

NORTH CAROLINA SENTINEL.

LIBERTY...THE CONSTITUTION...UNION.

NEWBERN, FRIDAY, MAY 31, 1833.

NO. 842.

VOL. XVII.

PUBLISHED BY THOMAS WATSON.

Three dollars per annum—payable in advance. No paper will be discontinued (but at the discretion of the Editor) until all arrearages have been paid.

LATE AND INTERESTING FROM EUROPE.
The packet ship *Sovereign*, at New York, brings London papers to the 11th April, inclusive. The annexed intelligence, derived from them, is copied from the Commercial Advertiser.

IRELAND.
The affairs of this unhappy and distracted country assume a more sombre appearance, if possible, by every fresh arrival. It will be seen by the following proclamation of the Marquis of Anglesey, that the enforcing act has commenced its operation in the county of Kilkenny.

PROCLAMATION OF THE IRISH GOVERNMENT UNDER THE NEW BILL.

DUBLIN, Sunday, April 7.—The following proclamation extending the provisions of the bill to the county of Kilkenny, appeared in the Dublin Gazette. It is stated that a proclamation will appear early in the present week, prohibiting the meetings of the Volunteers, the Conservatives, and the Trades' Union.

By the Lord Lieutenant and Council of Ireland.
A PROCLAMATION.

ANGLESEY.—Whereas by an Act passed in the third year of his present Majesty's reign, entitled "An Act for the more effectual Suppression of local Disturbances and dangerous associations in Ireland," it is amongst other things enacted that it shall and may be lawful for the Lord Lieutenant and other Chief Governor or Governors of Ireland with the advice of His Majesty's Privy Council in Ireland, at any time after the passing of the said Act, and from time to time during the continuance thereof, as occasion may require, to issue his or their proclamation, declaring any county, county of a city, or county of a town in Ireland, or any portion thereof, respectively, to be in such a state of disturbance and insubordination as to require the application of the provisions of the said Act.

Now, we, the Lord Lieutenant, do by this our Proclamation, in pursuance and execution of the said Act, and by and with the advice of His Majesty's Privy Council in Ireland, declare the county of Kilkenny, the county of the city of Kilkenny, the city of Kilkenny, and the liberties of the said city, to be in such a state of disturbance and insubordination as to require the application of the provisions of the said Act.

And we do by this our Proclamation, warn the inhabitants of the said county of Kilkenny, the city of Kilkenny, and the liberties of the said city, to abstain from all seditious and other unlawful assemblies, processions, confederacies, meetings, and associations, and to be and remain in their respective habitations at all hours between sunset and sunrise, from and after Wednesday the tenth day of April instant, of which all Justices of the Peace of the said county, and county of a city, constables, peace officers, and others whom it may concern, are to take notice.

Given at the Council Chamber in Dublin, this 6th day of April, 1833.

ROSSE WM. M'MAHON, JOHN DOHERTY,
WM. SAURIN, F. BLACKBURN,
JOHN RADCLIFFE, R. H. VIVIAN.

"God save the King."
[From the Dublin Pilot.]

We publish a letter from Mr. O'Connell to-night, as his opinions and intentions cannot be communicated in any language more forcibly than his own:

London, 14 Albemarle street, Wednesday.

My dear Barrett,—The die is cast; we are all slaves. One more injustice has been committed towards Ireland. Let us now struggle for the double repeal.

First, of this new Algerine Act.

Secondly, of that union which alone caused this Act to be passed.

I feel the awful duty imposed on me by the Volunteers, I will endeavor to perform it honestly, at least, as well.

Announce to the people of Ireland that I intend on every Monday, whilst the Algerine Act continues, to publish a letter to them in the Pilot; I will, please God, begin on Monday next.

I mean to take up in detail the necessary agitation in each county in Ireland. Our enemies shall not triumph over the people, nor put down popular sentiment. We will still agitate within the law, and without either moral guilt or legal offence.

Call on the people to be quiet, to bear with patience this new indignity. Let them hope for better days, and better days must soon arrive.

