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BY JOHN A. BACKHOUSE.

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TERMS.

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POETRY.

From the New York Evening Post.
KANOUKOO.—A Legend.

By a lake's green bank when the sun was low—
And the mountain cliffs grew dark;
Their peaks yet tattered in a ruddy glow,
Which warmed the breast of the stream below,
Where the fire-fly lit its spark:

A hunter came in his light canoe,
That carried a slain red deer;
Brought down that day by an arrow true,
Which found his mark as he swiftly flew
On his fatal path with fear.

And he sought the door of an Indian maid,
Where he laid his sylvan prize;
And he pierced the depths of the twilight shade,
Where loaded vines by the entrance shad,
The heat of the summer skies.

Kanookoo whispered that cherished word,
The name of his forest flower;
He made her come to the lone wood bird
Had ceased to make her caroling heard,
From boughs in the silent bower.

He told how quickly the crimson hue
Would fade from the western sky;
How faintly the evening breezes blew
O'er the rippled lake, where his bark canoe
Was floating securely nigh.

That maiden, decked as an Indian bride,
With her long and braided hair,
Rejoiced at his well known voice and hid
With hasty steps to the hunter's side—
But she shrank and trembled there.

She pointed deep in a tangled brake,
Where the alders thickly grow;
And sly, where their rustling branches shake,
Lurks one whose unerring aim shall take
The blood of his deadly foe.

Kanookoo a shaft from his quiver drew—
A shaft from the chase remained—
He twanged his bow, and his arrow flew
And pierced the belt of a Huron through,
But went to the ground undisturbed.

Undaunted still, he rushed to the spot
To grapple his hidden foe,
Whose eye was true, but he met him not,
Yet felt in his bosom a fatal shot,
And fell with the poisoned blow.

The maiden shrieked when she saw him sink,
And writhed on the mossy shore;
Then swiftly fled to the rocky brink,
Where the lake's deep waters discolored the link
That held her spirit before.

'Tis said by those who go that way
When the twilight shade descends;
Two lovers for on that lone beach stray,
Nor tarry thence till the morning gay
Its light to the zenith sends.

EPICUR.

"Pay me my money," Robin cried
To Richard, whom he quickly spied,
And by the collar seized the blade,
Swearing he'd be that moment paid—
Base Richard instant made reply,
(And struck poor Robin in the eye),
"There's my own mark in black and white,
A note of hand, and paid on sight."

Sketches by Boz.

THE THIRTEENTH OF FEBRUARY.

"Vell Sammy," said his father.
"Vell, my Frooshan Blue, (responded the son, laying down his pen.) What's the last about mother-in-law?"

"Mrs. Veller passed a werry good night, but is uncommon perwerse and unpleasant this mornin'—signed upon oath—S. Veller, Esq. senior. That's the last run as was issued, Sammy," replied Mr. Veller, untying his shawl.

"No better yet," inquired Sam.
"All the symptoms aggerawated, (replied Mr. Veller, shaking his head.) But what's that you're a doin' of—pussuit of knowledge under difficulties—eh, Sammy?"

"I've done now, said Sam with slight embarrassment; I've been a writin'."

"So I see, (replied Veller.) Not to any young 'ooman, I hope, Sammy."

"Why it's no use sayin' it aint, (replied Sam.) It's a valentine."

"A what?" exclaimed Mr. Veller, apparently horror stricken at the word.

"A valentine," replied Sam.

"Samuel, Samuel, (said Mr. Veller, in reproachful accents.) I didn't think you'd ha' done it. After the warnin' you're had o' your father's vicious persepities, arter all I've said to you upon this here werry subject; arter actually seen and bein' in the company o' your own mother-in-law, vich I should ha' thought was a moral lesson as no man could ever ha' forgotten to his dyin' day! I didn't think you'd ha' done it." These reflections were too much for the good old man. He raised Sam's tumbler to his lips and drank off its contents.

"Wot's the matter now," said Sam.

