



THE SENTINEL.

NEWBERN: WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 29, 1832.

Washington's Birthday, the one hundredth anniversary of which, occurred on Wednesday last, was observed by our citizens, in a manner becoming the occasion.

Glorious God, eternal King, Source of Light and Liberty; Thine shall be the thanks we bring, While we hail this Jubilee.

Glad, we celebrate the day, When the Sun of Freedom rose, Bearing, to America, Triumph, Liberty, repose.

Thou whose mighty guardian hand Bore Columbus o'er the wave; Rescued, oft, the Pilgrim band, And, at last, a refuge gave—

Thou that wast, who saw our wrong, Raised an arm 'gainst Britain's pride, Showed, that nations shall be strong, Who, in Israel's God confide—

Gave us one, whose patriot worth, Courage, Wisdom, Piety, Blest the land that gave him birth; Saw its chains, and set it free.

Glorious God, eternal King, Author of the prize he won, Thee, we worship, while we sing, LIVE THE NAME OF WASHINGTON.

Mr. WADSWORTH followed, and, having made a few pertinent introductory remarks, read, with great distinctness, and appropriate emphasis, the last in a series of counsels of our political father, on his withdrawal from public life.

The Orator of the Day, Mr. JOHN A. BACKHOUSE, then rose, and in a strain of impassioned eloquence, which delighted every hearer, pronounced the following

ORATION.

Man is of few days, and after death cometh the judgment of posterity. Though he bears upon his front the image of a creative God, and within his bosom the fire of immortal inspiration, yet, amidst his proudest triumphs, and most brilliant trophies, the angel of destruction lays upon him his withering touch, and where is he, and what is he? The wind sweeps wildly and mournfully, over the clod which wraps the silent wreck of his mortality; all his proud thoughts, his glorious imaginings, his might, his majesty, are swept away like chaff before the wing of the mountain storm; no music murmurs from his sealed lip, and his dull ear listens not to the voice of the charmer, charm he never so wisely. But there is that within him, which lives in death, which grapples with the fell destroyer, and shears him of half his glory: 'tis the desire of fame, the grasping after immortality. Armed with this flaming falchion, he can rend asunder the ceremonies which enthrall him; he can burst into a new existence, and bask in unextinguishable splendour. Oh, give me applause, cried the dying Augustus, as the last breath was quivering on his pallid lips; but it is a boon which, though sought by many, is found by few. The spirit of the Emperor passed away; the sun which gilded with soft beams, the columns, the arches, the thousand domes, of the eternal city, sank below the capitol, and with him vanished the power and the godhead of the deified Cæsar.

What is it that has brought together this day, the beautiful and the brave, the youthful and the aged? Ah! need my feeble and faltering voice answer that inquiry? The conquerors of the ancient world, raised the consecrated monuments of sculpture and architecture; they built the altar, and burned the flaming incense, to the iron ruler whose yoke they cursed and blessed: but AMERICANS, we have met together for a nobler purpose. Assembled around the shrine of our WASHINGTON, we offer the sweetest of all oblations, the brightest of all gems, the TREASURE OF THE HEART! His is a character which no time can obscure, and no calamity can tarnish: like the lofty and snow-clad summit of Mont Blanc, it grows purer and more splendid, as the successive winters of time shed upon it their accumulated snows. True, that like the fraillest of the victims of fate, his tenement of clay is wrapt in the gloom of night; but by surrendering that mortal, he has put on immortality, and vindicated to himself a habitation and a name, beyond the graspings of decay, or the shafts of malice— The Phoenix thus, her fatal period come, Veiled in a cloud of fragrance meets her doom, Secure of fate: and feeds the spicy flame. Fresh from her tomb the wondrous bird revives, In vain the consuming day arrives, And circling ages find her still the same.

