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LITERARY AND MISCELLANEOUS SELECTIONS.

From Mrs. Hale's Magazine.
OLD AND NEW TIMES.
When my good mother was a girl—
Some thirty years ago,
Young ladies then knew how to knit,
As well as how to sew.

Young ladies then could spin and weave,
Could bake and brew and sweep;
Could sing and play, could dance and paint,
And could a secret keep.

Young ladies then were beautiful
As any beauties now—
Yet they could rake the new mown hay,
Or milk the "brindled cow."

Young ladies then wore bonnets too,
And with them their own hair,
They made them from their own good straw
And pretty, too, they were.

Young ladies then wore gowns with sleeves
Which would just hold their arms;
And did not have as many yards,
As acres in their farms.

Young ladies then oft fell in love,
And married, too, the men;
While men with willing hearts and true,
Loved them all back again.

Young ladies now can knit and sew,
Or read a pretty book—
Can sing or paint, and joke and quiz,
But cannot bear to cook.

Young ladies now can blithely spin
Of "street yarn" many a spool,
And weave a web of scandal too
And dye it in the wool.

Young ladies now can bake their hair,
Can brew their own cologne;
In borrowed plumes often shine,
While they neglect their own.

And as to secrets, who would think
Fidelity—a pearl?
None but the modest little Miss,
Perchance a country girl.

Young ladies now wear lovely curls,
What pity they should buy them;
And then their bonnets, heav'n's! they fright
The beau that ventures nigh them.

Then as to gowns, I've heard it said
They'll hold a dozen men;
And if you once get in their sleeves,
You'll ne'er get out again.

Even love is changed from what it was—
Although true love is known;
'Tis wealth adds lustre to the cheek,
And melts the heart of stone.

Thus time works wonders; young and old
Confer his magic power,
Beauty will fade; but Virtue proves
Pure gold in man's last hour.

ELOQUENT THIEF.

The author of those finely told tales already published in the Atlas, under the titles of 'First and Last Dinner,' and 'First and Last Kiss,' has recently given to the public a new work, called 'The Five Nights of St. Albans.' It is highly spoken of as displaying great strength and originality of conception. The scene which follows, we give as a specimen of the work:—

Peverell, when he left Lacy's, proceeded at once to the mayor's house, but on his way thither he was overtaken by a crowd of persons who were moving tumultuously along. His curiosity was excited, and he inquired what had happened. He was informed they had a thief in custody, and were conveying him to be examined before his worship. Peverell worked his way into the middle of the crowd, and beheld a tall, athletic, gipsy-looking youth, in the grips of two constables; while, to his great surprise, he saw mine host following close behind, with a loaf of bread under his arm, which, it seemed, the culprit had stolen. The appearance of the delinquent was such as attracted Peverell's attention. His make was muscular, his step firm, and his stature erect. His countenance was swarthy, and overhung with raven locks, which descended in natural curls down the sides of his face. His eye was large, dark, and piercing, full of gloomy purpose and sullen desperation. On his upper lip he wore large, bushy mustaches. There was a pleasing expression of benignity about his mouth; and his teeth were regular, and of exquisite whiteness. His dress was tattered, and bespoke poverty; but his mein and gesture were such as commanded respect. Even the rude rattle who were gathered round him, and who are always ready to insult and deride him whom the fangs of justice have caught, even they looked on with silence.

As the crowd moved slowly forward various were the conjectures which were hazarded. Some thought he was the murderer of the man whose body could not be found; some wondered whether he was a wandering knight in disguise; while others gravely hinted he might be a magician—and, now

they had caught him, performs there would be no more coil in the abbey.

They had now arrived at the house of his worship, and Peverell took the opportunity of speaking with him before he was engaged in examining the prisoner. He then informed him of the persons who were waiting without to bring a culprit before his worship, and mentioned what appeared to be the remarkable quality of the accused youth.

"I'll find his quality out, I warrant," said his worship, "as you shall see, an' you have time to wait the examination."