"Ner't mind, Sammy, (replied Mr. Veller.) it'll be a werry agonizin' trial to me at my time of life, but I'm pretty tough, that's sum consolation, as the werry old turkey remarked ven the farmer said he was afeerd he should be obliged to kill him, for the London market."

"Wot'll be a trial?" inquired Sam.

"To see you married, Sammy—to see you a diluded wictim, and thinkin' in your innocence that it's all werry capital, (replied Mr. Veller.) It's a dreadful trial to a father's feelin's that 'ere Sammy?"

"Nonsense, (said Sam.) I ain't a goin' to get married, don't you fret yourself about that; I know you're a judge o' these things. Order in your pipe, and I'll read you the letter—there."

We cannot distinctly say whether it was the prospect of the pipe, or the consolatory reflec-

tion that a fatal disposition to get married ran in the family and could not be helped, which calmed Mr. Veller's feelings, and caused his grief to subside. We should be rather disposed to say, that the result was attained by combining the two sources of consolation, for he repeated the second in a low tone, very frequently; ringing the bell meanwhile, to order the first—He then divested himself of his upper coat; and lighting the pipe and placing himself in front of the fire with his back towards it, so that he could feel its full heat, and recline against the mantle-piece, at the same time turned towards Sam, and, with a countenance greatly mollified by the softening influence of tobacco, requested him to "fire away."

Sam dipped his pen into the ink, to be ready for any correction, and began with a very theatrical air:

"Lovely—"
"Stop, (said Mr. Veller, ringing the bell.) A double glass of the invariable, my dear."

"Very well, Sir," replied the girl; who with great quickness appeared, vanished, returned, and disappeared.

"They seem to know four ways here," observed Sam.

"Yes, (replied his father.) I've been here before, in my time. Go on Sammy."

"Lovely creature," replied Sam.

"Faint in poetry, is it?" interposed the father.

"No, no," replied Sam.

"Werry glad to hear it, (said Mr. Veller.) Poetry's unnatural; no man ever talked in poetry, 'cept a beadle on boxin' day, or Warren's blackin', or Rowland's oil, or some o' them low fellows: never let yourself down to talk poetry, my boy. Begin, begin, Sammy."

Mr. Veller resumed his pipe with critical solemnity, and Sam once more commenced, and read as follows—

"Lovely creature, I feel myself a damned—"
"That ain't proper," said Mr. Veller taking his pipe from his mouth.

"No; it ain't damned, (holding the letter up to the light.) it's 'shamed,' there's a blot there—I feel myself ashamed."

"Werry good, (said Mr. Veller.) Go on."

"Feel myself ashamed, and completely cir—"
"I forget wot this here word is," said Sam scratching his head with the pen, in vain attempts to remember.

"Why don't you look at it then?" inquired Mr. Veller.

"So I am a lookin' at it, (replied Sam,) but there's another blot; here's a c, and a i, and a d."

"Circumwented, p'raps," suggested Mr. Veller.

"No, it ain't, (said Sam,) circumscribed, that's it."

"That ain't as good a word as circumwented, Sammy," said Mr. Veller, gravely.

"Think not!" said Sam.

"Nothin' like it," replied his father.

"But don't you think it means more?" inquired Sam.

"Vell, p'raps it is a more tenderer word, (said Mr. Veller, after a few moments reflection.) go on, Sammy."

"Feel myself ashamed and completely circumscribed in a dressin' of you, for you are a nice gal and nothin' but it."

"That's a werry pretty sentiment," said the elder Mr. Veller, removing his pipe to make way for the remark.

"Yes, I think it is rather good," observed Sam, highly flattered.

"Wot I like in that 'ere style of writin', (said the elder Mr. Veller,) is, that there ain't no callin' names in it—no Wenuses, nor nothin' o' that kind; wot's the good o' callin' a young 'ooman a Venus or an angel, Sammy?"

"Ah! what indeed?" replied Sam.

