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Department of News

BY JOHN A. BACKHOUSE.

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TERMS.

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POETRY.

From the Winter's Wreath.

RHINE SONG OF THE GERMAN SOLDIERS, AFTER VICTORY.

By Mrs. Hemans.

SINGLE VOICE.

It is the Rhine! our mountain vineyards laving,
I see the bright flood shine!
Sing on the march, with every banner waving—
Sing, Brothers! 'tis the Rhine!

CHORUS.

The Rhine, the Rhine! our own imperial River!
Be glory on thy track!
We left thy shores, to die or to deliver—
We bear thee Freedom back!

SINGLE VOICE.

Hail! Hail! my childhood knew thy rush of water,
E'en as my mother's song!
That sound went past me on the field of slaughter,
And heart and arm grew strong!

CHORUS.

Roll proudly on!—brave blood is with thee sweeping,
Poured out by sons of thine,
When sword and spirit forth in joy were leaping,
Like thee, victorious Rhine!

SINGLE VOICE.

Home! Home!—thy glad wave hath a tone of greeting,
Thy path is by my home!
Even now my children count the hours, till meeting,—
O ransomed ones! I come!

CHORUS.

Go, tell the seas that chain shall bind thee never—
Sound on by hearth and shrine!
Sing through the hills that thou art free for ever—
Lift up thy voice, O Rhine!

From the Keepsake.

ST. AGNES.

By Mr. Alfred Tennyson.

Deep on the convent roofs the snows
Are sparkling to the moon,
My breath to Heaven like vapor goes,
My soul to follow soon.
The shadows of the convent towers
Slant down the snowy sward,
Still creeping with the creeping hours,
That lead me to the Lord.
Make thou my spirit pure and clear
As are the frosty skies,
Or this first snowdrop of the year,
That on my bosom lies.

As these white robes are soiled and dark
To yonder shining ground,
As this pale taper's earthly spark,
To yonder argent round,
So shows my soul before the Lamb,
My spirit before thee;
So in mine earthly house I am
To that I hope to be.
Break up the Heaven, O Lord! and far
Through all yon starry keen,
Draw me, thy bride, a glittering star,
In raiment white and clean.

He lifts me to the golden doors,
The flashes come and go,
All Heaven bursts her starry floors,
And shows her lights below,
And deepens on and up: the gates
Roll back and far within,
For me the heavenly bridegroom waits,
To wash me pure from sin.
The Sabbaths of eternity
Are Sabbaths deep and wide;
A light upon the shining sea—
The bridegroom with his bride.

THE PRESS IN TURKEY.

On Saturday, the 5th of November, 1831, this phenomenon, called *Taakvimi Vekai*, or the "Tablet of Events," first appeared in the Turkish capital, and has ever since been regularly published. In order to give it more extensive circulation, every pashaw in the empire is obliged to subscribe for a certain number of copies, for the information of the people of his pashalik, among whom they are distributed. It is printed in two folio sheets, and in Turkish and in French; the latter is called the *Moniteur Oriental*. The one is read by the natives and rayas, and the other by the Franks. It is issued with great exactness, and every Sunday morning it is sent up with our breakfast as regularly as a weekly paper in London. The Sultan takes great interest in it, reads it regularly, and is himself a contributor to it, writing sometimes the leading article. The contents of the paper are usually as follow.

They commence with Constantinople, and the concerns of the Turkish empire. The principal details are those of the army and navy, their movements and the change of officers, with bulletins of actions by land or sea, fairly given without much pompous orientalism. Then follow civil affairs, events of the provinces, with always a favorable view of things, and an eulogium on the Sultan's measures for the good of the people. Then succeed news of other countries; with sometimes extracts from the debates of the French Chamber of Deputies and English Parliament, in which latter, Mr. O'Connell cuts a conspicuous figure. One could hardly imagine that violent democratic language would be permitted in a Turkish paper; as yet, however, it is harmless, for the people do not understand it. But the most extraordinary communication is a kind of budget, in which the receipts of public money are given, and the expenditure accounted for, with an accuracy of detail in piazres and paras that would please Mr. Hume. This is a thing before unheard of in Turkish policy; where public money was a mystery, and every thing concerning it kept secret, but its collection and expenditure. These subjects are varied with accounts of useful inventions, elementary sketches of the arts and sciences, and sometimes pleasing and instructive stories. The Turks, when this newspaper first appeared, had no conception of any amusement to be derived from such a thing; but, like children,

