the hero of the story, who had saved the lives of her whole family. He was afterwards made prisoner by some guerillas, and the following scene is exhibited.

He was soon summoned forth himself; two stern-faced men led him out, and they fastened him with cords to a solitary cross of stone that stood upon a rock, above the hermitage about two hundred yards. Here, after his execution, they designed leaving his body, in sight as it were of the garrison of Cordova, as an insult to the French arms. About twenty paces from him stood six rude musketeers in a rank, priming their pieces; grouped to the left, as spectators, were all the fierce band; in front of these Velasco and the priest, with fixed eyes and folded arms. Already had the musketeers presented their pieces; already had the victim breathed his last prayer, and opening his eyes, was looking steadily at his executioners, that he might see their aim good and true before he gave the signal; when a cry of "Hold, for the love of the most Holy Virgin! hold!" arrested the attention of all. Her mantilla fallen, her hair loose, her arms uplifted, her cheek flushed with the struggles of hope and fear, Leonora de Velasco, majestic as a bright angel of mercy, rushed with winged speed, and when she found herself in the midst between Eustace and the levelled arms, in presence of her brother and his band, she suddenly stopped, and again cried with a nervous tone, that went trembling to many a hearer's heart,— "He shall not die! he shall not die! Brother, he spared you the night we kneeled and sung a requiem for our father. He shall not die, brother! he repaired the great Velasco's tomb. He shall not die!"

Juan, sternly: "will to one remove the girl?" The priest ran and caught her arm to drag her from the life of fire. With a strength lent her by despair, she threw him far and violently from her, then turned, and was in a moment at the cross, and placed herself before it. "Hew!" said the devoted girl, "here will I stand! here gladly fall, or for or with this noble enemy!—no enemy to me or living man! as a brother dear to me!" "Fire!" cried Juan—he was not obeyed. "As a thousand brothers dear to me!" repeated Leonora, "Daughter of my father! you have lived too long," thundered Juan, as with lightning swiftness he flew to her, and she fell stabbed at his feet, the blood of her stricken bosom flowing forth upon them.

#### SCOTT'S WORKS.

We take, on the authority of an Edinburgh Journal, the annexed list exhibiting the literary labors of Sir Walter Scott. Numerous and extensive as his writings are generally supposed to be, the present enumeration will, we think, excite surprise.

New York Atlas.

Sir Walter, then Mr. Scott, first appeared before the public in 1799, (just thirty years ago) as the translator of a tragedy from the German, called Goetz of Berlichingen, with the Iron Hand. It was published in London, we believe anonymously, and has been little heard of since. In 1802, he published the Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border, with an Introduction and Notes, 2 vols. 8vo. In 1804, Sir Tristram, a Romance, by Thomas of Erildoune, with a Preliminary Dissertation and Glossary; in 1805, the Lay of the Last Minstrel; in 1806, Ballads and Lyrical Pieces; in 1808, Marmion,—and the Works of John Dryden, in 18 vols. illustrated with Notes, Historical, Critical, and Explanatory, and a Life of the Author; in 1800, the State Papers and Letters of Sir Ralph Sedler, with Historical Notes, and a Memoir of his Life,—and Lord Somers' Collection of Tracts, in 12 vols. 4to; in 1810, the Poetical Works of Anna Seward, with Abstracts of her Literary Correspondence,—and the Lady of the Lake; in 1811, the Vision of Don Roderick; in 1813, Rokeby; in 1814, the Works of Jonathan Swift, with Notes,—and a Life of the Author, in 19 vols. 8vo.—the Lord of the Isles,—and the Border Antiquities of Scotland and England; in 1815, Paul's Letters to his Kinsfolk,—the Field of Waterloo,—and a work on Iceland; in 1819, an Account of the Regalia of Scotland,—and Provincial Antiquities and Picturesque Scenery of Scotland, with Historical Illustrations; in 1820, Trivial Poems and Trovations, by P. Carey, with a Preface; in 1822, Halidon Hill; in 1827, the Life of Napoleon Bonaparte, in 9 vols. 8vo.—Memoirs of Laroche Jaquelin, with a Preface, for the first volume; in 1828, Constable's Miscellany,—and the Letters of Malachi Malagrowther, on the Currency; in 1828, Tales of a Grandfather, first se-

