

NORTH CAROLINA SENTINEL.

UNION OUR WATCHWORD—TRUTH OUR GUIDE.

VOL. XII.

NEWBERN, SATURDAY, JANUARY 9, 1830.

NO. 613.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY, BY THOMAS WATSON.

(BY AUTHORITY.)



LAWS OF THE UNITED STATES.

Passed at the first session of the twenty-first Congress.

AN ACT, making an appropriation for repairing and fitting out the Frigate Brandywine.

BE it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America, in Congress assembled, That the following sums be, and the same are hereby appropriated, to be paid out of any unappropriated money in the Treasury, for repairing and fitting out the frigate Brandywine, viz:

For repairing the said frigate, twenty thousand dollars;

For wear and tear whilst in commission, eight thousand dollars;

For pay and subsistence of officers, and pay of seamen, thirty six thousand three hundred and seventy eight dollars;

For provisions, twenty one thousand nine hundred and ninety one dollars;

For medicines, hospital stores, and surgical instruments, one thousand dollars;

For contingent expenses of every description, five thousand dollars.

ANDREW STEVENSON, Speaker of the House of Representatives.

JOHN C. CALHOUN, President of the Senate.

Approved, Dec. 29, 1829.

ANDREW JACKSON, President of the Senate.

Approved, Dec. 29, 1829.

RESOLUTION authorizing the purchase of fifty copies of the sixth volume of the Laws of the United States.

Resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That the Clerk of the House of Representatives be directed to purchase fifty copies of the sixth volume of the Laws of the United States, to complete the sets in the Library of Congress wanting that volume, at the rate paid for former purchases of the Laws, being four dollars a volume.

Approved, Dec. 29, 1829.

NOTICE.

By virtue of a Deed Trust, I will sell at the Court House in Newbern, for cash, on the 18th instant, all the lands purchased from Silas S. Stevenson by Andrew H. Richardson, lying at the Fork of Neuse and Dover Roads, 11 miles from Newbern. The improvements are a good Dwelling House and other convenient out houses.

JOHN C. STANLY, Trustee.

Newbern Jan. 2d. 1830.

LETTERS

Remaining in the Newbern Post Office, January 1st. 1830.

Stephen G. Anderson, Henry Augustus.

W. H. Borden, J. Burgwyn 3, Benjamin Borden, S. & P. H. Brown, Lucas Bennets, Lewis Bowen, Jno. M. Bryan, Joseph W. Brittain, J. A. Boutelle, Benjamin Brown 2, K. Bass, F. Bryan, John Burney, Henry Black, Joseph Bordep, John Brinson.

Elisha Craven, John Coart 7, Mary Churchill, Sally Collins, Hardy B. Croome, John C. Crane, James Culbert, Moses Cozday, Malachi Cartwright, Olive Crocker, Elijah Clark, Jas. Clark, C. Mc C. Churchill.

Christopher Delamar, Smith Delamar 2, Craven Dickinson 2, Durs Durfer, Kizziah Dickson, Daniel M. Dulsny 2, Sacker Dubberly.

Thomas J. Emery, Michael Ellis, John Eborn, Ervin Eborn.

Polly Franks, Graves Fonvielle 2, Rodney Fulford, David Frazer, Richard Fonvielle.

Daniel B. Gibson, James Y. Green, Daniel W. Gaskill, John Griffin.

Frederick Hooker, Oliver Hart, Thomas Hedderly, Durant Hatch, Sen. John Harvey 2, Henry Harvey, Wm. Holland 2, Edmund Hatch, Wm. H. H. M. thew Harford, Hannah Hart, John Harris, (Bay River.)

Roger Jones, Gid-on Jones, James T. Jones, John Ives, Wm. Jones, Martha Jones, Moses Jarvis, Richard Jones.

Wm. W. King, Joseph King.

Secretary St. John's Lodge 2, George Lane, Margaret Little, Hardy B. Lane, W. D. O. Larry, James Lovick, Allen Lupton, F. P. Latham.

Stephen Miller, M. McKinlay, Daniel Murray, Redick Moose, Wm. Mitchell 2, James Michan, Wm. P. Morris, Elizabeth Morning, John S. Middleton, H. P. McLin, John Miller, Mrs. Marshall, Guilford Murphy, Francis McIlvain.

John Neale 2, William N. Nelson, Joseph Nelson, Henry H. Nicholson, Elizabeth Neale, Christopher O'Neale.