when their curiosity was once excited, it knew no bounds. The publication of the news of the empire in this way, soon became of universal attraction. The paper made its way to the coffee houses; and the same Turk that I had noticed before dozing, half stupified with coffee and tobacco, I now saw actually awake, with the paper in his hand, eagerly spelling out the news. But the most usual mode of communicating it, are news-rooms, and a place is taken where those who wish to hear it, assemble. A stool is placed in the centre, on which the man who can read, sits, and others form a circle round him and listen. The attention paid, is very different from that which I saw them give to a story teller. There was no mirth or laughter excited, but all seemed to listen with profound attention, interrupted only sometimes by a grave ejaculation of "Inshallah," or "Allah Keerim." The first thing a Turk of any consequence is anxious to know is, whether he has been mentioned, and what is said of him; and in this, he shows a sensitiveness even superior to a Londoner or a Parisian, because, as the Sultan is the virtual editor, his opinion of a man is of some importance.

Dr. Walsh's Residence at Constantinople.

LIFE IN ITALY.

Having exhibited a specimen of high and artificial life at Naples, let me here give a specimen of low and more natural Italian life.

An English lady, accompanied by her husband and a party of friends, was riding one day along a very rugged part of the coast. As she was only a temporary resident, she was mounted on a hired horse, the owner of the steed attending, as usual, in the capacity of groom and guide. Near a very steep part of the cliff, the horse took fright, and fell with her over the precipice, where both were instantly lost to sight amidst trees and bushes. The entire party instantly dismounted, and in dread and dismay hurried after the unfortunate sufferer. The Italian, from knowing the road, was the first to reach the bottom, where the English, on arriving found him screaming and lamenting over the dying steed; abusing all the saints in the calendar for having killed the horse of a good Catholic instead of breaking the necks of a party of arch heretics. To all inquiries about the lady, he was as deaf as a post, continuing only his Italian screams, prayers, and imprecations, but no sooner had he been told that his horse should be paid for, than, thanking St. Januarius for his generosity, he very quietly turned round, and pointing to the right, said with all the coolness in the world, "Oh, if it is only the lady you are looking for, she is hanging in that tree," and so, indeed, it was; her dress had got entangled in the branches of a tree, by which her fall had been broken, and her life preserved, though at the expense of some severe fractures, that for many months confined her to a bed of sickness and danger.

Frazier's Mag.

Cure for a Passionate Temper.—A merchant in London had a dispute with a Quaker, respecting the settlement of an account. The merchant was determined to bring the question into court, a proceeding the Quaker earnestly deprecated, using every argument in his power to convince the merchant of his error; but the latter was inflexible. Desirous to make a last effort, the Quaker called at his house one morning, and enquired of the servant if his master was at home. The merchant hearing the inquiry, and knowing the voice, called aloud from the top of the stairs, "Tell that rascal I am not at home." The Quaker, looking up to towards him, calmly said, "Well, friend, God put thee in a better mind." The merchant, struck with the meekness of the reply, and having more deliberately investigated the matter, became convinced that the Quaker was right and he wrong. He requested to see him, and after acknowledging his error, he said, "I have one question to ask you—how were you able, with such patience, on various occasions to bear my abuse?" "Friend," replied the Quaker, "I will tell thee: I was naturally as hot and violent as thou art. I knew that to indulge this temper was sin, and I found that it was imprudent. I observed that men in a passion always speak aloud, and I thought if I could control my voice, I should suppress my passion. I therefore made it a rule never to suffer my voice to rise above a certain key: and by a careful observance of this rule, I have, with the blessing of God, entirely mastered my natural temper." The Quaker reasoned philosophically, and the merchant, as every body else may do, was benefited by the example.

Festival at Hamburgh.—At Hamburgh there is an annual festival in which troops of children parade the streets, carrying green garlands, ornamented with cherries, to commemorate a remarkable event which occurred in 1432. When the Hussites menaced the city with immediate destruction, one of the citizens proposed that all the children from seven to fourteen years of age, should be clad in mourning, and sent as supplicants to the enemy. Procopius Natus, the Hussite Chief, was so touched with this spectacle, that he received the young supplicants, regaled them with cherries and other fruit, and promised to spare the city. The children returned crowned with leaves, holding cherries, and crying *Victory*.

Pathetic.—At a late fire in Barclay street, N. Y. a gentleman rushed up stairs through the crackling flames and brought down an infant, which he snatched from the burning cradle, and handed to its mother. "May the blessings of St. Patrick light on you for saving the little cratur, but won't yer honor be good enough to go up agin and save my barrel of flour what's in the pantry."—*N. Y. Star.*

MORGAN JONES AND THE DEVIL.