Peverell readily consented, and accompanied his worship into the room where he usually gave audience on occasions of this kind. Being seated in his chair of state, with his clerk beside him, he immediately proceeded to business, by inquiring what was the nature of the charge against the prisoner.

"An' it shall please your worship's reverence," said one of the constables, "this vagrom is a thief."

"A thief!" rejoined his worship. "What has he stolen, and who is the accuser?" Mine host now stepped forth, and briefly stated that the culprit alter walking several times to and fro opposite his door, which, as his worship knew, was the sign of the Rose—

"Yes, Master Wintour," interrupted the mayor, "I do know; and moreover I know that a mug of good ale may be had under the Rose as can be drunk in all St. Albans; but proceed."

Mine host thanked his worship for his good word, and went on—

"He walked several times up and down, as I said when anon, though he saw me on a bench near, he snatched up this loaf from a table, and ran off with it. I ran after him, raised a hue and cry, and soon brought him back; but while I was asking him a few questions he watched his opportunity and darted off again with the loaf like a greyhound. We followed, and a devil of a chase (saving your worship's presence) held us—over hedges and ditches, up hill and dale, before we could catch him. At last he ran into a lane that had no thoroughfare, and then we secured him; and now here he is to answer for himself."

"Aye, aye," said his worship, "I see how it is; he wanted his dinner, and was too lazy to work for it; but we'll give him a dinner and a supper too, I warrant." Then turning to the prisoner, "Thou naughty varlet," he continued, "what have you to say?"

The culprit, who had remained unmoved during the whole of mine host's deposition, looking with a steady glance, first at his accuser and then at the mayor, now came forward with a deliberate step, and, in answer to his worship's question, simply pronounced the word "Nothing," in a hollow but manly voice.

"You have nothing to say, ey?" said his worship.

"Nothing!" said the prisoner, in the same tone.

"And do you know that you will be whipped, set in the stocks, and sent to prison?"

"Yes!"

"What is your name?" inquired the clerk.

"I have no name; I lost it when I forfeited my honesty."

"What are you?" said his worship.

"A man!"

"What craft?"

"None."

"How do you live?"

"Like the rest of the world—as well as I can."

"Where do you live?"

"Here, now—to-morrow any where!"

"Really," exclaimed his worship, waxing a little wrathful at what he considered the sagacious bluntness of his answers; "Really you are a very pretty rascal. Perhaps you expect to get off by this device; but you will find out your mistake."

"I expect you will do your duty," replied the culprit; "and then I suppose I shall be imprisoned, whipt, and set in the stocks."

"I undertake to promise you all three," rejoined his worship; "but first I would like to know a little more of you. I am fond of original characters; and you seem to be one. What made you steal this man's bread?"

"Want!"

"Aye, aye, that is always the ready plea; but if you were in want, why not work and eat honest bread?"

"Who will employ me? No one! The world's doors are shut against me!"

"Why did you not eat the loaf when you purloined it, if you wanted it?"

"There are wants of the soul, replied the youth, as well as of the body; mine were the former."

"Come, come," quoth his worship, "this is trifling with the respect due to mine office. I insist upon knowing your name, that the clerk may enter it in the deposition. What is your name, sirrah?"

"George Wilson. Have you aught more to ask?"

"Oh?" exclaimed his worship, in a tone of irony, "what I you have a name have you, when you are put to it? I dare be sworn you have an alias too. George Wilson, alias what?"

"I have answered you," replied the pri-

soner calmly, but proudly. "What further questions?"

"None," said his worship. "You may take him to prison."