Give a caution to the atrocious whitefeet. They have played the game which the enemies of Ireland wished them to play. The execution of every good or honest man is upon their crimes. The vengeance of God will sooner later, be visited upon their wickedness.

How sincerely ought we not to detest the vilest of the vile Whitefeet—the last and worst of those villainous miscreants, who have given strength to the enemies and weakened the friends of Ireland.

But still I do not despair of my country. No. Even in the crimes which are committed against her, there arises a hope that those crimes will accelerate their own punishment, and create thereby that state of things which will insure the speedy restoration of our national and constitutional independence.

Believe me to be, very faithfully yours,
DANIEL O'CONNELL.

The Dublin Times asserts that forty-four officers from the half-pay list were to be immediately commissioned to act as members of the court martial to be held under the Irish Disturbance Bill. A considerable military force was ordered to proceed to the county of Kilkenny, to carry the enforcing law into effect. The object of including the city of Kilkenny with the county, in the proclamation, is said to be, that the trials of persons apprehended in the adjoining parts of the county might take place there.

Mr. Edward Dwyer has advertised the Corn Exchange in Dublin to rent—evidently under the expectation that the Volunteer Association will be suppressed by the Lord Lieutenant's proclamation.

WHITEFOOTISM IN THE NORTH—ENNISHOWEN.
The punishment of some of the Ennishowen rioters at the late assizes seems rather to have increased than depressed the spirit of insubordination. In the parish of Clonmany, which was the chief seat of disturbance, more outrages have occurred within a few days since the assizes than for as many months previous. The other day, a man named O'Donnell had his house broken into by the rioters, himself abused, his windows destroyed, and all the furniture in his house broken, on account of some dispute connected with dispossessing a tenant. A bailiff named M'Elhenay, got his house thrown down at night, and narrowly escaped with his life on condition of never again acting in that capacity. A blacksmith named Congdon, for venturing to shoe the horses of Mr. M. Doherty, the agent, had his forge broken open, some of

his tools destroyed, and his anvil carried off, and now no smith in the district dare to work for Mr. Doherty, or any one of his family. A man named Houten, for allowing his son to be a servant to Mr. Doherty's brother, got his car broken and himself threatened, unless he removed his son from Mr. Doherty's employment. Another man had the ears cut off his horse by the heartless wretches for some dispute relating to land. In short it would be difficult to enumerate all the outrages of the last fortnight which have occurred within the limits of one parish.—*Derry Sentinel.*

GERMANY.

The elements of discord and revolution are rife in various parts of the German Empire. Owing, however, to the vigilance of the Government, and the strongly armed force, which is employed for the purpose, it has been hitherto found impracticable for the quiet spirits to rally, or mature any substantial plans of concentrated action. A riot, however, of a very serious character, broke out at Frankfurt on the evening of the 31st of April, under the very walls of the Chamber of the Diet of the Confederation. We subjoin a private letter from Frankfurt, dated on the 4th, giving the particulars of the outbreak of the riot. Five soldiers were killed, and twenty wounded. The loss on the part of the students and rioters was not stated, except generally that it was great. Their object was the liberation of the prisoners confined for political offences. This they effected; but the next day the latter voluntarily surrendered themselves, and the leaders in the revolt were apprehended. Order was again established, although another letter dated 3 o'clock, on the 4th, says it was reported that the Palace of the Duke of Nassau, Biebrich, was in flames.

"Last night, Robert le Diable was performed. On coming out of the theatre, at half past nine, a vast crowd proceeded through the street called Zeil, to the guard-house of the constables, occupied by thirty soldiers of the line, and as many police officers. This crowd was headed by young men in the costume of students, wearing white scarfs. On their arrival before the guard-house, one of the young men, stepping out of the ranks, harangued the people, who had collected in great numbers. In his speech he expatiated on the oppression of which Germany was the victim. The people received the speech with unanimous applause. In an instant, guns, pistols and sabres were distributed, the guard-house was attacked, and the prisoners confined for political offences set at liberty.—The same crowd, having been considerably augmented, then proceeded along the Zeil to the principal guard-house, attacked it amid shouts of 'Liberty or Death!' dispersed the sixty soldiers who occupied the post, and set at liberty the prisoners, among whom was Mr. Mohr, who had been confined two years on suspicion of having taken a share in former disturbances.—Whilst blood was flowing on both sides near the guard-house, the drums were beating throughout the town, to call together the national guards. Part of the citizens came in time to prevent the capture of the arsenal.