Some twenty years ago, when in retired parts of Wales the communication between one place and another was much slower and less frequent than it is now, there was a great deal of horse-stealing carried on in the English counties on the borders of that country. These counties were and are full of pretty little towns and villages, in one or another of which there were fairs for the sale of live stock almost every day in the year, and it was easy to steal a horse from one parish, and carry it away and sell it at some one of these fairs, almost before the rightful owner knew that he had lost it. Well, it so happened that about this time lived a lazy, careless, frolicking sort of man, by name Morgan Jones, who contrived to make a living some how or other, but how it was nobody well knew, though most people suspected that it was not the most honest livelihood a person might gain. In fact everybody was sure that Morgan was deeply implicated in horse stealing, and many a time had he been brought before the justice on suspicion; but do what they could nobody could find sufficient evidence to convict him. People wondered and talked about it for a long time, until at last they came to the only conclusion, namely, that Morgan Jones must have dealings with the evil one.

Now it once chanced that Morgan and some of his chosen cronies were making themselves jolly over sundry pots of ale and pipes of tobacco, at a round white table, in the clean parlor of a very neat little alehouse, as all village alehouses are in that part of the country. And they began to get very happy and comfortable together, and were telling one another their adventures, till at last one spoke plainly out, and told Morgan Jones that it was commonly reported he had to do with the Devil.

"Why yes," replied Morgan, "there is some truth in the same, sure enough; I used to meet him now and then, but we fell out, and I have not seen him these two months."

"Ay?" exclaimed each of the party, "how's that, Morgan?"

"Why then, be quiet, and I'll tell ye it all. And thereupon Morgan emptied his pot, and had it filled again, and took a puff of his pipe, and began his story.

"Well then, says he, 'you must know that I had not seen his honor for a long time, and it was about two months ago from this, that I went one evening along the brook shooting wild fowl, and as I was going whistling along, whom should I spy coming up but the Devil himself. But you must know he was dressed mighty fine, like any grand gentleman, though I knew the old one well by the bit of his tail which hung out at the bottom of his trousers. Well, he came up, and says he, 'Morgan how are ye?' and says I, touching my hat, 'pretty well, your honor, I thank ye.' And then says he 'Morgan, what are ye looking a'fer, and what's that long thing ye're carrying with ye?' And says I, 'I'm only walking out by the brook this fine evening, and carrying my baccy pipe, with me to smoke.' Well, you all know the old fellow is mighty fond of the baccy, so says he, 'Morgan, let's have a smoke, and I'll thank ye.' And says I, 'you're mighty welcome.' So I gave him the gun, and he put the muzzle in his mouth to smoke, and, thinks I, 'I have you now old boy,' 'cause you see I wanted to quarrel with him, so I pulled the trigger, and off went the gun bang in his mouth. 'Puff!' says he, when he pulled it out of his mouth, and he stopped a minute to think about it, and says he, 'D—d strong baccy, Morgan!' Then he gave me the gun, and looked huff, and walked off, and sure enough I've never seen him since. And that's the way I got shed of the old gentleman my boys!'

Such is the ludicrous story of Morgan Jones, who had to do with a proper Welsh devil, without doubt.—*Quarterly Review.*

Expansive power of water in freezing.—A remarkable evidence of the expansive power of water during the process of congelation, was lately afforded in Cincinnati. We learn from the *Whig* of that city, that a large iron anvil, weighing upwards of three tons, was left lying near the door of the iron foundry of Messrs. Harkness, Yotbees, & Co. exposed to the weather. It was perfectly solid and sound, with the exception of a very narrow fissure in the centre of one side about five inches in length, and reaching in to near the same depth. During the recent rain this crevice became filled with water, holding perhaps, not more than half a gill. During the severe cold of the night of the 20th inst. this water became frozen, and its expansive force during the process completely severed this huge mass of iron into two parts! A more striking instance of the tremendous power thus exerted by water, has perhaps rarely if ever occurred.

Books—Conversation.—"In one respect and in one only, are books better than conversation. In a book, the mind of the writer is before you, and you can read and re-peruse it in case of doubt, while in conversation, unless we are intimate with the mind of the person speaking, we often draw a wrong conclusion, and attribute that to discontent, to envy, or some other unworthy feeling, which, if we were in possession of the author's reasons and feelings, we should sympathize with, if indeed we did not in every case acquiesce in his conclusions."—*Colyridge.*

THE CROUP.—The American Medical Surgical Journal recommends to mothers and nurses, when a child is seized with that dangerous disease, the croup, to apply immediately and perseveringly, until medical aid can be obtained, to the throat and upper part of the chest, sponges or napkins dipped in water as hot as can be borne, and wrung out so that the water may not ooze from them. The remedy was first suggested by a German physician, and has been practised with decided and uniform success.

