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FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF EUROPE.

(BY N. P. WILLIS.)

Departure from Vienna—the ell-wagon—moistly quality of the passengers—thunder storm in the mountains of Styria—short beds of the Germans—Grotto of Adelsburg—curious ball room in the cavern.

I left Vienna at daylight in a diligence nearly as capacious as a steamboat—inaptly called the *ell-wagon*. A Friuli count with a pair of cavalry mustaches, his wife, a pretty Viennese of eighteen, scarce married a year, two fashionable-looking young Russians, an Austrian midshipman, a fat Gratz lawyer, a trader from the Danube, and a young Bavarian student, going to seek his fortune in Egypt, were my companions. The social habits of continental travellers had given me thus much information by the end of the first post.

We drove on with German regularity, three days and three nights, eating four meals a day, (and very good ones,) and improving hourly in our acquaintance. The Russians spoke all our languages. The Friulians and the Bavarians spoke everything but English, and the lady, the trader, and the Gratz *boat* were confined to their vernacular. It was a pretty idea of Babel when the conversation became general. We were coursing the bank of a river, in one of the romantic passes of the mountains of Styria, with a dark thunder storm gathering on the summit of a crag overhanging us. I was pointing out to one of my companions a noble ruin of a castle seated very loftily on the edge of one of the precipices, when a streak of the most vivid lightning shot straight upon the northernmost turret, and the moment after several large masses rolled slowly down the mountain side. It was so like the scenery in a play, that I looked at my companion with half a doubt that it was some optical delusion. It reminded me of some of Martin's engravings. The sublime is so well imitated in our day that one is less surprised than he would suppose when nature produces the reality.

The night was very beautiful when we reached the summit of the mountain above Trieste. The new moon silvered the little curved bay below like a polished shield, and right in the path of its beams lay the two frigates like a painting. I must confess that the comfortable cot-swinging in the wardrobe of the "United States" was the prominent thought in my mind as I gazed upon the scene. The fatigue of three days' and nights' hard driving had dimmed my eye for the picturesque. Leaving my companions to the short beds* and narrow coverlets of a German hotel, I jumped into the first boat at the pier, and in a few minutes was alone side the ship. How musical is the hail of a sentry in one's native tongue, after a short habituation to the jargon of foreign languages! "Boat ahoy!" It made my heart leap. The officers had just returned from Venice, some overland by the Friuli, and some by the steamer through the gulf, and were sitting round the table laughing with professional merriment over their various adventures. It was getting back to country and friends and home.

I accompanied the commodore's family yesterday in a visit to the *Grotto of Adelsburg*. It is about thirty miles back into the Friuli mountains, near the province of Cariola. We arrived at the nearest tavern at three in the afternoon, and subscribing our names upon the magistrate's books, took four guides and the requisite number of torches, and started on foot. A half hour's walk brought us to a large, rushing stream, which, after turning a mill, disappeared with violence into the mouth of a broad cavern, sunk into the base of a mountain. An iron gate opened on the nearest side, and lighting our torches, we received an addition of half a dozen men to our party of guides, and entered. We descended for ten or fifteen minutes, through a capacious gallery of rock up to the ancles in mud, and feeling continually the drippings exuding from the roof, till, by the echoing murmurs of dashing water, we found ourselves approaching the bed of a subterraneous river. We soon emerged in a vast cavern whose height, though we had twenty torches, was lost in the darkness. The river rushed dimly below us, at the depth of perhaps fifty feet, partially illuminated by a row of lamps, hung on a slight wooden bridge by which we were to cross to the opposite side.

We descended by a long flight of artificial stairs, and stood upon the bridge. The wildness of the scene is indescribable. A lamp or two glimmered faintly from the lofty parapet from which we had descended, the depth and breadth of this surrounding cave could only be measured by the distance of the echoes of the waters, and beneath us leaped and foamed a dark river, which sprang from its invisible channel, danced a moment in the faint light of our lamps, and was lost again instantly in darkness. It brought with it, from the green fields through which it had come, a current of soft warm air, peculiarly delightful, after the chillness of the other parts of the cavern; there was a smell of new-mown hay in it which seemed lost upon the tartarean blackness around.