ries; and, in 1829, Tales of a Grandfather, second series. Add to these, Harold the Dauntless, and the Bridal of Triermain, which originally appeared anonymously; Essays on Chivalry, Romance, and the Drama, in the Supplement to the Encyclopedia Britannica; Lives of the Novelists; Characters of the late Duke of Buccleuch, Lord Somerville, George III., Byron, and the Duke of York; the Visionary, three periodical papers, which originally appeared in the Edinburgh Weekly Journal, on the state of the country in 1820; and innumerable anonymous contributions to different periodical works, among which we may particularly mention the Edinburgh and Quarterly Reviews, Edinburgh Annual Register, &c. &c.

Sir Walter Scott's Novels have come out in the following order, and each has consisted of several volumes, unless in the exceptions which we particularise. In 1824, Waverley; 1815, Guy Mannering; 1816, the Antiquary,—and Tales of My Landlord, first series, consisting of the Black Dwarf and Old Mortality, 4 vols; 1818, Robroy,—and Tales of My Landlord, second series, consisting of the Heart of Mid Lothian, 4 vols; 1810, Tales of My Landlord, third series, consisting of the Bride of Lammermuir, and the Legend of Montrose, 4 vols; 1820, Ivanhoe,—the Monastery,—and the Abbot; 1821, Kenilworth; 1822, the Pirate and the Fortunes of Nigel; 1833, Quentin Durward; 1824, St. Rovan's Well, and Red Gauntlet; 1825, Tales of the Crusaders, 4 vols; 1826, Woodstock; 1827, Chronicles of the Canongate, first series, 2 v.; 1828, Chronicles of the Canongate, second series; and now, 1829, Anne of Geierstein.

#### BROAD HUMOUR.

From the Yankee.

The Sleigh Ride.—As I was going past Mr. Josh Carter's tavern the other day, I heard a terrible noise in the bar-room, and thinking I, I'll just put my head in and see what is the matter, "Whoorah, roared a heap of fellows, here's Johnny Biddle, he'll go and that makes ten,"—and hauled me in among them. What's the occasion? says I—O, a sleigh ride over to Shaw's (every body goes to Shaw's that goes sleigh-riding) with gals, fiddlers, and frolic. Whoorah, says I. I motion, says Dr. Patridge, that every gentleman go right straight now, and get his sleigh and lady, and meet at Haak's corner; and with another whoorah, we burst out of doors and scattered.

I saw full many of the sailor's wives, who shook our feathers and crept into our nest again, laughing as loud as the best of them. The sleighs were now form'd into a string, the fiddler following, and away we started on the road to Shaw's, bells jingling, fiddle sounded, and every body hallooing and screaming for joy.

Peter Shaw heard the racket two miles off, for he was always on the look out of a moon shiny night. He fell to kicking up a dust in the best room, to put it to rights; and when we arrived, the floor was swept, the best japan candlesticks paraded, the fire place filled with green wood, and little Ben was anchored close under the jam to tug at the broken winded bellowses. No fire appeared, but there were strong symptoms of it, for there was no lack of smoke; and part of it missing the way up the chimney, strayed about the dancing room, which gave me another chance to hit off another compliment upon Patty's beauty, as being the cause of drawing the smoke. Every body laughed at the novelty of the idea. But there was no time for chat. As soon as we had taken a swig of the hot stuff all round, we sat the fiddler down by the jam, took the floor, and went to work with might and main, the fiddler keeping time with the bellowses.