From the N. Y. Evening Post.

We remember an old lawyer who at one of the terms of the Court in which he practised, declared his intention of retiring from the profession, and bade his brethren of the bar an affectionate farewell in writing. As they on their part were glad to get rid of him, they reciprocated his farewell in a very civil answer full of flourishes about their esteem for his character and respect for his learning. The old barrister was so delighted with these unwonted compliments, and so fond moreover of the gains of his practice, that he appeared again at the bar the very next term, and at the close of it sent in another valedictory.

Mr. Clay, who, a short time, since, announced his intention of retiring to private life, for the third or fourth time, we believe, and who received the compliments and regrets of the whig journals on that occasion, is re-elected to the United States Senate from Kentucky. His friends may now dry their eyes and put up their white pocket handkerchiefs, for the great champion of the Bank, of internal improvements, of high tariffs and of surplus revenues, is persuaded to remain a little longer in public life. He has been convinced by their farewell eulogiums how they are attached to him, and he cannot find it in his heart to desert such good friends. He will remain to save the country, to uphold the constitution and to resist the reign of corruption under Mr. Van Buren, all which is to be done by a national bank, a large surplus revenue, and its distribution among the States.

An old and practised politician, particularly if he have looked upon politics as a mere game of skill, which Mr. Clay appears to do, never goes willingly into private life. He keeps his seat at the table till the cards are taken from his hand. He wields the cue till the keeper of the billiard room disengages it from his fingers and tells him that it is another gentleman's turn to play. He forswears the dice-box, as many a gamester has done before him, and the next hour he is seen rattling it as eagerly as ever. The alternate successes and defeats of political warfare, the laying and managing the plot of a political campaign, the pleasures of foiling the designs of the other party, of robbing it of its due credit for good measures, of aggravating the effect of its mistakes, the hope of beating it at last out of winning and wearing the spoils of public office—these are things which hold the mind of the veteran politician with as strong a spell as the most fascinating game holds its habitual votary. Politics are to such a man his daily stimulus, his alcohol, his opium, without which he is in the depths of wretchedness. The father of the American system would be miserably enough, walking with his hands in his pockets over his fields at Ashland and whistling to himself. When Mr. Clay's name is no longer in the newspapers as the proposer of this or that measure, as toasted for this or that speech in which he outshone Demosthenes, when other men spout in Congress and at public banquets, and are toasted and praised, and drive to and fro with loud outcries the shuttlecock of politics, what will be his reflections in his retirement and obscurity? He would hardly revert for consolation to the acts of his own past life, to his scheme of high duties which had well nigh caused a separation of the southern from the northern states, to his support of the mischievous and now exploded internal improvement system, to his support of accursed and dangerous moneyed institution, to his wicked scheme of revenging himself on a political rival, by procuring the censure of the Senate to be passed on his conduct, or finally to his compromise act which now loads the nation with a burden of unnecessary taxation. These recollections would be but a sad compensation for the loss of that notoriety and excitement which have been to him the breath of life for thirty years past. The time is not come for Mr. Clay to retire to Ashland. He prefers, we doubt not, to drown any unpleasant reflections on his past political course, in the tumult of political strife, and to avoid retrospection, by keeping his attention fixed on the game he has so long been playing—a mere game for the political mastery.

From the Albany Argus.

INFAMOUS.—The Daily Advertiser of yesterday, contains the following infamous insinuation:

"The burning of the general post office has caused a great sensation, and will produce difficulties in our commercial correspondence. Is there any juggle in that conflagration? Was it set on fire like the Treasury Department, to cover crime? How could Amos Kendall pay all the debts of the Department, and make a surplus in one year? All the mails, papers, documents and the whole Patent Office are destroyed. The patents alone were worth half a million, and the loss of the models will lead to interminable lawsuits."

Political mendacity and personal worthlessness never indulged in a baser insinuation than this. It could proceed only from a heart familiar with the worst intentions—a dastard spirit that, looking inward, found all things base and bad, and looking outward, dared to insinuate, but not to assert, the reflection of its own destitution of honor and veracity.

The insinuation is, that the Postmaster General has set the general post office on fire "to cover crime,"—or to conceal the "criminality" of having paid all the debts of the department and reported a surplus on hand? "How," exclaims the profundity of the Daily Advertiser, "how could Amos Kendall!" accomplish all this, and not render the burning of the office necessary to conceal the manner of doing it? It certainly is wonderful: but we suspect that none but the present editors of the old federal organ would ever have dug out the mighty secret, that for such a cause—for having redeemed his department from debt, depression, and

party obloquy, and placed it upon high and prosperous ground—it had become necessary to resort to the "juggle" of burning up the building.