Our guides led on, and we mounted a long staircase on the opposite side of the bridge. At the head of it stood a kind of monument, engraved with the name of the emperor of Austria, by whose munificence the staircases had been cut and the conveniences for strangers provided. We turned hence to the right, and entered a long succession of natural corridors, roofed with stalactites, with a floor of rock

and mud, and so even and wide that the lady under my protection had seldom occasion to leave my arm. In the narrowest part of it, the stalactites formed a sort of reversed, grove with the roots in the roof. They were of a snowy white, and sparkled brilliantly in the light of the torches. One or two had reached the floor, and formed slender and beautiful columns, upon which the names of hundreds of visitors were written in pencil.

The spars grew white as we proceeded, and we were constantly emerging into halls of the size of handsome drawing-rooms, whose glittering roofs, and sides lined with fantastic columns, seemed like the brilliant frost-work of a crystallized cavern of ice. Some of the accidental formations of the stalactites were very curious. One large area was filled with them, of the height of small plants. It was called by the guides the "English Garden." At the head of another saloon, stood a throne, with a stalactite canopy above it, so like the work of art, that it seemed as if the sculptor had left the finishing undone.

We returned part of the way we had come, and took another branch of the grotto, a little more on the descent. A sign above informed us that it was the "road to infernal regions." We walked on an hour at a quick pace, stopping here and there to observe the oddity of the formations. In one place, the stalactites had enclosed a room leaving only small openings between the columns, precisely like the grating of a prison. In another, the ceiling lifted out of the reach of torch-light, and far above us we heard the deep-toned beat as upon a muffled bell. It was a thin circular sheet of spar, called "the bell," to which one of the guides had mounted, striking upon it with a billet of wood.

We came after a while to a deeper descent, which opened into a magnificent and spacious hall. It is called the "ball room," and used as such once a year, on the occasion of a certain Illyrian festa. The floor has been cleared of stalactites, the roof and sides are ornamented beyond all art, with glittering spars, a natural gallery with a balustrade of stalactites contains the orchestra, and side-rooms are all around where supper might be laid, and dressing-rooms offered in the style of a palace. I can imagine nothing more magnificent than such a scene. A literal description of it even would read like a fairy tale.

A little farther on we came to a perfect representation of a waterfall. The impregnated water had fallen on a declivity, and with a slightly ferruginous tinge of yellow, poured over in the most natural resemblance to a cascade after a rain. We proceeded for ten or fifteen minutes, and found a small room like a chapel, with a pulpit, in which stood one of the guides, who gave us as we stood beneath, an Illyrian exhortation. There was a sounding-board above, and I have seen pulpits in old Gothic churches, that seemed at a first glance, to have had less method in their architecture. The last thing we reached, was the most beautiful. From the cornice of a long gallery, hung a thin, translucent sheet of spar, in the graceful and waving folds of a curtain; with a lamp behind, the hand could be seen through any part of it. It was perhaps twenty feet in length, and hung five or six feet down from the roof of the cavern. The most singular part of it was the fringe. A ferruginous stain ran through it from one end to the other, with the exactness of a drawn line, and thence to the curving edge of a most delicate rose-tint faded gradually down like the last flush of sunset through a silken curtain. Had it been a work of art, done in alabaster, and stained with the pencil, it would have been thought admirable.

The guide wished us to proceed, but our feet were wet, and the air of the cavern was too chill. We were at least four miles, they told us, from the entrance, having walked briskly for upwards of two hours. The grotto is said to extend ten miles under the mountains and has never been thoroughly explored.—Parties have started with provisions, and passed forty-eight hours in it, without finding the extremity. It seems to me that any city I ever saw might be concealed in its caverns. I have often tried to conceive of the grottoes of Anti-Paros, and the celebrated caverns of our own country, but I received here an entirely new idea of the possibility of space under ground. There is no conceiving it unseen. The river emerges on the other side of the mountain, seven or eight miles from its first entrance.

We supped and slept at the little albergo of the village, and returned the next day to an early dinner.

From Tom Cringle's Log.