John Osgood, Wm. Orabee, Clara Oliver.

Wm. B. Perkins, E. Patrick, John C. Palmer, H. W. Preston, John Powell, Abner Parker 2.

Luke Russell, Thomas Robinson, John Richardson, Susan Richardson, Thomas Richardson, James Roberts.

Charles T. Saunders, John Sneed 2, Mary Shaw, Z. Slade, Robert J. Sparrow, Benjamin Smith, Sheriff of Craven, Robert Spier, Lucy Stanly, Samuel Simpson, (F. B.) 3, D. W. Sanders 2, Silas S. Stevenson.

Daniel Tolson 2, John Tubman, Lewis Thomas, Mr. Toulter, W. G. Taylor, Wm. Tisdale.

Mary Walker, Stephen W. Winn, H. & S. W. White, James S. White, Jr. John Watson 2, John G. Willis, Maria Wilson, P. L. Wicks, John Wright Isaac Whitford, Charity Willis, Wary Wade, Bryan C. Woods.

THOMAS WATSON, P. M.

WHITE ONIONS.

A few barrels for sale by HENRY DEWEY.

Dec. 12.

MY LANDLADY AND HER LODGERS.

[We find the following pathetic and beautifully told tale, by Mr. Galt, in Blackwood's Magazine for October.]—Albion.

After a short pause, Mrs. Winsom resumed her narrative, saying—

“But ye're no to think a lodging house is free from calamities, for I can assure you that soon after the jocosé days I had with the Lustrons, I met with a sore trial. It came of the misfortune of a sweet young miss, who was beguiled from her parents by a dragon officer—one of your prodigals that defy the Ten Commandments and the laws of man, with mustophas on their upper lips—no that he was to be objected to on account of his visigony, for in truth he was an Absalom of beauty, and had a tongue to wile the bird from the tree. Indeed, after I saw him, I almost thought the poor maiden was but lightly to blame; and I never could satisfy myself how so brave a gallant—so free-hearted and fair spoken,—could be a perjured wretch; but, for all my womanly indulgence, he was so, and I was condemned to acknowledge it by my conscience, as I crooned in the watches of the night,

“Men are deceivers ever.”

“Miss Fatima Camomile was one of the seven daughters of the Rev. Dr. Camomile, by his third wife, who, according to the most authentic accounts, had fewer children than either of the two who were her ancestors in his bosom.

“The Doctor kept a school for select young gentlemen, ordained for a classical way of life;—and out of it came to pass, that when Captain Rampant was a bit laddie, he was sent by his doers to learn Greek and Latin with the worthy Doctor, who surely was a most superior man.

“Miss Fatima and the Captain, when they were playing bairns—he a birky laddie, and she a bardy laddie—fell into love, according to the fashion of teens and nonage, and betrothed vows of everlasting perdition if they proved false to one another.

“But it came to pass, as in course of nature it was to be looked for, that his friends took him from the Doctor's school, and placed him in the army, where, as might have been expected, he grew, being a handsome young man, and a great ne'er-do-well. After some five or six years, his regimentals were quartered in a town contiguous to the village where Miss Fatima lived with her father and the multitude of her sisters in the enjoyment of every comfort, and the pleasant innocence of a classical academy.

“Out of this accident, the Captain—or, as I should call him, the Hornet, for he was as yet not farther promoted—repaired his old acquaintance with the Doctor, and renewed his familiars with Miss Fatime, until off they came in a chaise and four, making a loupout in my first floor, as if they had been a real man and wife, according to the Gospels of the Bishops of London, or the Archbishop of Canterbury.

“Well, you see, being in my house, I began to have my doubts of the sincerity of their marriage. I couldna tell how such doubts arose—that was impossible; but I thought they were overly fond to be by themselves—nobody came nigh them—and one Sabbath night I said to myself, isn't wonderful that never a young lady comes to spier for Mrs. Rampant, if it were only to get insight into the nature of matrimony? In short, before Monday morning I was worked into a persuasion that Mrs. Rampant was not a creditable lodger. Young, lovely, and lamenting—for she was often in tears—I discerned there was a doubt; and what would have become of me and my valuable property in this house, had I no made a testification?