George Washington was one of nature's great men. The style of a Plutarch, was inspired to record such a character as his. It was never the fortune of the youthful hero, to imbibe from the sparkling fountain of Greek and Roman literature, the combined feelings, habits, and virtues, of a Cincinnatus, a Fabius, and an Epaminondas; his mind was never drilled and disciplined into its severe and Doric grandeur, by spending the midnight hours, over the ponderous volumes of mathematical calculation, or philosophic

research. He was born, in the broad and magnificent bosom of an American forest. Untainted by the indolence and corruption of a city, he walked abroad in the free air of his native hills; he breathed from his birth the atmosphere of independence, he planted his foot on the green soil of his paternal territory, and drew from the charms of wild and exuberant nature, those simple habits, and manly virtues, which afterwards, formed the honest and decided champion of human rights. Let us transport ourselves in imagination, to the commencement of the eighteenth century: how solemn, and how beautiful the scene! Over the vast expanse of our territory, is spread the foliage of the unpruned wilderness; the cataracts are roaring and foaming in wild gambols before the eye of nature; the broad rivers are pouring on their fulness to the ocean, in tones of low, still music; the eagle whets his beak on the cliffs of the solitary Mountains, and but here and there on the eastern portion of our land, are exhibited the few and scattered settlements, of a people, living in almost primeval simplicity. At this period, we may behold the future saviour of his country, bounding like an Achilles, in the swift and joyous chase, reposing his limbs beneath the spreading oak, quaffing the cool waters of the woodland fountain, and by a course of a vigorous exercise, like the heroes of classic story, preparing his body for the difficulties and labours, to which nursing nature had already destined his daring mind. He was a republican from his cradle: how could he be otherwise? If he had been born on the old continent, amid the thousand artificial distinctions, created by the vanity of man—if he had been bred on the domain of some abominable feudal aristocracy, he might perhaps have learned to despise and frown upon, a fellow-being as honest as himself. 'Tis a lesson easily learned this day, amid the sepulchral pomp of any European principality. But nature, kind nature, is ever impartial in her distributions,—she exposes her charms and her riches, equally to the prince and the savage—and in her soft and maternal arms, she embraces, with indiscriminate love, the whole family of mankind. In such scenes, did the infant Washington receive the first impulse of a powerful soul; a soul, not calculated, to excel in the disgusting intrigues of a court;—or to devastate the bosom of a bleeding country;—but a soul, whose firm independence, whose ardent generosity, and whose unquenching fortitude, could grasp the banners of regenerated freedom, and like a Curtius, plunge into the flaming gulph, to rescue his fellow-beings from oppression.

It would be useless and presumptuous for one of my frail capacity, to attempt to follow out the life of so great a man, and exhibit in just colours, and proportionate beauty, the deeds of so long, so active, and so splendid a career. It is one of those tasks, which, in the language of Demosthenes, "many might feel willing to undertake, and none can adequately execute." But happily, the history of Washington, is one of those which may be read in a nation's eyes,—it is inscribed as with fervid lightning, upon that proudest of all freedom's monuments, which was erected in the infancy of our republic. His character forms not a fit subject, for the creative imagination of the poet; it is too calm, too severe, too stately; 'tis like yonder sun,—he combines all that is bright and glorious, with all that is admirable and useful,—he marches on in unrivalled dignity, and rules sole monarch of the arch of day; but his undeviating regularity and precision, cramp the quick and fitful child of poetry and song, and he turns with a more kindred pleasure, to the erratic course of some mysterious comet.