Cringle and his companions, Bang and others are in St. Domingo, for some purposes, which it is unnecessary to explain, and in the solitude of the mountain scenery the following touch of superstition and sea sentimentality occurs. We shall give it the title of *Bang's Confessions*—

Had I lived before the Roman conquest I would have been a *Druid*, for it is not under the echoing domes of our magnificent cathedrals, with all the grandeur of ritual, the flaming tapers, and bands of choristers, and the pealing organ, and smoking censers, and silver-toned bells, and white-robed priests, that the depths of my heart are stirred up. It is here, and not in the temple made with hands, however gorgeous—here, in the secret places of the everlasting forest,—it is in such a place as this that I feel the immortal spark within me kindling into a flame, and wavering up heavenwards. I am superstitious, Thomas, I am superstitious, when left alone in such a scene as this. I walk through a country churchyard at midnight, and stumble amongst the rank grass that covers the graves of those I have lived with and loved, even if they be "green in death, and festering in their shrouds," with the wind moaning amongst the stunted

yew-trees, and the rain splashing and scattering on the moss-covered tombstones and the blinding blue lightning flashing, while the headstones glance like an arrow of sheeted ghosts, and the thunder is grumbling overhead, without a qualm—dreadness of this kind cannot once daunt me—it is here and now when all nature sleeps in the ardent moonlight, that I become superstitious, and would not be willingly left alone. Thoughts too deep for tears!—aye, indeed, and there be such thoughts, that long after time has allowed them to subside, and when, to the cold eye of the world, all is clear and smooth above, will, when stirred up, like the sediment of this fountain of the wood, discolour and embitter the whole stream of life once more, even after the elapse of long, long years.

When my heart-crushing loss was recent—when the wound was green. I could not walk abroad at this to me witching time of day, without a stock or a stone, a distant mark on the hill-side, or the outline of the grey cliff above, taking the very fashion of her face, or figure, on which I would gaze, and gaze, as if spell-bound, until I knew not whether to call it a grouping of the imagination, or a reality from without—of her, with whom I fondly hoped to have travelled the weary road of life.—Friends approved—fortune smiled—one little month, and we should have been one; but it pleased Him, to whom in my present frame of mind I dare not look up, to blight my beautiful flower, to canker my rose-bud, to change the fair countenance of my Elisabeth, and send her away. She dropped and died, even like that pale flower under the scorching sun; and I was driven forth to worship Mammon, in these sweltering climes; but the sting remains, the barbed arrow sticks fast.

Here the cleared surface of the water, into which he was steadily looking, was gradually contracted into a small round spot about a foot in diameter by the settling back of the green floating matter that he had skimmed aside. His countenance became very pale; he appeared even more excited than he had hitherto been.

"By heavens! look in that water, if the green covering of it has not arranged itself round the clear spot in the shape of a medallion—into her features! I had dreamed of such things before, but now it is a palpable reality—it is her face—her straight nose—her Grecian upper lip—her beautiful forehead, and her very bust!—even,

"As when years apace Had bound her lovely waist with woman's zone.

"Oh, Elizabeth—Elizabeth!" Here his whole frame shook with the most intense emotion, but at length, tears unwonted did come to his relief, and he hid his face in his hands, and wept bitterly. I was now convinced he was mad, but I durst not interrupt him. At length he slowly removed his hands, by which time, however, a most beautiful small black diver, the most minute species of duck that I ever saw—it was not so big as my fist—but which is common in woodland ponds in the West Indies, had risen to the centre of the eye of the fountain, while all was so still that it floated quietly like a leaf on the water, apparently without the least fear of us.

"The devil appeared in Paradise under the shape of cormorant," said Mr. Bang half angrily, as he gazed sternly at the unlooked for visitor; "what imp art thou?"

Tip—the little fellow dived; presently it rose again in the same place, and lifting up its little foot, scratched the side of its tiny yellow bill and little red-potted head, shook its small wings, bright and changeable as shot silk, with a snow-white pet-feather in each, and then tipped up its little purple tail, and once more disappeared.