"The troops of the line amounting to 500 men, came up in haste, and succeeded in retaking the chief guard house. 200 soldiers also defended the approach to the glacis. At eleven o'clock, the tumult was at its height. The people perambulated the streets, uttering shouts of fury; patrols of cavalry, infantry, and pompiers were seen in all directions; the gates of the town were shut, and even this morning at ten o'clock no one is allowed to come into the town. The conflict was very desperate. One student received nineteen wounds by a bayonet. A prisoner, attempting to make his escape, was mortally wounded. Many spectators, in returning home, were either killed or wounded. It is positively asserted, that several thousand peasants were on the point of entering Frankfurt. It is also reported that disturbances have taken place at Hanau, and that the fire-arms have been made use of. At half-past eleven, one of the burgomasters of Frankfurt rode through the different parts of the city in his carriage, and inspected the posts. He then proceeded, at the head of 50 soldiers of the line and 50 National Guards to the tower called the Pfarrthurm, where they were sounding the tocsin. It is remarkable that not one of the individuals who were tolling the bell was arrested."

Another letter of the same date says:—

"It appears certain that the garrison of Mentz was apprised that disturbances would break out at Frankfurt. Before they had commenced, Austrian troops were on their march for Hochest, a town situated half way between Frankfurt and Mentz. These troops have since pushed their vanguard to the borders of our territory. Is it intended to take military possession of Frankfurt? Have the disturbances been fostered by the cabinets, in order to find pretext for such an occupation, and for the promulgation of new protocols? These are questions which I cannot decide; but it is worthy of remark, that the ministers of the three principal powers of Germany quitted Frankfurt some days back, and that the leaders of the insurrection, instead of directing the people towards the archives of the Diet, led them against the guard houses."

The French Government, it is said, on receiving intelligence of these events, immediately transmitted orders to the French towns on the frontiers, enjoining the German refugees residing there, to remove to the interior of the kingdom.

The King of Wurtemberg issued a Proclamation on the 2d of April dissolving the States General, with a view to a new election for the representatives of the nation. The reason for this measure is distinctly assigned to the turbulent spirit of the former body.

The Prince of Hesse Cassel issued a manifesto on the 25th of March conceived in still stronger terms:—asserting that a majority of the Chamber had from the very commencement of the Session assumed an attitude hostile to the government.

Both these royal functionaries express a strong hope that the new elections may eventuate in such a manner as that harmony may hereafter prevail between the government and the representatives; but it is very evident that the discontents are broad and deep, nor would it be astonishing if insurrections of a more formidable character than the riot at Frankfurt should ere long disturb the repose of Germany.

FRANCE.

No thing of General interest appears to have recently occurred in France. The debates in the Chamber of Deputies, as is not unfrequently the case, were extremely violent, especially in regard to a complaint of M. Viennet, a Deputy who had been accused by the Tribune, a republican paper, with being in pay of the cabinet. The Editor was summoned to the bar by a small vote, and would probably be punished for the offence.

It was rumoured in Paris that Lord Stuart de Rothesay was about to replace Lord Granville as Ambassador to that Court, from England.

PORTUGAL.