The constables were about to remove him, when he put them aside with a deliberate air, and addressed his worship:—

"Having answered all your questions, now hear me. I have been brought before you as an offender against the laws. You are appointed to maintain and enforce those laws. My offence is small, and I hope, justifiable in the sight of Heaven; and he raised his eyes, streaming with tears. "God knows from what motives I have acted!—they were solemn ones." His voice faltered a little, but soon recovered his wonted firmness. "It was your duty," he continued, "to take the depositions of my accuser, and to act upon them accordingly. But who gave you the right, who gave you a right, to insult me with needless questions, to oppress me with mean insinuations, to wound me with your puny wit? The consciousness of that protection which your station throws around you should have made you merciful. I increased you by no insolence of manner, by no turbulence of conduct. I bore your taunts with mildness. Surely it would become you to distinguish between the hardened sinner and the lowly one—between the perpetrator of great misdeeds, and the offender in trifling ones."

"What is the amount of my crime? I attempted to despoil this man of a loaf of bread. I had no money; I had no friends; I had no home; but I had—God of Heaven, hear and forgive me! I had a father—an aged, helpless, blind, and dying father, calling aloud for food, and no raven of the desert to bring it to him. Poor old man! I would have plucked the morsel from a hungry bear to have given thee, rather than have heard thy feeble wailings for want; rather than still have beheld thy sightless eye-balls rolling in their sockets, and turned towards Heaven to implore its pitying help!"

"What had I to fear from man? From man, who is my brother! From man, whose heart should feel for misery! Three long days and three miserable nights has my father fasted; during that time has he pined, inch meal, away; in that time has he drunk nothing but the water of the stagnant pool; in that time has he cursed his existence; during all that time has he groaned beneath the bony grasp of death! Stretched on the bare earth, with no shelter from the sun, no pillow for his head, no covering for his body but his tattered clothes, there he lies, dark, dark, and famished!"

"I have shared his hunger; I have shared his watching; I have sat by him, and longed to hear his last sigh! Every moment I expected it, and I would not leave him. His cries for food I evaded, believing death at hand. I shuddered at the thought of lengthening a wretched life a few sad hours! I sat in gloomy desperation, hoping to see him expire! Aye! look on me with horror. I panted—I thirsted to behold that wasted form stretched in the arms of death; for what is life to the blind, the aged, the needy, and the ailing? Who that is thus bowed down with the infirmities of nature, and oppressed by the tyranny of man, would arrest the silent strides of death? Do you abhor the savage of the desert, who leaves his aged parent to perish? he is more merciful than we who shut out from the grave, even when we are shut out from the world and the world's delights!"

"Fixed was my gloomy purpose, and I sat, in horrid silence, by my father, heaving in the throes of death. With the green mantle of the standing pool I wetted his lips as often as he called for drink; when he moaned for drink I was silent as the mole; he knew not that I was near him. Heart-rending was my task, and dreadfully I fulfilled it. When the darkness of night encompassed the creation, when all was stillness and solemn gloom, then have I sat impatiently listening to my father as he gasped for life? The fever's fiery fang had unstrung his joints, and he could not move. Still as he called for drink I was at hand; but, when he bade me feed him, I answered not. Vain hope! Each morning dawn showed him to be still living but still dying!"

"The length of my trial subdued my resolution; the energy which despair and misery had leant me was weakened; the iron purpose of my heart gave way, and when I saw my father lingering on in the pangs of death, yet struggling to live; when I viewed his emaciated form still triumphing over hunger and the fever's rage; when I beheld him gnawing the very earth on which he lay to satisfy the ravenous cravings of his famished stomach, my soul yearned with pity, and I left him this morning with the desperate resolve of procuring food for him at whatever hazard? Filled with this resolution I passed your door; I repeated it; I hoped to interest your compassion by my looks; but you had no commerce with pity. I then seized the loaf and fled; not hastily, or I might have escaped. I was brought back. An agonizing thought of my poor father's condition came across my mind. I rushed forth again pursued by you and others. I was deceived in that lane; I thought it led to where my father lay. If it had, and I could have dropped the bread by his side, I would have turned

upon you, and delivered myself up without a struggle. But it was otherwise ordained; and now glad your revenge; here I am, a poor, forsaken, wretched, persecuted outcast. You know my crime: you have it recorded. I would have robbed this man; but let it be recorded also I would have robbed him to feed a dying parent! Perhaps, by this time, he is dead. Heaven grant it may be so! I am your prisoner. Only let me know my father's spirit is released, that it is in another world, and you may command this carcass of mine, to what part of this world it may please you to send it."