Aaron's features were gradually relaxing—a change was coming over the spirit of his dream. The bird appeared for the third time, looked him in the face, first turning up one little sparkling eye, and then another, with its neck changing its hues like a pigeon's. Aaron began to smile—he gently raised his stick—"Do you cock your *fud* at me, you tiny thief, you?"—and thereupon he struck it with his stick. Tip—the duck dived, and did not rise again; and all that he got was a sprinkling shower in the face, from the water flashing up at his blow, and once more the green covering settled back again, and the bust of his dead love, or what he fancied to be so, disappeared. Aaron laughed outright, arose and began to shout to the black guide, who, along with Pegtop, had taken the beasts into the wood in search of provender. "Ayez le bon-te de donnez moi mon cheval? Bringibue the horses, Massa Bungo, venga los quadrupedos—make haste—vite mucho, mucho."

Come, there is my Massa Aaron once more, at all events, thought I; but oh, how unlike the Aaron of five minutes ago!

"So, now let us mount, my boy," said he, and we shoved along, and presently the sun bid us goodbye, very abruptly, I will confess. "Cheep cheep," sung the lizards—"chirp, chirp," sung the crickets—"snore snore," moaned the tree load—and it was night.

WHO WAS JUNIUS?

No question purely literary, not even excepting that concerning the authorship of the *Icon Basilike*, has ever been agitated with so keen an interest as that which forms the caption of this paragraph. It has produced volume upon volume, and essays and articles without number; but as yet the secret has defied the utmost efforts of research & ingenuity. At last however, there is a hope of answer. All those who have given any attention to the various speculations and controversies of which this question has formed the subject, must be aware that for a great many years a belief has prevailed and been often expressed, that the secret was known to Lord Grenville, and would be disclosed at his death. This nobleman, now very old, has been for some time declining in health, and it is stated in the English papers, received by the George Washington, that his decease was almost hourly looked for. Whether the mystery is or is not to be disclosed, will therefore in all probability, be very soon ascertained. Should no disclosure follow the death of Lord Grenville, it is not likely that the author of *Junius* will ever be ascertained.

A PUZZLE FOR 1834.

We are a little more than forty years of age—four in number—and Brothers and Sisters. Each of our places of residence has been in the same town. When we journey or have any business we go together. We Brothers have the most hardship to endure, because we carry our Sisters. We never spoke to each other, and never heard each other's voice. We never saw each other; yet, when either is in trouble there is an exertion by each to relieve, which seldom fails. We never warn each other of approaching danger, because we are dependent for a living, acting, thinking, being, &c. We have travelled day after day, and we know when to give the path for our brother travellers to pass. Our Sisters are seldom tired, and are not less than two, nor more than seven feet from us. If we are in trouble, they are quick to relieve us. We never breathed the vital air; yet, we are alive, quick and powerful; and thousands have been slain by us. We seldom refuse any spot or place. We know no fear, love or mercy; yet, mercy we have shown to man and beast—and by our exertion, thousands of the animate creation are supported. By our exertion the most populous cities are built and kept in repair; and many times through our means they are prevented from destruction by fire. By us, the majestic vessel that sails on the deep is made; and the same made to meet each inviting breeze.

And now tell me, my friends, what are our names, what causes us to move, and where we exist.
January 1, 1834. *Brat. Inq.*

The following satirical squibs are taken from French papers:

Ferdinand is dead. He was a good king, a good father and a good husband. His inconsolable widow continues his trade at the palace of the Escorial at Madrid.

There are kings to let: Don Pedro, Don Miguel and Don Carlos have no kingdoms for the present. Now-a-days it is the fashion for a man to register his name for a throne, as applicants do in the office of an intelligencer.

On his death bed, Ferdinand named three patriots to form a part of the council of the Queen Regent. But some one observed to him that his august pleasure could not be gratified. Why not? said the dying king. You had them hung in 1822, was the answer. Ah! replied his Catholic Majesty, this is another affair.

Ferdinand has ordered 20,000 masses to be solemnized for the repose of his soul. What for? He had none.

The Queen Regent of Spain, who formerly was a liberal, is to-day of the Juste Milieu party; and tomorrow she will contend with Don Carlos about who will soonest re-establish the Holy Inquisition. The oath of a king, is like the oath of a drunkard or if you please, the oath of a drunkard is like the oath of a king. It is written above, that Spain will be *Philippized* as France has been.