In the ever-changing aspect of affairs presented by the contending brothers at Oporto, the cause of Don Pedro appears once more on the ascendant. He has effected an adjustment of the difficulty with Admiral Sartorius, by acceding to his demands, and consequently retaining him in his service with a naval force superior to that of Don Miguel. The following are the latest accounts from Oporto:

PORTSMOUTH, April 6.—The *Manlius* transport arrived this morning from Oporto, which place she left on Monday afternoon, [April 1st] having landed 279 men and several officers. The *St. George* at the same time landed 400, and the *Lord Wellington* a great many bullocks, with a large quantity of provisions: in fact, on the night of the 27th, about 30 sail of vessel landed all their cargoes. Several officers of Pedro's army came of the *Manlius*; they were all in high spirits, and described every thing as going on well for the young Queen's cause. Money by some means had reached Sartorius, with which he had been able to pay the Constitution and Fortezza corvettes, and the *Villa Flor* brig, and these three vessels were cruising off Oporto.

A further supply of money was sent on the 26th from Oporto, in the *London Merchant* steamer for the fleet, and Sartorius, with all his ships, was hourly expected at Oporto when the *Manlius* came away. Pedro now musters 5,000 English and 7,000 French troops, and his whole force was stated by the officers at not less than 22,000. There had been no fighting in any force since the 24th, though skirmishing was hourly going on, and the Miguelites were incessantly firing on the Castle of the Foz, which is a bomb-proof fortress; in one day the Pedroites picked up 179 balls in the castle yard; and Pedro is largely supplied with shot in this way by his opponents.

Lisbon dates are to the 29th March, on which day Don Carlos and the Princess of Beira arrived in the *Tagus* from Spain. A letter from that city expresses a decided opinion that Don Pedro will ultimately succeed, and adds:—

"He landed with less than 7,000 men, and has now 17,000 well disciplined soldiers, well officers; while, on the contrary Don Miguel's 40,000 men, with which he originally envied Oporto, is diminished down to 23,000, of whom only 8,000 are regular soldiers; the remainder are guerrillas and militia, and are very sickly, and badly clothed, to remedy which latter the inhabitants of this city are called on to furnish shirts, and other apparel.

HOLLAND AND BELGIUM.
The King of Holland gives no indication of any design to accede to the course pointed out for him by England and France; and the Belgians complain of the inefficiency of the blockade of the Dutch ports which those powers commenced.

SICILY.
A letter from Messina, under date of 23d February, gives a melancholy account of the condition of the people of this island. Famine, less extensive, but scarcely less deplorable and afflicting in its character than that of the Cape de Verdis, has produced sickness, desolation and death. The misfortune was occasioned principally by a succession for many months of heavy rains and dark mists, which covered the plains with water, and prevented the sowing of the crops.

ENGLAND.
The renewal of the charter of the Bank of England and of the East India Company, were topics of great interest, and discussed with great earnestness, not only in the public papers, but in private circles. A project was on foot to establish, in place of the present institution, a National Bank on different principles of organization.

It is quite evident from the tone of the leading journals, particularly of the *Times*, which generally catches and follows the first impulse of the popular breeze, that the *Grey Ministry* is on the wane. The morning *Herald*, too, censures the conduct and policy of the administration, in terms that denote belief of its early dissolution.

In the vacation of Parliament, the editor of the *Spectator*, in the hope of assuaging the speech making amused himself in affixing to the name of each member of the House of Commons, the number of times each speaker addressed the House during the last session, and the columns occupied by the printed report of their speeches. Lord Althorp, we perceive, spoke 182 times, Cobett 65, Home 98, O'Connell 134, Sutton 46, Stanley 29, and Sir Robert Steel 17. Lord Althorp occupied 59 columns, Cobett 44, Home 55, O'Connell 107, Sutton 7, Stanley 47, and Peel 30. The whole number of speakers was 292, and the whole number of speeches made was 1776.

Cobett has written a letter recommending his son John M. Cobett, to represent the city of Coventry in Parliament.—Not as he says because he is his son, but because he thinks him more fit than any one else in assisting him (the father) to do good to the country."

Dennis Collins, the old pensioner, who threw a stone at his Majesty, is ordered to be transported for life.

Upwards of sixty thousand pounds sterling have been lost during the present season, by the merchants, in the importation of oranges into London only.

A new ship of 120 guns was launched at Pembroke yard on the 2d, and is the largest in the British Navy. It was named by Lady Owen, the Royal William.