"You might jist as well call her a griffin, or a unicorn, or a king's arms at once, which is verry well known to be a collection o' fabulous animals," added Mr. Veller.

"Just as well," replied Sam.

"Drive on, Sammy," said Mr. Veller.

Sam complied with the request, and proceeded as follows: his father continuing to smoke with a mixed expression of wisdom and complacency, which was particularly edifying.

"Afore I see you I thought all women was alike."

"So they are," observed the older Mr. Veller; parenthetically.

"But now, (continued Sam,) now I find what a regular soft-headed, ink-red'ous turnip I must ha' been, for there ain't nobody like you though I like you better than nothin' at all. I thought it best to make that rather strong," said Sam, looking up.

Mr. Veller nodded approvingly, and Sam resumed.

"So I take the privileges of the day, Mary, my dear—as the gen'lem'n in difficulties did, ven he valked out of a Sunday—to tell you that the first and only time I see your likeness, it was took on my heart in much quicker time and brighter colors than ever a likeness was took by the proteel machine wich p'raps you may have heard on, Mary, my dear, although it does finish a portrait and put the frame and glass on complete with a hook at the end to hang it up by, and all in two minutes and a quarter."

"I am afeerd that werges on the poetical, Sammy," said Mr. Veller, dubiously.

"No it don't," replied Sam, reading on very quickly, to avoid contesting the point.

"Except of me, Mary my dear, as your valentine, and think over what I've said, My dear Mary I will now conclude." That's all," said Sam.

"That's rather a sudden pull, ain't it Sammy?" inquired Mr. Veller.

"Not a bit of it, (said Sam,) she'll wish there was more, and that's the great art o' letter writin'."

"Well, (said Mr. Veller) there's somethin' in that; and I wish your mother in law 'ud only conduct her conversation on the same genteel principle. Ain't you a goin' to sign it?"

"That's the difficulty, (said Sam;) I don't know what to sign it."

"Sign it—Veller," said the oldest surviving proprietor of that name.

"Sign it—Pickwick," then, (said Mr. Veller;) it's a werry good name, and an easy one to spell."

"The werry thing, (said Sam,) I could end with a werry; what do you think?"

"I don't like it, Sam, (rejoined Mr. Veller.) I never know'd a respectable coachman as wrote poetry, 'cept one, as made an affectin' copy o' worses the night afore he was hung for a highway robbery; and he was only a chambervell man, so even that's no rule."

But Sam was not to be dissuaded from the poetical idea that had occurred to him, so he signed the letter—

"Your love-sick Pickwick."

And having folded it in a very intricate manner, squeezed a down hill direction in one corner.

"To Mary, housemaid at Mr. Nupkins's, Mayor's, Ipswich, Suffolk;" and put it into his pocket, wafered, and ready for the general post.—[Pickwick papers.]

WESTERN ANTIQUITIES.

From the St. Louis Commercial Bulletin.

Every day we see some account of discoveries made in different parts of the United States. Splendid caverns in Arkansas, rivaling the famed grotto of Antiparos—petrified warriors and dogs amongst the Alleghany mountains—ruins of a magnificent city on the shores of the lakes—and many other wonderful things, have been brought to light by men who seem to have devoted their time and means to such researches.

We heartily wish that some such antiquarian spirit would arise amongst us. It would find ample materials wherewith to gratify its own curiosity and that of the Public. Even in the county of St. Louis there are many which are worthy of this kind of research. We know the fact that, on the Riviere des Peres, at the distance of about seven miles from the city, there are a number of graves, which from all appearances, seem to have existed there for centuries. They are on a high bluff, near whose base the stream passes, and from their length they would seem to be the tombs of men who were far superior in size to those of the present day.