It has been said, that his most prominent trait was decision of character. He formed his determinations, with the greatest coolness and candour, he inquired, and pondered, and examined, and was always open to the fullest conviction, but when once fixed, no considerations of private convenience, or personal security, could move him one jot or tittle. An instance of this was exhibited by him when a boy; at the request of a relation, and perhaps too with some of the romance of youth about him, he had acquired a passion for a naval life,—the time of his departure approached, and he doubtless was enjoying all that pleasure consequent upon gratified hope,—but at the solicitations of an aged mother, he dropt it in an instant, and smothered his feelings forever. Philosophers have asserted, that great men are produced by great occasions. Whether the principle be true or not, it is certain that GEORGE WASHINGTON, was the very man who ought to have been created, for the American revolution. His bold perception,—his accurate discrimination, and unwavering decision of mind, were the qualities, which enabled him to march at the head of an indignant people, who were strong in heart, but weak in hand; to restrain their impetuosity, to dissipate their doubts, to attack, to retreat, to blow into a flame the last spark of expiring freedom,—to rescue the charter of our rights, and, nail it with the hand of a giant upon the cross of annihilated tyranny. Napoleon knew not how to retreat,—in the onset, he swept forward like the rushing of mighty winds, conquering and to conquer, but his spirit fell like Lucifer, when compelled to yield before superior advantages. But who was it that led a destitute and undisciplined army—who supported their drooping spirits, amid the horrors of a winter, that forced the very blood from their naked bodies; and after all, triumphed over the haughty forces of one of the proudest of European monarchies? It was thy lot, O WASHINGTON, to be victorious either in attack or in retreat, to be equally the champion and the child of freedom, whether involved in the gloom of tempestuous despair, or incircled with glory and with victory! "Whose feet are upon the mountains bringing the glad tidings of great joy?" what glorious light bursts upon our vision—what harmonious tones melt around us, in a sea of melody! the dove of peace, the dove of peace, on angels wings she comes; the storm is over—and drops the everliving Garland of Minerva upon the brow of the Father of his Country.

General Washington possessed ambition. No great mind can exist without it. So various and so great, are the casualties and misfortunes which are continually starting up, to retard our perseverance, and to damp our ardour, that unless endowed with this stimulating and supporting spirit, man could never endure to the end, in the race of virtuous and admirable actions. But his ambition was of no ordinary character; it was the ambition of "angels and of gods." There are two sorts of ambition—that which arises

from a sense of duty—and that which springs from the love of applause. The first of these was the actuating spirit of Washington. Considered as respects their influence, and their consequences, these two excitements to action, are very different. The love of applause is a raging torch, which dazzles our vision with amazement; which carries ruin and conflagration upon its forked flames, but whose lurid glare, soon flashes itself to destruction, and leaves no memorial behind it, but dust and ashes. The sense of duty is a vestal lamp, which sheds its pure rays, in the shrine of our holiest feelings; it dazzles not, it consumes not; but its virgin brilliancy, is a guide to our feet, and a light to our eyes—shining on, shining on, undarkened by tempests, unextinguished by decay. The selfish victim of applause, is the reckless conqueror, who dashes forward with irresistible impetuosity—annihilates opposition, and plants his victorious standard, on the very battlements of his enemy's citadel; but when the delirium of success has evaporated, he discovers that he is girt before, behind, around him, by implacable foes; they crowd upon him, they smother him, and he falls, a mockery and a scorn. The man of duty, proceeds slowly, and cautiously; he stifles resistance in every inch of his progress, and when he has reached the object of his destination, he can rest in security; for he knows that he has done what he ought to have done. Oh! what tongue can tell the madness of his extacy, who has attained success, after devoting his life to the pursuit of applause! His brain reels—his mind is drunk with joy, as he views the smile of beauty, and hears the shouts of admiring thousands. But if he fails—ah! the misery, the searching misery of that fatal hour!—'tis as if the expected smile of love, should be mantled into the blight of scorn—life becomes a sepulchre, and he

Sick, sick, unbound the boon, unasked the thirst. The man of duty, enjoys all the pleasure of success, without the madness; and it his hopes are prostrated, he can console himself with the language of the great poet of nature,

Be just and fear not; Let all the ends thou aim'st at, be thy country's, Thy Gods, and truth's. Then—if thou fall'st, Thou fall'st a blessed martyr.