“Let no man, or woman either, say that I was moved thereunto by an expiscatory curiosity. No! I had dreed upon me; I thought my house might inherit a blemish from that thoughtless and friendless pair, and therefore I was stirred, by an obligation of duty, to look into the young lady's affair. What a discovery was mine! The salt tears rin into my eyes when I think of her story. Oh, the natural perfidiousness of man!

“She told me with what innocence, like two babes in the wood, when he was at her father's school, they had loved one another. How often, while yet neither knew the meaning of their words, he promised to marry her, and how fondly she had reckoned on being Mrs. Rampant. It was very pathetic. “Often when he was gone, said the poor young lady, ‘I have walked into the fields, having no companion but the holy moon, and those witnessing stars which had their light purified by the simplicity of our fondness, calling upon them to bear testimony to the truth of my love. There was a spell upon my heart, which assured me that he would come back, and that our happiness would yet be fulfilled. I never thought of any other love; when the lily bloomed, I worshipped the sign, because I knew my weak heart taught me to believe so, that when he saw the blossom, he would yearly think of me, we had so often in our young years admired its fragrance and its spotlessness together.

“He came at last,—and, though no longer the merry madcap boy, who had been both in gladness and in sadness the companion of my sweetest hours, he was the same being, but with a richer stock of manhood and cheerful bearing. Still he was so much the same, I could not love him

less than I had ever done. Alas! I soon began to feel I loved him more. Nor did his passion seem diminished; and I was pleased it should be so, for who could think there was any guile in Harry Rampant?

“He had been, it is true, five years in the world, and I had always been at home; nor could I imagine what five years' transmutation in barracks, and the license of young soldierish, could effect on the heart of man. He seemed to me all I desired; where was truth, if he was not true? In that soft, that fearful and confiding time, in which I felt myself to be more in fault than he was, I could not doubt the faithfulness of his honour.”

“I thought,” said Mrs. Winsom, resuming her natural tone, “when I learnt this, that it would be a hard thing to hurry the young man before the session after such a disclosure; and I reasoned with Miss Fatima, for I would no longer adorn her with the title of Mrs. Rampant, telling her that she had been an overly fond cutty, and was much to blame.

“But notwithstanding, though my words were surgical knives, removing proud flesh, I yet told her for a comfort, that I would speak to Captain Rampant, and with God's help would end her misery. Poor thing! she was by this time most disconsolate to behold! Her fair eyes were waxing wide—the gracious beauty of her cheeks was become pale—her mouth had lost the swirl of dimples that made it gayer than smiles, and she rose from her chair with a heaviness as if there was about her a burden or a shame.

“That same night, after she had been long abed, the Captain came home from one of his parties—she never went to any. I sat up on purpose to meet him. He was not ree, but gay—his wits were all about him; but they were sparkling.

“‘Captain,’ quo I, when I had led him in, ‘come into the parlour, for I would fain have a discourse with you—Mrs. Rampant, as ye call her is very bad—’

“‘Who dares to say so?’ cried he.

“‘Captain, Captain,’ was my reply, ‘dinna ye be contrarie, there's a fault somewhere, and the sooner it's owned the better—She's ill, I should have said.’

“He had been in Scotland, and knew what owning a fault meant in a Christian country; so of course he began to make an equivocal of a ridiculous kind with me; but a power was then given to me, and verily I have thought that I was surely fortified and inspired with the spirit of truth and seriousness.

“‘Oh Captain,’ was my answer to his light-hearted ribaldry, ‘ye're due a great debt—ye hae a great sum of sin to answer for. Here was a young lady, rosy and sweet, blooming upon her native bush, thought it may have been thorny. The dear and kind enchantments of auld lang syne were around her paternal sanctuary—and gentle Memory was ready with her golden key to open the tower to you when you returned.’

“He looked clouded as I said this—his mirth was departed; but for all that I persevered, saying,

“‘And what, Captain, have ye earned by your deceitfulness?—a withered flower and a broken heart. Oh sir, where was fine feeling when ye brought the harlot thoughts of camps and barracks into the defenceless and innocent bowers of love and confidence—where was bravery, when the silly blandishments of a simple maiden won you to forget the virtue wherewith remembrance had sacrificed the scenes wherein she fell—and where is your honor, knowing that what was won was given in the faithfulness of youthful constancy, that you refuse still to redeem the pledge of fidelity?’