Here he paused, and never did an oration of Demosthenes or Cicero produce an equal effect. After a silence of some minutes, which was more expressive than any language could have been, mine host, in a stammering voice, addressed his worship, observing, "that, as we were all Christians alike, he thought, for his part, we ought to behave like Christians one to another; and, though he might not choose to have his bread taken away by any Jack that had a fancy to pilfer it, yet could he have known at the time what he knew then, all the bread in his house, and all the meat in his larder, yea, and all the ale in his cellar, might have kept company with that loaf, if they could have carried comfort with them to the poor creature who had pined with hunger for three days and nights."

His worship, who, when the dignity of office did not interfere, had a really kind and compassionate heart in his bosom, looked at mine host as he spoke with a glistering eye, for he divined his meaning, and secretly lauded it. It was not for him, however, sitting in the chair of justice, and sworn to administer it impartially, to pronounce an escape for the prisoner; but he very significantly pointed out how it might be done, while gravely deprecating such a course. Peverell comprehended his humane intention, and, by a timely hint to mine host, enabled him to withdraw the charge, which he instantly did to the infinite satisfaction of all present.

"I am free to depart, then, said the youth."

"You are," replied his worship.

"Then let me begone," he continued, "every moment is precious, and I should ill deserve the liberty I have regained were I to waste it in sloth, nor to fulfil the purpose of my absence."

Peverell and mine host proposed to accompany him to the spot where he had left him with viands and a flagon of cordials, which Crab, who had heard the whole proceeding, placed under the youth's arm, with an honest "God bless you," as he left the house.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

NOTES AMBROSIANÆ.—North.—As to Bonaparte—whether Crocker himself wrote this life of him or no, I can't say, but my opinion is, that if it were so, there would be nothing to wonder at. When he used to vituperate Napoleon, remember it was potent for evil. Yes, even at St. Helena his names and his words were playing the devil continually all over Europe. He was then an enemy, and to have honoured him would, as the son of Shirach has laid down, have been the part of an idiot. But now, God pity us; he sleeps sound beneath a thousand weight of granite; and shame on the mortal who dare deny that he was the greatest man of the last thousand years.

Shepard.—Greater than Shakspeare; or Newton? or—

North.—I mean the greatest warrior and the greatest prince; and whatever Dr. Channing may think, it is my opinion that these are characters not to be maintained on a slender stock of brain. That worthy scribe says, "Bonaparte has added no new thought to the old store of human intellect." It must be admitted that he neither printed views nor preached sermons; but still I have a sort of notion that Bonaparte was a more powerful Unitarian than Dr. Channing. In fact, laying his battles and victories, and even his laws and diplomacy, out of view, I am willing to stake his mere table talk at St. Helena against all the existing written wisdom of the U. States.

O'Doherty.—You may safely do so, North. Just turn to that one page, in which Bonaparte demolishes Spurzheim. Those three or four sentences are worth all that has yet been written on the subject. Let Mr. Combe answer them if he can.

SLEEP.—A great deal has been said about the necessary quantum of sleep, that is, how long we ought to indulge in this surpassing luxury. Now this question, like many others connected with the animal economy, cannot be reduced to mathematical precision; for every thing must depend upon habit, upon constitution, and upon the particular nature and durations of our occupations. A person in good health, whose mental and physical occupations are not very laborious, will find seven or eight hours sleep quite sufficient to refresh his constitution. Those whose frames are debilitated, or whose occupations are studious and laborious, require somewhat more; but the best rule is to sleep till we are refreshed, and then get up. We were acquainted with a gentleman of very good family in one of the eastern counties, who lived till he was upwards of eighty years of age; and, for the last forty years of life, we do not think he