Not to be lengthy, we kept it up, frolick'n and drink'n hot stuff till midnight; and while it lasted, the fun was real genuine. But as I cast a sheep's eye at Patty now and then, I took a notion that she and Siah Golding were rather thick-together considera'. Thinks I, she wants to make me jealous, to spur me on; so seeing them in close confab as I was cantering down outside, I poked my head between them and cried boo!—But the cat was soon let out of the bag. We paid the reckoning—four and six pence a piece. Think of that! Every body grumbled; but Pest Shaw didn't care.—Then followed the crowding of sleighs, taking in the ladies at the door. Such a hubbub and confusion. But when my turn come, lo and behold! Patty Beam was missing! and so was Siah Golding!—Here is the end of my story; whoever wants to know the particulars that happened in the ride home, must ask Dolly Fisher. The Deacon will tell you what sort of a pickle Sucky came home in, and how much I paid "for the whistle." Finally, whoever went to our meeting house the next Sunday morning, knows very well how Patty Beam and Josiah Goldin are to square accounts.

From the Portsmouth Commercial Advertiser.

PAUL JONES.—The following letter to the King of France is on the first page of the Manuscript Journal, which we noticed last week.

TO LOUIS XVI.

PARIS, Jan. 1, 1786.

Sire—History gives the world no example of such generosity as that of your Majesty towards the young Republic of America; and I believe there never was a com-

mother. What, and leave your cousin Dolly all alone to suck her fingers? A pretty how'd'ye do that, after coming all the way from Saco to see you. Here was a knock down argument. All my plans of courtng and comfort melted down and ran off in a moment. I saw directly that the widow was resolved to push big Dolly Fisher into my sleigh, whether or no; and there was no remedy, for the widow Beam is a sturp that is neither to be got round nor moved out of the way. I made some mention about the small size of the sleigh, but she shut my mouth instantly. Let-me-alone, says she, I went sleighing afore you was born, youngster—And if I don't know how to pack a sleigh, who does—Patty Beam, stow yourself away here, and slink yourself up small. If there isn't room we must make room, as the fellow used to say. Now, Dolly, totat yourself in there. And she tumbled her into the sleigh like a shot from a shovel, or a cart load of pumpkins into a gondola. It was chuck full of her. O she is a whopper, I tell ye. Why, Johnny Biddle, in my day, they used to pack us layer upon layer. At this hint, I sneaked round to Patty, to begin the second layer upon her lap. But the widow was wide awake. She clench'd me by the collar, and patting upon Dolly's knees, here's the driver's seat, says she. Plant your feet flat and firm, niece, jump up, Johnny—and now away with her my lad.

By this time I had got so ravin' mad that I could hold in no longer. I fell foul of the old mare, and if I didn't give it to her about right, then there's none of me, that's all. The Deacon counted the welts upon her hide a week afterwards, when he called on me to a reckoning, which was made with chalk upon the upper flap of his every day hat. Sucky not understanding such jokes, took the bit in her teeth and shot off, right on end, like a flash of true Connecticut lightning. Jemini! how we swimm'd over. And the houses and barns, and fences, and pig-styes flew by us like scud by the moon. And yonder is Haak's corner. Whoorah! I and whoorah, answered all the ladies and gentlemen with one voice. Sucky, scared at the noise, turned the corner with a firt, and the sleigh was bottom upwards in a— whoa there! whoa! The first thing I knew was, that I was in the bowels of a snow bank, jammed down under a half ton of Dolly Fisher. I thought I should never see day light again—and when they hauled me out, I left a print in the snow very much like a cocked up hat knocked into the middle of next week, as the sailor's wives, who

shook our feathers and crept into our nest again, laughing as loud as the best of them. The sleighs were now form'd into a string, the fiddler following, and away we started on the road to Shaw's, bells jingling, fiddle sounded, and every body hallooing and screaming for joy.

Peter Shaw heard the racket two miles off, for he was always on the look out of a moon shiny night. He fell to kicking up a dust in the best room, to put it to rights; and when we arrived, the floor was swept, the best japan candlesticks paraded, the fire place filled with green wood, and little Ben was anchored close under the jam to tug at the broken winded bellowses. No fire appeared, but there were strong symptoms of it, for there was no lack of smoke; and part of it missing the way up the chimney, strayed about the dancing room, which gave me another chance to hit off another compliment upon Patty's beauty, as being the cause of drawing the smoke. Every body laughed at the novelty of the idea. But there was no time for chat. As soon as we had taken a swig of the hot stuff all round, we sat the fiddler down by the jam, took the floor, and went to work with might and main, the fiddler keeping time with the bellowses.