“I spoke like my father in the pulpit; and, by the pith of what I said, so daunted the worldly audacity of the Captain, that he sat silent and made no answer. Seeing him thus in a sort of penitential meditation, I pressed upon him further—I bade him compare what the unfortunate lady was, with what she might be; but for him, have been. It was a depicting that made my own heart melt with sorrow, and my eyes to overflow with tears.

“I inscribed upon his conscience, how, before her ruin, she went bloomingly and gay to her father's church, the bells ringing in unison with her happy fancies. I spoke of the worthy young men who then eyed her with love and admiration, but whose advances she repelled, because she thought only of him; and then I shewed him what he had made of her—a destitute creature, scorned by all who knew her in her blameless time, being in a stranger's house, fearful to visit the streets; and my corruption rising, I cried with vehemence, ‘Reprobate! she was beloved and honored, and you have made her a light woman!’

and added, she had overheard all I had spoken to the Captain. In the same moment she started up, and, shaking her hands towards the holy skies, she cried, ‘It is so—I am such; and it shall be done.’

“I was amazed and terrified at her vehemence. I feared, but could not guess, what her intent was; but she soon after put on a countenance of calmness—yet it was a calm without quiet. Her pale cheek, which had long lost its flower, became of a clayey deadliness—her eyes glittered as if they saw not—her voice had a far off, hollow, tomblike sound—and there was a horror in her smile, that made me suffer as if the world of the dead had been disclosed before me.

“Such she was for some four or five days—it might have been a whole week—I'll not dispute that, for I was in a manner myself demented; but a change, at least began to manifest itself—and such a change!”

Mrs. Winsom was deeply affected by what she had related, and she told it with so much dramatic propriety, that I wondered at the talent she displayed. I have, however, since often observed the singular faculty in other illiterate persons, and have seen them rising in the course of a narration to the supposed beautiful eloquence of the higher minds of whom they discoursed. I ought, however, to acknowledge that I was melted with more than ordinary sympathy for the doom of the unfortunate young lady, which the motherly zeal of my worthy landlady had evidently precipitated; and my curiosity was so excited, that I could not repress the desire to be informed of the sequel of a story so tragical.

“When,” resumed Mrs. Winsom “when the desolate creature came to a sense of her forlorn situation—for in her panic she was too wild to have a right discernment—it was freezing to hear how she lamented; she didna plead that she had been a resisting victim; nor did she take all the blame upon herself. There was a flattery in her heart that she had been betrayed by the condition of her father's house more than by her own weakness, or that the accomplices of her ruin had a premeditated purpose. Still, however, she wept and waited until her hopelessness became incurable.

“It was soon manifest that Death had laid his cold hand upon her, in defiance of all medicine and doctor's skill.

“From morning to night she sat by herself on the sofa, her one hand on the other resting on her knee, and her eyes reading, as it were, the leaf of a curious page of vacancy in the threads and pawron of the carpet. She thought of nothing but of time.

“When I went into her room in the morning, she would say, ‘Is not this Wednesday, or Friday?’—as it might chance to be. And as often as I went again during the rest of the day, she would ask the hour. It was melancholy to see her despondency, and how pleased she was when the time had seemed to have run a little faster than she expected. How patient and how beautiful she was in all this; but oh! how plainly her heart was breaking.

“When more than eight mournful months had come and gone, seeing that, by the course of nature she was soon to become a mother, I thought it my duty, in a far-off way, to remind her that it was needful to prepare for a stranger.

“She looked at me, I thought reproachfully, but her eyes were full of tears, and she answered, ‘No! I have here, within a conviction, that my sin and shame will pass from this world together. I dreamt last night that I beheld my venerable grandfather—he was a holy and religious man—standing at a gate to which I had come with a baby at my bosom, and he took me by the hand and led me in, and made me known to all my ancestors, even to Adam and Eve. No; the life that should be, is not—it becomes my condition—a husbandless wife—a childless mother!’

“I reasoned against her despair, and entreated her to be of good cheer, but she smote her bosom, and said, ‘How can that be?’ adding, ‘I am not guiltless; but there was no other but only himself, in all the world, by whom I could have been undone. Stars of light and purity—eyes and oracles of heaven, ye know my chastity! But how can he believe it?—where now is my place in the world?—The grave.’

After a season of some days the wild lamentings and continued cries of a spirit in agony began to moderate into sighs and low heart murmurings. I entreated her to let me send for her father, or for one of her sisters; but she was absolute and would not have them. At last the mother's time arrived, and she became as she foretold, a mother without a child.