The age of the revolution, was the age of great men, and master spirits. They were in fact and truth, of giant origin; they did not owe the solemnity and majesty of their characters, merely to the lightning and the thunder, which flashed and bellowed, in the horizon around them; but there was that within, which passed all show. The sound and sterling patriotism of the elder Adams,—the serene and placid integrity of Franklin,—the grand and fervid eloquence of Henry, are bright examples, of the sinews of those iron times. These, and George Washington at their head, have given a character to the contest for freedom, throughout the universe. They established a government, calculated for the prosperity of the people,—which dispenses equal rights, equal privileges, and makes no distinctions, except those of merit. The erection of such a government as this—its increasing prosperity, and expanding glory, are more hateful to the dynasties of the old world, than was the mysterious handwriting on the wall, to Belshazzar, on the night of his destruction. People cannot be prevented from thinking. All the oppressed of every clime, will look over the broad ocean, and sigh for the happy land, of liberty and peace. Men learn by comparison. They look to their own governments, and discover that, whether by design or not, they tend chiefly to the aggrandizement of a comparative few. The spirit of humanity rises proudly from its chains; it re-assumes its godhead, and wreaks the hoarded vengeance of long years, upon the diadem, the sceptre, and its guardian aristocracy. 'Tis this which gave the impulse, to the revolution of three days, in the capital of chivalrous France—which is now calling forth the latent energies of the advocates of reform in old England—which has long been shouting, in the soul-stirring accents of Tully: rise, children of Italia, and claim the birth-right of your ancestors. Behold the bright vision which gleams, through the darkness of the future! Europe is regenerated,—democratic freedom rolls the ceaseless tide of her blessing from the pillars of Hercules to the feet of the Uralian mountains, and the notes of advancing liberty, echo like the trump of the archangel, from the frozen coast of Siberia, to the far off islands of the mighty Pacific. Ask them by what have ye accomplished this great work? "Twas by "the divinity which stirred within us"—our propitious star was the American Republic, and our watch-word, WASHINGTON!

The abstract character and fate, of the generality of heroes, was never better portrayed, than in the exclamation of the Roman satirist— I demens! et sevas curre per Alpes, Ut pueris placeas, et declamatio fiat. But the character of the great American, requests examination. Like the temple of peace, it lies open day and night; he who runs may examine, and he who examines, must admire.

It is the moment of success, that tries the temper of uncommon spirits. Search when or how we will, we may discover, that he who grasps power by a series of brilliant successes, has seldom been able to maintain it; and the reason is obvious: admiration is all that sustains him; he has not founded his elevation upon the respect, the esteem, the veneration, which are the only keys, to the deep treasures of the human heart. With the mysterious might of a magician, he can conjure up the storm, and on the summit of a foaming billow, waft himself to the high places of human grandeur; but when his short-lived spell, hath moaned itself to slumber, the waters subside, and he is left—a leviathan foundering upon a shoal. How was it with Washington? He sprung from the bosom of wealth and retirement, to seize the sword which was proffered, by the unanimous voice of his countrymen: he spurned into the ocean, the invaders of his country's rights—for eight years he was the President of an adoring people—he expired amid lamenting thousands—he established a character, which has gone on accumulating interest upon interest; and this day, one hundred years from his birth, the refulgent daughters of America have assembled together, their bright eyes beaming with

gratitude, and their lips uttering blessings on his blessed name. The Trojan exile, summoned up a spell, which opened to him the gates of Avernus, and may not we call up the spirits of the mighty dead? Rise from your graves, ye conquerors of the earth!—where are ye? Who is he that comes with the proud bearing of a majestic Roman? 'Tis the "bald first Cæsar,"—upon his forehead, are the green laurels of literature and conquest; his eagle eye, flashes defiance, and beams with the pride of innumerable triumphs—but there is blood and guilt upon that brow; pass on. Behold yonder Emperor! the banners of uncounted victories, are waving around him, in all the colours of the tempest rainbow; and the full tide of glory blazes in dazzling splendour, from that star upon his breast!—but there is blood and guilt upon that brow; pass on. Lo! there comes one, upon whose placid countenance reposes the soft sunshine of eternal peace—patriotism, independence, love, mercy, hallow that sacred smile, and he stretches forth his benignant arms to bless and to save!—Who is it? Ah, 'tis the FATHER OF HIS COUNTRY!