ever went to bed perfectly sober. But his plan was, to rise the instant he woke in the morning, no matter at what time and to spend the greater part of the day in the open air. Few constitutions could endure this; but a safe rule is, if we feel inclined for more sleep during the day, to indulge in a quiet nap. People ridicule and abuse the habit of sleeping in the day time; but is it not infinitely better to go to sleep for half an hour than to go on "noodling all day" in a nerveless and semi-superannuated state? The inhabitants of Spain and of South America are a wise and provident people. They enjoy their siesta, and sleep away the dull and sultry hours of their existence,—thereby digesting their food, and enjoying their health, with infinitely more comfort. In sleeping, as in eating and drinking, we must consult and humor our habits; but we should not administer a more wholesome advice touching the mode in which those habits and feelings should be indulged.

In addition to this, we would wish to inculcate one rule, the observance of which is not without benefit. This is to sleep in a room as large, as lofty, and as airy as possible, and in a bed but little encumbered with curtains. The lungs must respire, and the blood must circulate during sleep, as well as any other time; and it is of great importance that the air of the bed chamber should be as pure as possible. In summer curtains are certainly superfluous, and in winter we should do much better without the impervious screen, in which our beds are so commonly enveloped. In summer great advantage may be derived from sleeping in some of the villages near town, and at a sufficient distance from its smoke and impurities.—*London Magazine.*

Secret Intentions in England.—The most valuable inventions and improvements in the arts in England are not such as meet the public eye. There is too much clashing of interest, too great competition among the manufacturers to allow of this, and the jealousy with which they regard each other extends in a stronger degree to foreigners. Strangers, therefore, who feel the superiority of England, and while seeing the effects of our national industry, estimate the means of their production by published accounts, invariably overrate our artisans or undervalue our engineers—the former for executing so much work, and the latter for the apparent neglect or ignorance of the support which science affords to every branch of it. M. Dupin, from personal experience, judged more correctly. Mr. Pelet does not run into either extreme, he speaks highly of the great English establishments; regards, for example, with great astonishment, the Scotch distilleries, where, by employing alembics about forty-four inches in diameter and five inches in depth, or from fifty-two to fifty-four inches in diameter and about eight inches in depth, their contents forty four and eighty gallons respectively, are heated, completely distilled, and the alembics re-filled, the first in two minutes and a half, the last in three minutes and a half; but he seems to think that their chemical refinements are too much overlooked. Now it is precisely in these details that wholesale operators vie with each other, and it is these secrets which would be, and are, most jealously guarded from every eye. The consequence is, that books on practical subjects are necessarily in arrears.—The initiated will not speak, and the uninitiated are unable to do so.—*Foreign Review.*

A thousand anecdotes might easily be collected to prove how often the general has owed his victory, the king his crown, to some apparently accidental and wholly unforeseen circumstances, over which he had no control—some chance as much beyond their influence as that which made St. John Attendolo a soldier, and his grandson Duke of Milan. An Italian peasant was once invited to join a band of "Condottieri." He hesitated; and throwing up his axe into a tree, resolved that if it hung suspended on the boughs, he would enlist; if it fell he would continue a woodman.—The axe did not fall, and Francesco St. John, pointing to his troops, his riches and his splendor, was wont to say, "I owe all this to the branches of an oak which supported my grandfather's pickaxe." He indeed attributed too much to Fortune, too little to his own valor and genius; but the account is a difficult one to settle; the balance is not readily adjusted between merit and good luck.

The Duke of Athol is said to have upwards of sixty miles of gravelled walks on his Perthshire estates, and more than half that number of miles of carriage roads; many of which are formed out of the solid rock, and lead, through the most picturesque scenery, to the tops of various lower ranges of the Grampians. But all these yield to that which the Earl of Fife has been for some years forming to the top of one of the highest Bens in Scotland (Macdui, in Brae Mar, which is upwards of four thousand feet above the level of the sea), by which materials are carried for the erection of a family tomb upon the highest pinnacle of the mountain! The length of the ascent is nearly seven miles from the foot. —*Glasgow Chronicle.*