But it is the malignity not less than the absurdity for which this insinuation and its author are entitled to the execration of every honest man in the community. We do not believe, aside from the editors of the *D. Adv.*, that there is a partisan in the Union, however prejudiced and mistaken in his estimate of the character of Mr. Kendall, who will harbor the insinuation for a moment. It is the nature of some minds, to seek an unenviable notoriety, or an escape from the contempt and disregard of the community, by an indulgence in the foulest and most improbable imputations. That Mr. Kendall is far beyond the reach of the craven and depraved malignity which thus assails him, we well know; and that his countrymen will applaud and approve of his most efficient service—his indefatigable and faithful discharge of his public duties, and his unspotted purity of private character—even party mendacity must know, and will one day confess.

The Red River Raft.—One of the most interesting of all the reports presented to Congress, is that of Capt. Henry M. Shreve superintendent of the workmen employed in removing the great Raft in the Red River—famously known as Uncle Sam's tooth pullers. We have not seen this document, but hope to enjoy that pleasure, through the courtesy of some member. In the mean time, we are enabled to give the following items, from the Baltimore American.

The amount expended thus far upon the work, under the direction of Capt. S., is stated to have been \$157,338. There have been removed one hundred and fifty-one miles of the raft, and there now remains only a distance of nine miles to complete the work; and to open permanently, (with the aid of a steamer to pass up and down for some years to prevent re-accumulation,) the course of this noble river, through the means of which a fine country will become accessible to steamboats of two hundred tons burthen. The superintendent proposes in conjunction with the removal of the raft, to cut a canal of 160 yards through a point of land, by which the river navigation will be shortened seven miles and the removal of the impediment much facilitated. The removal of the raft, will extend the navigation for steamboats, from its lower end to Fort Townsend, a distance of 720 miles. When the location of the raft and the nature of the climate are considered, preventing the men from working during the warmer months, as they must be constantly in the water and surrounded by decayed vegetable matter, the progress made is highly honorable to those engaged in it. The superintendent thinks that the work will be finished in April next.

TEXAS—CAUSES OF THE RELEASE OF SANTA ANA.

To the Editor of the Natchez Courier:

Sir—The Mexican General Santa Ana and his friend and Aid-de-camp, Col. Almonte, have been released from their captivity in Texas, and passed up the river a few days ago on their way to the city of Washington. They are escorted on behalf of the Texan Government by Col. Hockley, Inspector General of the Army, Colonel Bee, late Secretary of the Treasury, and Captain Patton. I accompanied them from this place to Vicksburg, and the views which have induced the visit of Santa Ana to our capital have been placed in my possession with the request that I should make public so much of them as might be interesting to the people of this country.

In view of a speedy and pacific adjustment of the sanguinary war which has existed between Mexico and Texas, the captive General solicited permission from the Texian Government to throw himself upon the protection of the United States, and claim the interposition of the mediatory offices of their Chief Magistrate. He proposed to acknowledge the Republic of Texas as an independent and sovereign nation—or to agree to the incorporation of her territory into the North American Union if the other parties interested should so determine. Being a prisoner of war—and the Mexican Government having expressly declared that it would hold no negotiation with Texas through Gen. Santa Ana while he so remained in duress, it became necessary, if his authority and influence were to be made available at all, that he should at once be placed in a different attitude, in which he might,—set free and untrammelled, unbias by any disparaging circumstances, but according to his unquestioned legal right—that he should in fact, be restored to the full and complete possession of all his lawful authority and power as President of Mexico. To effect this, his immediate and unconditional release by the Government of Texas was indispensably requisite—and under the peculiar circumstances which exist in connexion with his captivity, it was deemed advisable that the pacificatory office should be invoked of some neutral power, friendly to both of the belligerent parties, and impartial between them. Gen. Santa Ana therefore proposed to visit Washington, and solicit the mediation of the President of the United States, and his proposal was acceded to by the Executive of Texas, who believed that nothing could possibly be gained by detaining him longer. On the 1st of March next, the term of his Presidency will expire, after which time he would be utterly valueless as a prisoner.

The people of Texas are anxious to terminate the war. They wish to live at peace with Mexico. They desire most heartily to establish their government, and if possible to annex themselves to our Union. They could hardly hope to attain their object while they held the chief of their enemy in the bonds of imprisonment. They have therefore, in a spirit of magnanimity deserving of all praise