“‘Place,’ she cried, the mute witness of my infirmity before me. It was not in sin, but in the confidence of faithful love, that this monument of frailty hath had being.’

Captain appeared at the bed foot; flustered he was, and of a wild look—she saw him, and stretched out her hands lovingly towards him, but they fell on the innocent corpse, and in the same instant she was no more.

“The Captain as ye may well suppose, was a most demented man. He called himself by all the ill names that contrition could find, and, to a surety, none of them were too bad. But, as I told him, despair was then out of season, and it behoved us to think of sending for an undertaker. The upholsterer over the way being a moderate and respectable tradesman, I accordingly sent for him, and after a decent time was allowed to pass, the funeral was performed in a very genteel manner.—But, alas! how the curse of Heaven will sometimes work!

“The Captain, being melancholious with what had happened, was enticed, on the night after the burial, to go for a pastime with a friend to see how the doctors make anatomies, and that same night he came rushing to my door like a ghost in a whirlwind. His senses were gone—he raved of a sight he had seen, and of a deed that had been done.

“His friend with certain others, came flying after him, and, dreadful to tell, one of them described the vision of vengeance he had seen. From that hour he became mad with a frightful shout of laughter—it was such laughter as the dead would laugh—if that could be—and he died in the course of a year after in a Hoxton Bedlam.

From the New York Mercantile Advertiser.

A Modern Blue Beard.—We give to-day one of the most extraordinary accounts of the manner in which a fond husband contrived in Paris, to amuse himself with his wives, (for he tickled two to death), that has ever fallen under our notice. Those who have had the experiment of tickling their feet tried upon them, can easily imagine the refinement of that torture which a person must endure, when so bound as to be unable to resist. What pleasure the demon could have taken in the extatic agonies of a lovely woman, no human mind can fancy; but that he did revel in them the narrative renders but too certain.

EFFECTS OF TICKLING.

From the 'Petit Courier des Dames,' of Nov. 15.

Mrs. de L** mixed much with the fashionable world last winter, accompanied by her daughter Emily. Young and handsome, the latter was the object of general attention. Although without fortune, she received many advantageous proposals for her hand—but as her heart remained unaffected, she selected from the crowd of her admirers Mr. de V** as the one best suited to gratify her amour propre; he was about forty, rich and respected—he adored her and would thus make her happy. Emily made a confidant of her mother, who could not avoid expressing her surprise at the selection. Mr. de V** had already lost two wives—there was a disparity in their ages, and she felt an invincible repugnance, for which she could not account, to the union. Emily thought so good an opportunity of securing a rich establishment might not again present—her mother yielded, and she was married to Mr. de V**. Some time after, Emily's brother urged her to frankly confess to him, whether she had realized the happiness which she had anticipated from the union. “I have indeed, said she, my husband anticipates my every wish, and would render me fully happy, but for a singular request which he has made, and which as I cannot understand the object troubles me, and I have to refuse it. It must be very serious said Edward. Oh no, it is very silly replied his sister—you would never imagine what. Only think of a request to bind myself with linen bandages—in a word to be a living copy of an Egyptian mummy.

So extraordinary a caprice, surprised Edward full as much as it had his sister. His curiosity was too strongly excited to be spent in imaginings, and he urged his sister to yield, but with the condition that he should, unknown to the husband be stationed during the operation in an adjoining room.

Thus placed, his sister informed her husband that she determined to yield to his request. Wild with joy at this information, the husband found no words to express his gratitude, yet promptly commenced his operations. Edward listened attentively. Profound silence reigned for some minutes in the room, his sister broke it by saying in a trembling tone, “and the arms too?” He involuntarily trembled as if they were to be the last words of his sister. Yes my dear replied the husband gaily. I beg you—head and feet only, free; just like a mummy you know. All was again quiet—the silence lasted so long as again to frighten Edward, and he was upon the point of entering the room, when his sister commenced laughing most immoderately—he felt assured and listened. Emily stopped, and all was again silent. Again she laughed, and more immoderately than before, and again all was silent. This tomb-like repose, broken by loud and immoderate laughter and succeeding the laughter, was alarming—he knew not what to think of, and burst into the room. At his appearance Mr. de V. fled, and Edward found his unfortunate sister stretched on the floor, cold and inanimate. Her husband had bound her, that he might freely tickle her feet. Another fit of laughing, and Emily would