On the shores of Maramec river, near the town of Eenton, there was an immense cemetery, containing several thousand graves; all of them remarkably small, the largest not exceeding four feet in length. The cemetery is now enclosed and cultivated, so that the graves are no longer visible. We have seen several articles which were found in the field, having been overturned by the ploughshare. Amongst the articles were several pieces of earthenware well glazed, a small bowl of earthenware, remarkably well executed; and, particularly, a lower jawbone, in size that of a child two years old, but containing the teeth of a man of forty. We were informed that, before the cemetery was enclosed and cultivated, there could be seen at many of the graves head and foot-stones, with inscriptions on them which none could understand.

We recollect to have seen a statement of these facts in some paper a few years ago, but nothing was elicited beyond mere wonder. Might not a little research at the places we have named, be productive of something new in natural history, or throw some light upon the history of the country?

Memory of animals and their communication of facts.—A multitude of instances might be related, but the fact of animals possessing memory is indisputable—that of reason, none. Every domestic animal is an illustration of the force of memory; but they do more than remember; they, as has been remarked, communicate their knowledge to each other and confer together; the expression of many of their accents are well known, but by what means they communicate facts which do not interest the individual, is difficult of apprehension.

In the East Indies, the sight of a box containing the smaller animals into the most overwhelming alarm; the old and the young are alike appalled by its presence; but it is not so with the animals of this country; they have not been taught the character of the serpent. Mr. Kelsall, a gentleman now residing in Liverpool, has an animal of this description, and as it refuses to feed on any animal, however recently killed, its prey is necessarily given alive. A hen or a rabbit, when put into its cage, manifest no alarm, but hops over it in all directions, and sometimes the hen pecks its skin, and they seem indifferent to each other, and no uneasiness is manifested till the box puts himself into an attitude of death; instantly the victim is indescribably agitated, and feels by experience that which the animals of the East, that had never seen a box, know without. The animals of every country also teach their young what to eat and what to avoid, what to fear and what to confide in. In autumn the young and old birds flock together, and after a few weeks separate; the reason of their meeting is not obvious, like that in the spring, unless it be to communicate the experience of the year to each other; that this may be the object, the fact that all the animals of the same species in a country are equally sagacious, leads to the belief of.

A Vulgar Error.—A correspondent says he has made a bet of five dollars that a pound of feathers is of the same weight as a pound of gold, and requests us to decide. We disapprove of all bets, and seldom sanction them by a decision; but in this amusing case, we will say that our correspondent has lost; for a pound of feathers is four ounces heavier than a pound of gold: the former being always weighed by Avoirdupois and the latter by Troy weight.

PROGRESS OF LIBERAL OPINIONS.

Every American school-boy has heard of Thomas Muir, a Scotsman, who, in the early part of the French Revolution, was sentenced to transportation to Botany Bay for fourteen years, for having dared to contend in the press, and in popular meetings at Glasgow, in Scotland, for an equal representation of the British people in the House of Commons. He was a young man of fine talents, irreproachable character, and ardent zeal for the great cause of human rights. About two years after his banishment, a vessel was fitted out at N. York, by some Americans, which sailed to Botany Bay, and in which he escaped and got to Havana. Here he was imprisoned by the governor, but soon liberated, as Spain was then at war with England. After a variety of hardships, he landed in France, where he was cordially received and well provided for, and where he died at the early age of thirty-three. On his trial at Glasgow for sedition, the Chief Justice of Scotland, Braxfield, in charging the jury, uttered the following doctrines upon the rights of suffrage and indeed all the rights of self-government:

"Mr. Muir might have known that no attention could be paid to such a rabble. What right had they to representation? He could have told them that the Parliament would never listen to their petition. How could they think of it? A government in every country should be just like a corporation; and in this country it is made up of the landed interest, which alone has a right to be represented. As for the rabble, who have nothing but personal property, what hold has the nation on them? What security for the payment of their taxes? They may pack up all their property on their backs and leave the country in the twinkling of an eye; but landed property cannot be removed!"