There is a tomb upon a lonely rock, in the waters of the Atlantic. The hoarse waves dash around it in unbridled fury; the sea-bird screams over its solitary note, and the spirit of the ocean storm, rests upon it in fitful slumbers. Within, lies the child of destiny,—the Emperor of France! All his power has vanished—all his energies are palsied, and no tear is shed over him, save that of the willow which droops there, in the morning dew.

There is another tomb, upon the green bosom of an American soil, within which moulder the remains of an American Patriot. But that is not deserted; millions of eyes are directed towards it, and are overflowing, with the recollection of his virtues. Who shall restrain the feelings of our hearts? What shall prevent us from shedding the warm tear, over our WASHINGTON—our OWN WASHINGTON? Glory be to thy name, for thou hast disenfranchised a people—thou art enshrined in our hearts, and the beauty of thy character, is of a sort which withereth not, and passeth not away.

Table with 2 columns: MARINE LIST, PORT OF NEWBERN. ARRIVED: Schr. Rebecca Hyer, Brookfield, Philadelphia. Schr. Rebecca Jones, New York. CLEARED: Schr. Perseverance, Ferguson, New York. Schr. Susan, Forrest, Baltimore. Schr. Henrietta, Douglas, New York. Schr. Lion, Mumford, New York.

SEALED PROPOSALS will be received at this Office, until the first day of April, 1832, for the supply of rations to the non-commissioned officers and seamen, of the United States' Revenue Cutter DALLAS, for the term of one year from the said first day of April next. The ration for the Cutter service, is the same as that allowed in the National service, and consists of the articles enumerated in the following table, to-wit:

Table with 7 columns: Days of the Week, Sugar, Flour, Butter, Tea, Rice, Molasses, Vinegar, Spirits. Rows for Sunday through Saturday and Per Week.

The number required for the year, is estimated at five thousand. The proposals will state the price per ration at which the contractor will deliver them, in such quantities as may from time to time be required on board the said Cutter at Newbern. The rations to be of good and wholesome quality, to be approved of by the Collector; and the different articles comprising the ration to be delivered on board the Cutter in good and sufficient casks and vessels, to be provided by the contractor, and the contents thereof distinctly marked on each.

It is to be understood that the contractor will be bound to furnish, upon reasonable notice, as often as may be required by the Captain of the Cutter, with the approbation of the Collector (not exceeding upon an average, one day in each week) such fresh meat and fresh vegetables as may be equivalent to the corresponding parts of the ration allowed in the Naval service. JAMES C. COLE, Collector.

FIVE CENTS REWARD. ABSCONDED from the service of the subscriber, on the 13th inst. his indentured Apprentice named FRANCIS CHESNUT. The above reward, but no expenses or thanks, will be given for his delivery to me. RALMOND CASTIX. Newbern, Feb. 29, 1832.

LOST, OR MISLAID. Judgment against Frederick Naested and Jeremiah Fonville, for \$76 66 and interest from 22d October, 1828, with a credit of \$50, dated September 24th, 1831; also, a judgment against Frederick Naested and Jeremiah Fonville, for \$61 75, and interest from 7th January, 1828; also, a judgment against Frederick Naested, for \$35, and interest from December 27th, 1829, with a credit of \$26 21, dated September 14th, 1831; also, a judgment against Frederick Naested, for \$23 09, and interest, from July 30th, 1829; a note against Frederick Naested, for \$20, due November 15, 1830; and one other note against said Frederick Naested, for \$7 30, due 22d March, 1831. All persons are hereby cautioned against trading for any of the above described judgments or notes, as payment of the same has been legally stopped.