Robbers are not fond of the lanterns which hang the streets: those that govern hate the freedom of the press.

The late meteoric phenomenon is thus described by a passenger on board of a vessel bound to Mexico:—"In about lat. 25 20, long 87 50, in the bay of Mexico, on the 12th of November, about two o'clock in the morning, we were awakened by the cry of passengers on deck ahoy! We immediately hurried on deck, finding the sea in great commotion; the vessel tossing at a dreadful rate (which was singular, it being perfectly calm); a beautiful luminous ring all around the horizon; the stars shooting in various directions, and several parts of the heavens presenting the appearance of a solid mass of fire—for two days previous the weather had been extremely sultry. The phenomenon was observed for forty minutes, when it suddenly disappeared.—N. Y. Star.

A fatal Mistake.—Not long since, a man in New York was observed sitting on a cask on one of the wharves apparently asleep. A person went to awaken him, and shaking him by the arm, he rolled from the cask, a dead man. He was one of that miserable class of men known in sea ports as *rum suckers*.

They provide themselves with a gimblet and a reed and having pierced a cask, place themselves astride of it, and passing the reed under their waistcoat, insert it into the hole they have made, and pretending to be asleep, draw at their leisure. This poor wretch had mounted a cask of spirits of wine, and his greedy thirst had drawn from it immediate death.

Some curiosity was excited in York last Thursday week by the arrival of a man in a sailors dress, with a travelling machine, as he termed it, of his own construction.—It is on the velocipede principle, but an improvement upon those hitherto seen. A circle just wide enough to admit the traveller's person encompasses his waist, and to a horizontal shaft proceeding from each side of this circle are fixed a pair of wheels light in their construction, and about 6 feet in diameter. Close by the ring arise, to support the arms, two short crutches, which, with the circle, are cushioned and stuffed. The body is thus supported that the feet can just point the ground to make a stroke, which puts the wheels in motion. The whole is directed by a lever, upon which the hands rest, and by this simple contrivance the man says, that on a tolerably good road he can travel nine miles an hour with great ease. He was very expert in his motions, and guided the machine, as regarded turning and stopping, with facility.—York Herald.

The Paris Journal des Debats gives an account of a curious piece of Mechanism invented by a watch maker at Haute Ville. On an ornamented base, a juggler, about six inches in height, and dressed in the Turkish costume, is represented seated beneath a canopy, with a little table before him; at his right, is a stand, on which are placed three goblets and a drum. In the first place you hear a delightful overture, executed by some internal mechanism: when this is finished, the little juggler, as a juggler should, rises and bows three times to the company; he then takes two of the goblets, and three silver balls, which he catches to pass successively from beneath one of the inverted goblets to the other, so rapidly as to deceive the eye, until they are all at last found under one. He then places the goblets, and strikes three times upon the drum, which opens and displays a little dancer who flourishes upon the table with infinite grace, accompanied by music produced by mechanism; while the juggler beats the time, and expresses his approbation by significant gestures. The dancer then retires within the drum, and the juggler lifts the third goblet, beneath which is perceived a silvery egg, from which issues a beautiful and richly colored little bird. This bird takes its station on the egg, claps its wings and sings an air; when this is over, the juggler replaces the goblet, bows and resumes his seat; and another air closes the exhibition. The artist was em-

ployed for the space of five years in completing this piece of mechanism, and sold it for 300,000 francs.

The discharged crew of the U. S. ship Warren, have within a day or two afforded great amusement to the citizens. Flushed with money and newly acquired liberty, they indulge themselves in every kind of freak.—They have been very conspicuous at the theatres, where their fore-castle jokes were found quite as amusing as the performances on the stage. On Saturday morning they drew their pay at the Girard Bank. A number of persons assembled to see the sport. Nearly the whole of the crew arrived in carriages. Bank notes were not considered the thing; and many of them marched off laden like a galleon of the olden time, with specie. Several of the most careful squatted on the floor to count their cash; varying their labours with quaint commendations on Stephen Girard, and unceremonious execrations against the bystanders, who passed too closely. A jolly tar, made rather crank by liquor to sail well, walked off dropping specie at every step. The little boys gathered up the shiners and offered them to him. The only reply was a consignment to a warmer region, and a furious refusal to look at either them or the money.