Now, to show the progress of liberal opinions in Great Britain, and more especially in the Northern portion of the island, we learn that a meeting was lately held at Glasgow, for the purpose of erecting a monument to Mr. Muir. The proposition was enthusiastically supported, and active measures were taken for carrying it into effect. Think, reader, of this, and then be proud of your country; for having offered to all civilized nations, a glorious example of free institutions. Be thankful also, that your country has been made an instrument, under Providence, of reforming governments by example; and consider that you are under the most solemn obligations to preserve your institutions from being destroyed or impaired, by either force or corruption. Forty years since, a sincere patriot and an honest man was treated like the vilest criminal, and banished from his family and country, to labor in chains among convicted felons, for the long period of fourteen years. And now the very people for whose rights he then contended, are raising a monument to his virtues and sufferings, in the very theatre of his patriotic exertions! Forty years since, an official tyrant, a minion of arbitrary power, profaned the temple of justice by saying that three fourths of his countrymen had no rights; and now, on the very spot of the profanation, these very people, the very subjects of his libellous and tyrannical denunciation, are saying that they are entitled to rights, and will recover and maintain them.

But a fact still more extraordinary occurred at this meeting. One of the members declared that he was in favor of a democratic republic, and this was most enthusiastically greeted by all present. Now if we compare this manifestation with the opinions of Judge Braxfield, proclaimed forty years since from the bench, we cannot fail to be surprised at the wonderful contrast, and to conclude that the political revolution of Great Britain is not yet ended. In Mr. Muir's day it was highly criminal to say that the people were entitled to an equal representation in a branch of the Legislature under a monarchy, and that none but freeholders had any political rights. Now it is perfectly legal to proclaim, in the very ears of royalty and aristocracy, that democratic republicanism is the best form of government. A people who have gained so much, and whose prominent characteristics are reflection, courage, and perseverance, will not stop till they have gained the whole. Revolutions never go backward, at least with a brave, persevering, considerate and enlightened people. The republic of England, the Federal republic of the states of England, Scotland and Ireland is coming, and all the efforts of the British aristocracy cannot prevent it. In the person of William the Fourth, we have probably seen the last of English royalty. Amen.—Philadelphia Gaz.

FOREIGNERS IN PARIS.—A late number of the London Metropolitan contains a long, graphic, and amusing article, entitled "Paris in Light and Shade," some of the statements of which, will make even our extravagant money-spenders open their eyes with amazement.

The writer avers, and his article is designed partly to show, that the prevailing spirit of the Parisians, at present, is economy, and that the pomp, splendor, luxury, and ostentation of the capital, are exhibited almost exclusively by foreigners, such as "the American purser, Col. Thorne, and the Spanish stock-broker, Aguado; by the DELMARRES, HOPES, TUFFIANS, DEMITOFFS, ROTHSCHILDS and WELLESSES." And that the gaieties of Paris are "the brilliant banquets of the Thornes, the splendid concerts of the FERRARAS, and the witty coteries of Lady KEITH." The autocrats of Parisian society, he affirms, are the foreigners, who rule it with a sceptre of gold; and, truly, if his descriptions are correct, not the sceptre only is of gold, but the very box in which it is put away when not in use. The magnificent hotel (not house of accommodation for travellers, according to the use of the word with us, but private residence) of Baron ROTHSCHILD is called Solomon's Temple, in reference to its gorgeousness; and it is declared to be covered with gold leaf,

from the basement to the attic story. The gilding of each door cost a hundred guineas, and every arm-chair fifty. And the very hearth-rugs of the Yankee bourgeois gentil homme, as Col. Thorne is irreverently entitled, are said to be decorated with fringes of gold bullion.

From the N. Y. E. Post, April 14.

ELECTION.

The city election has closed, and a victory is claimed for the whigs both in the contest for the Mayoralty, and in the struggle for a majority of the Common Council. The returns which we have been able to collect, are not by any means perfect, but the probability is that our adversaries have gained the day.