The Hampshire Telegraph of the 7th of April contains the following account of the breaking out of the cholera in a convict ship.

Cholera.—The convict ship *Waterloo*, under the superintendance of Mr. Stephen, Surgeon, R. N. says the *Portsmouth Herald* arrived at the Motherbank on Sunday lay. This ship embarked her convicts at Chatham and Sheerness, and in a few days the Cholera made its appearance on board of her. The worst cases were immediately removed to a hospital ship and eight of them died. As the remainder were presumed to be well, the ship was ordered to the Motherbank on the 29th, to see if change of situation would ensure a continuance of health; in her two days passage however, one man died, and one man has died since her arrival here; she has now only one case of cholera, and that is a convalescent one. The ship is in the strictest quarantine.

Extract of a letter from Captain Hebard, of the *Hannibal*, from New York:—

"I have to inform you of our arrival here after a boisterous passage. We had the misfortune to fall in with immense bodies of ice on the eastern edge of the bank, and were two days endeavoring to force a passage through it, but could not succeed, the ice forming a complete barrier. I therefore was obliged to tack to the westward. I was two days beating to the south, clear of it; with a prevalence of easterly winds, has protracted our passage. On the 29th ult. I spoke the *Erie*, which sailed in company for Havre; Capt. Funk reported having been five days in the ice."

From the (Philadelphia) American Sentinel.

Epitaphs tend as frequently to record the lying vanities of the living as the cherished memories of the dead; they are too often mementos of folly or flattery, of misplaced mirth or ludicrous levities. But epitaphs have still an inherent virtue that beget a reverential and estimable fear, a holy contemplation, and a melancholy thought impelled to self-sincerity, to devotion and duty. They may generally be considered as admonitions of the dead tending to inspire hope, if religion presides and has overcome the stings of death and the terrors of the grave, to debar the headlong pursuit of prosperous pride and pomp, or to arrest the thoughtless from the error of his ways. Mon-

umental inscriptions should never be passed over as a light and frivolous amusement; not as old wives fables—but as the "still small voice" that whispers gently and generously after the tempest and trials of life have subsided, and the mariner has anchored at the haven of hope or joy. There is always a melancholy pleasure in the contemplation of a church yard scene to a sober and sorrow-chastened mind; of which they only who have been deprived of all that life held dear, can properly appreciate. Even the rustic cantos, or the clownish witticisms have charms, as well as the simple record or the sublime memento.

Epitaphs have had an existence since the earliest ages. With the Jews they were customary at an early period, and prevalent among the Egyptians and Greeks; particularly on those who signalized themselves as heroes or statesmen. The epitaphs were then as sincere as they were simple, and not deserving the sarcastic stigma of the French proverb, *'Menteur comme une epitaph'*—he lies like an epitaph;—although many of them subsequently verged on folly or flattery. Collections of these epigrams were early made in Latin, &c., and the French inserted them among their *Anthologia* and *Annales*. Subsequently collections were made in English. That on Alexander is celebrated for its cogency and character.

A tomb suffices whom not earth could hold. It is among the most appropriate of antiquity: for the ancients seem to have cultivated epic and epithalamic poetry in preference to epitaphs. Simple sentences giving an outline of character are always the best; for epitaphs should be to biography what biography is to history, something should be recorded to distinguish the individual from all others.

The English have cultivated epitaphs more than most nations; and some of these mementos may vie with compositions of any other kind. The epitaphs of the Elizabethan period of English history were of a varied character, though generally ludicrous, even when the deceased were their own recorders—as with Shakespeare, &c. Then it was that the English epitaph so much admired for its caustic satire was written—

My wife's dead—there let her lie:
She's at rest, and so am I.
But this has since been imitated and condensed in French. Ben Jonson wrote a couple admirable for their tone—one on the sister of Sir Philip Sydney commencing

Underneath this marble hearse, &c.
and another
Underneath this stone doth lie, &c.