They have not, however, confined their recreations to jovial amusements. The boatwain's mate has been severely beaten by a brother blue jacket, and vengeance is threatened against other sub officers for certain discipline, which though necessary, is by no means agreeable.—It is a pity that Jack should be left behind in these days of improvement, and retain so many of the peculiarities which distinguished him in the days of Benbow.—Phil. Gazette.

CURIOUS FACT.—Cut a couple of cards each into a circle of about two inches in diameter. Perforate one of these at the centre, and fix it on the top of a tube, say a common quill. Make the other card ever so little concave, and place it over the first, the orifice of the tube being thus directly under, and almost in contact with the upper card. Try to blow off the upper card. You will find it impossible. We understand that the cause that counteracts the effects at first expected at this singular phenomenon, has lately puzzled all the members of the Royal Society.

A WAR OF WORDS. A foolish controversy, misnamed a Theological Combat, will commence to-morrow, at Mr. Bramer's meeting house, in Danvers, between the Rev. Pastor and Rev. Mr. Whittemore of Boston. The trophies are the Rev. Mr. Williams of Salem, the Rev. Sebastian Streeter of Boston, and a third person, to be chosen by those two. The question to be discussed is, "whether the doctrine of endless misery is revealed in the scriptures?" We learn from the Salem Register, that Mr. Bramer wished to divide the question into two parts, and discuss, first, whether there is any future punishment revealed, and second, if any, whether it be endless. Mr. Whittemore would not consent to this division of the question.—He would not discuss the question whether there is any punishment after death revealed in the scriptures. Mr. Bramer then proposed that if he would come before the audience, on the day of the discussion, and declare publicly that he had renounced the doctrine of no retribution after death, or that he had such doubts respecting it, that he was unwilling to incur the risk of attempting to establish it, then he would most willingly proceed to debate with him whether the doctrine of endless misery is revealed in the scriptures. To this Mr. Whittemore refused to accede, and Mr. Bramer has consented to debate the main question without any ifs or ands, divisions or concessions.

What an idle, profitless, and criminal waste of time—for two persons, mutually obstinate in adherence to their own favorite belief, surrounded by followers immovable as themselves, to undertake the public discussion of a question which their knowledge of the human heart and the force of education and prejudice, must teach them they can never settle. To convert a peaceful village into a polemical arena, to excite the passions, arouse the latent feelings of opposing sects, and destroy the harmony of neighbors and friends, to gratify inordinate vanity by making a display of theological lore and controversial astuteness, is but a doubtful method of diffusing the principles of the Gospel.—Boston Transcript.

GENIUS IN PRISON.—It was in prison that Bethius composed his excellent work on the "Consolations of Philosophy"; it was in prison that Goldsmith wrote his "Vicar of Wakefield"; it was in prison that Cervantes wrote "Don Quixote," which laughed knight errantry out of Europe; it was in prison that Charles I. composed that excellent work, the "Portrait of a Christian King"; it was in prison that Grotius wrote his "Commentary on St. Matthew"; it was in prison that Buchanan composed his excellent "Paraphrase of the Psalms of David"; it was in prison that Daniel Defoe wrote his "Robinson Crusoe," (he offered it to a bookseller for ten pounds, which that liberal encourager of literature declined giving); it was in prison that Sir Walter Raleigh wrote his "History of the World"; it was in prison that Voltaire sketched the plan and composed most of the poem of "The Henriade"; it was in prison that Howler wrote most of his "Familiar Letters"; it was in prison that Elizabeth, of England, and her victim Mary, Queen of Scots, wrote their best poems; it was in prison that Margaret of France (wife of Henry IV.) wrote "An Apology for the Irregularity of her conduct"; it was in prison that Sir John Pettas wrote the book on metals, called "Fleta Minor"; it was in prison that Tasso wrote some of his most affecting poems.—With the fear of a prison, how many works have been written! [Ladies' Magazine.] (The list may be extended. Pellico's Memoirs are a recent example.)