One thing, however, is certain, that Aaron Clark if chosen, is chosen by a minority; and if a whig majority is returned to the Common Council, it is a minority of the votes who have returned it. Put together the votes for John I. Morgan and Moses Jacques, and they outnumber the vote for Clark. Examine the returns in those wards where the whig ticket for Common Council has prevailed, and you will perceive that in several instances, the democratic and loco foco votes put together form a large majority. This is certainly the case in the Eighth, Tenth, and Thirteenth Wards.

There is no pretence that all the whig votes were not given for Aaron Clark. The panic brought the party in its full strength; its electioneers were most active; neither money nor the usual arts were spared; stragglers were whipped in, and the party was brought up in solid phalanx to vote for its candidate for Mayor.

The whig victory is, therefore, reduced to simply this; that they have prevailed, not because they were most numerous, but because they were united and we divided. They have gained an arithmetical victory merely. They have beaten us; because, though we held the strongest hand, they played the best game. If the majority had united to make its powers felt and its voice heard in the election, we should have placed a democratic candidate in the Mayor's chair, and secured a democratic majority in the Common Council.

We have only to thank our own folly, for our own blind, obstinate, persevering folly, for what has happened. Whipped as we have been there is no stroke of the scourge which we have not deserved. We have driven from our ranks, by a series of improper nominations, persisted in year after year, thousands of honest men, thoroughly democratic in feelings and opinions. We have allowed monopolists; men claiming to be democrats, but whigs in every thing; but name, professing opinions and supporting measures odious to the people, to intrigue themselves into nomination for responsible offices. The number of seceders from the ranks of those who support the regular nominations, has grown larger year after year, and is now larger than ever.

In the present election, although the municipal nominations of our party were in the main good, and some of them excellent, yet certain of them appear as if made on purpose to disgust the anti-monopolists, and drive them over to the loco foco party. What folly was it, for example, to put such a name as that of Bruen on our ticket in the fifteenth ward? The stratagem failed of its effect, for the candidate for Assistant Alderman, who it was expected would ride into office on Bruen's shoulders, is not elected. The nomination of Murray in the seventeenth ward, a ward in which there is a democratic majority, was equally offensive, and has met with the fate which might have been expected. The nomination of Wetmore in another democratic ward, was flying in the face of public opinion, and that has also failed.

But though we have lost the election, we have obtained a real victory in this—that the whigs are shown to be in the minority, and that the democracy, when united, are as strong as ever. Last fall, Franklin, the whig candidate for Assembly, had a larger vote than both Purdy and Hasbrouck; the democratic and loco foco candidates. Now the whig candidate for Mayor is elected by a decided minority.

BIDDLE AND CLAY, ALIAS THE BRITISH FOREIGN BANK, VERSUS GEN. JACKSON.

In the barbaque speech and the Philadelphia letter of last summer, not only the Treasury order was abused in such terms as might be expected from the discomfited panic-makers of 1833-4, but the motives of President Jackson were assailed and falsified; and among other calumnies, these instruments and parasites of the British foreign bank, had the wickedness to allege that the Treasury order was the "revenge" of the President upon Congress for passing the "distribution law."

Mr. Benton, in his speech on Mr. Ewing's resolution against the Treasury order, thus rebuked these confederates for that calumny:

"Mr. B. would conclude his observations on this part of the subject, without calling the attention of the Senate to the public imputation of wicked motives, attributed to President Jackson, in the Kentucky speech and Philadelphia letter, from which extracts had been read. Christian charity forbids, and gentlemanly breeding avoids, the gratuitous imputation of malignant motives. There are cases in which delicacy recoils from a public and insulting reference from one man to another. But where was Christian charity, gentlemanly breeding, or delicacy of feeling, when such words as these were used in reference to President Jackson? 'I have little doubt that the specie order was the REVENGE of the President upon CONGRESS for passing the DISTRIBUTION LAW.' Here, said Mr. B. is not only a personal outrage to the President, but an attempt to excite the resentment of Congress against him, and to mark him for the vengeance of all who are disposed to pervert the deposit act into a distribution law; and all this, too, upon the gratuitous imputation of a wicked