Dryden had to be content—with the opposition to his character and conduct—with the name inscribed simply 'Dryden.' Yet this had contented the author of 'Jerusalem delivered,' whose epitaph is 'The bones of Tasso.' The epitaph of Dr. Johnson on a musician has been justly celebrated—

Phillips! whose touch harmonious could remove, &c.
and we have ourselves been not a little awe-struck on contemplating the superb sepulchral monuments of St. Paul's in London with the sententious inscription to the architect, Sir Christopher Wren.

Si quis monumentum, circumspice.
If you seek his monument, look around.
Undoubtedly his work is his best monument.

But we were led to these reflections from a recent deviation into a church-yard of this city—where although we did not expect to be encaptured with the style of the records, we did expect to be edified by some of those texts which teach the rustic moralist how to die; and we were not deceived. We pencilled down a number of them, as we believe the subject has not yet excited much attention among our curious literati—and we are willing to contribute to rescue some of them from oblivion. We are aware that more interesting rescripts might be found of monumental inscriptions in our city—and we may hereafter be induced to select further; but for the present we are contented with the following as a sample.—

Few of them are remarkable for their wit or spirit; but all generally inculcate a good moral; or are vents of expostulation or pity, of hope or comfort.

They are selected from the church-yard of St. Mary's in Fourth-street, Philadelphia—and we are responsible only for their transcript.

'Thy health and joy and youth's fair bloom,
And earthly hopes to thee were giv'n—
They could not rescue from an early tomb
Thy parents' hope—the gift of heav'n.

Mortal! while here thou dost my ashes view.
Think on the glass that runs for you;
Thy most material business set about,
Make sure thy peace before the sand is out.

Like some fair flower fullblown in vernal pride,
Smote by the blast, she droop'd her head and died.

Dearest wife and best of friends! farewell—
May this plain stone thy husband's sorrows tell.
Our social joys and hopes alas! are o'er;
Thy smiles and virtues cheer my heart no more.

Afflictions sore long time I bore,
Physicians were in vain;
Till God alone did hear my moan,
And eased me of my pain.

While on this stone I drop a silent tear,
For one whose memory shall be ever dear,
His worth retains a place within my breast,
And will till in the grave I sink to rest.

Cessez de pleurer en ce lieu
Tendre frere, adorable pere;
Mon cœur vous aime devant Dieu
Comme il vous aime sur la terre.

HENRY! be thy worth remembered by the just,
And be thy errors buried in the dust.
A friend this verse bestowes by honour led,
Who lov'd thee living and laments thee dead.

From care and pain, from sin and sorrow freed,
Here rest the ashes of a saint indeed,
Whose patient faith no suffering hour could move,
Whose hope grew stronger and more pure her love.
True to her Lord, in ev'ry state resign'd,
She bore his constant, meek and lovely mind—
Till at his word, her spirit soar'd away
To see his face thro' heav'n's unclouded ray.
Go, reader go—her steady steps pursue,
And let thy faith the same obedience show,
Be heav'n thy choice; all earthly dreams resign;
And may her life and latter end be thine.

While speechless o'er thy closing grave we bend,
Accept our tears, tho' dear departed friend:
In silent whispers, purer thoughts impart,
And turn from ill a frail and feeble heart;
Lead thro' the paths thy virtues trod before,
Till bliss shall join nor death can part us more.

Weep not for me, my mother dear;
For mourning is in vain—
Christ is my life. You need not fear,
We all shall meet again.

My friends forbear to mourn and weep,
My change is for the best;
For on this earth I ne'er was well,
But now I am at rest.

Lament not o'er departed worth,
Nor weep when dearest friends are blest;
Tho' their frail body's in the earth,
Their souls are in eternal rest.
At death's cold hand we need not sigh,
But to our maker turn our care;
That we in future may on high,
Amongst the saints in heav'n appear.

I have often sail'd in storms at sea,
I have heard the thunders roar;
The lightnings flash—yet dy'd I see
I died not far from shore.
In perfect health I was snatch'd away,
No doubt you'll read with sorrow,
I was here one day in perfect health,
And died upon the morrow.