JAMES HAYWARD. Newbern, Feb. 29, 1832. STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA, CRAVEN COUNTY. BEFORE me, Hardy Whitford, one of the Justices of the Peace for the county aforesaid, personally appeared James Hayward, and made oath, that he received of John L. Durand, on the 2d of November, 1831, the above described judgments and notes, against Frederick Naested and Jeremiah Fonville, to collect as an Officer, and that he has lost or mislaid the same, so that collection of said judgments and notes, cannot be legally enforced, without new process being issued. JAMES HAYWARD. Sworn to before me, [by said James Hayward, the 28th of February, 1832.] HARDY WHITFORD, J. P.

NEW GOODS. Joseph M. Granade & Co. HAVE just received, and offer for sale, low for cash, the following articles, viz: 30 Bbls. Sup. Flour, "Beach's brand," 20 " Navy Bread, 10 " Pilot do. 10 Hhds. N. E. Rum, 20 Bbls. New Orleans Whiskey, 10 " Baltimore Rye do. 10 " Curtis's N. Y. Rye Gin. 2 Bbls. Lorrillard's Snuff, in Bottles. 1 " " Bladders, 12 Bbls. Apple Brandy, 5 " Porpoise Oil, 2 " Winter Sperm do. 2 " Linsed do. 80 Kegs White Lead, 50 Boxes Fontain's Virginia manufactured Tobacco, in pound twists. 100 Casks Stone Lime, 100,000 Brick, a large proportion of which, is of the quality used in the construction of Fort Macon, 25 M. R. O. Staves, prime quality for the W. I. Market. Newbern, Feb. 22d, 1832 '84

STEAM BOAT JOHN MORRIS FOR SALE. THIS superior Steamer is offered for private sale until the 15th proximo, when a public disposal will be made in this place, if no sale takes place in the mean while. She is only a year old, has a high pressure Engine of 40 horse power, with new boilers and well fitted for freight and passengers; is built of best materials, and in an excellent manner and now in readiness for immediate employment—draws only 3 1/2 feet water—is 114 feet long, 23 1/2 beam or 40 ft. including guards—has good anchors, cables, cook stove and furniture. Terms—one quarter cash, and the balance 6, 12 and 18 months, with good security. Apply to JOHN A. ROBERTS. Norfolk, 16th Feb. 1832.

NOTICE. AT February Term, A. D. 1832, of the Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions of Craven County, the subscriber qualified as Executor of the late JOHN I. BROCK. All persons indebted to the estate of said deceased, are requested to make immediate payment; and those having claims against it, are required to present them, duly authenticated, within the time prescribed by law, or this notice will be plead in bar of their recovery. SARAH BROCK, Executrix. Stony Branch, 20th Feb, 1832.

NEGROES FOR SALE. ON Saturday, the 17th March, 1832, will be sold, at the house of W. L. B. PEARCE, at the fork of Neuse and Dover roads, 12 miles from Newbern, FOUR LIKELY NEGROES, and a valuable young Mare, well broke to the Saddle, belonging to the Estate of JOHN I. BROCK, dec'd. Terms: Notes at six months, with approved securities. SARAH BROCK, Executrix. 20th Feb. 1832.

NOTICE. HAVING located myself as a Teacher on Brown's Sound, Onslow county, near the residence of David Ward, Esq., I take this method of soliciting the patronage of those who may wish to place their children or wards under my tuition. Strict attention shall be paid to students in their respective studies.—Terms, \$3 per quarter for Spelling, Reading, Writing and Arithmetick; \$4 do. for Book-keeping and Surveying. Board, convenient to the School, may be had on low terms, in respectable families. C. C. POWERS. February 12th, 1832.