Peace to thee, gentle shade! and endless rest,
Be thy errors pardoned and thy virtues blest.
Sleep—sweetly sleep beneath this sod,
Till angels wake thee to meet thy God.

Encaps'd in an angel's form,
An angel's virtue lay;
Too soon did heav'n assert its claim,
And take its own away.

Thus being dead, yet still she lives—
Lives never more to die,
In heav'nly bliss and earthly fame—
And so I trust shall I.

Can I own affection with pellucid tear,
Or mem'ry wakeful to each rising sigh—
Can pity with orisons sincere,
Or sorrow's flow the vital stream supply?

Ah no! my Jane—still death's dark terror flies
Before bright hope and resignation ev'n;
And hov'ring angels in celestial guise,
At life's last pang illum'd its path to heav'n

He took the cup of life to sip,
But bitter 'twas to drain;
He put it meekly from his lip,
And went to sleep again.

Great God! I own thy sentence just,
And nature must decay;
I yield my body to the dust,
To dwell with kindred clay.

THE MONKEY AND THE BULLDOG.

A curious battle took place some time back, at Worcester between those two animals on a wager of three guineas to one that the dog killed the monkey in six minutes.

The owner of the dog agreed to permit the monkey to use a stick about a foot long. Hundreds of spectators assembled to witness the fight, and bet ran eight, nine, ten and to main favour of the dog, which could hardly be held in.

The owner of the monkey taking from his pocket a thick round rule about a foot long, threw it into the hand of the monkey, saying "Now look sharp—mind that dog!" Then here goes for your monkey!" Cried the butcher, letting the dog loose, which flew with a tiger-like fierceness at him.

The monkey with astonishing agility, sprang at least a yard high, and falling on the dog laid a fast hold of the back of his neck with his teeth, seizing one ear in his left paw, so as to prevent his turning to bite.

In this unexpected situation, Jack fell to work with his rule upon the head of the dog, he beat so forcibly and rapidly, that the creature cried out most eloquently.

In a short time the dog was carried off nearly a lifeless state with his skull fractured. The monkey was of the middle size.

HAPPY RETURNS.—The obscurity of Lord Tenterden's birth, says the *London Literary Gazette*, is well known; but he had too much good sense to feel any shame on that account.

We have heard it related of him, that when in an early period of his professional career, a brother barrister with whom he happened to have a quarrel, had the bad taste to twist him on his origin. His manly and severe answer was, "Yes, Sir, I am the son of a barber; if you had been the son of a barber, you would have been a barber yourself." We have met in recent reading—we believe in that excellent work, *Taylor's Records of my life*,—with a retort made upon an inflated lord, by a distinguished man, who had risen to eminence by his own exertion, with whom he chanced to be dining. The lord, piqued at the attention which he elicited, said to him, "Sir, I knew your father; he was a butcher." "Well, sir, was the reply which was designed to the lord: 'I knew your father. And the only difference between my father and yours, is this. He killed his calves, and yours, it seems, brought them up!'"

Talking of incongruities puts me in mind of the steamboat, and a conversation, between two parties, one conversing of their children, the other setting ingredients of a wedding dinner, whose joint colloquies, as I sat between them, fell upon my ear in the following detached sentences: "Thank Heaven! my Sally is blessed—with a calf's head and a pig's face." "Well if I should have another baby I shall have it immediately—skinned and cut into thin slices." "I do love to see little Tommy well dressed—in a fish-kettle over a charcoal fire." "To behold the little dear dancing before one—in the frying pan—able and hear thy innocent—babbled and squeak." "My oldest girl is accomplished—with plenty of sauce." "I always see the young folks put to bed myself—and smothered in onions." "And if they have been good children, I invariably order—the heart to be stuffed and roasted, the gizzard to be peppered and deviled, and the sole to be fried."—[*Near Monthly Mag.*]

TAKE NOTICE.

IT having been intimated that WILLIAM H. TANN, of New York, is in partnership with me, I take this means of informing the Publick that I have not been concerned with him in business for the last year.

ORR TRUFANT.

Newbern, 16th May, 1833.