

NEWBORN SENTINEL.

BY JOHN A. BACKHOUSE.

LIBERTY...THE CONSTITUTION...UNION.

At \$3 Per Annum, in advance.

NEWBORN, N. C.—VOL. XXI.—NO. 29.

WEEKLY

SATURDAY, JULY 22, 1837

TERMS

The Sentinel is published weekly at \$3 per annum payable in advance.
Advertisements, by the year, \$15.00 for two squares or less; and five dollars for each additional square. By the number, 75 cts. for the first insertion, 37½ for each continuance.
No subscription received for less than six months, and no paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the discretion of the Editor.
On all letters addressed to the Editor, the postage must be paid.

CURE FOR THE AGUE & FEVER.

DR. DUFFY'S TONIC MIXTURE.

THERE is no disease to which the human body is liable, so universal, so dreaded, or so generally fatal, as fever; it appears in different countries and climates, under different types and characters.—In this country, where its annual return is looked for with anxiety and apprehension, it usually assumes the bilious type.

Another species of fever prevalent here, and which it may be said never leaves, or subsides altogether, is the autumnal intermittent, or "ague and fever," which, if not so fatal, yet is very distressing. Its characters, effects and consequences, are peculiar,—to a diminished energy of the nervous system, are to be ascribed the languor, lassitude, and general prostration which characterise its invasion,—to which might be added the derangement of the mixed functions of the liver, stomach and intestinal canal. It is therefore quite manifest, in fact it is well known, that ague and fever lay the basis of consumption of the lungs, chronic affection of the liver and spleen, dyspepsia, and not unfrequently dropsy, and when once this state of the viscera becomes established, there is a constant tendency to relapse, even from slight causes, and when thus complicated with those constitutional diseases, their treatment and cure become more difficult.

Common sense teaches, that the cure of ague and fever, consists in shortening the duration of the paroxysm, and preventing its return. The first is to be accomplished by depleting the bowels, relaxing the skin, &c.—the second, by the prompt application of such medicines as are calculated to restore the functions, and give a healthy tone to the nervous system.

The Tonic Mixture now offered, possesses all the qualities requisite to effect the second indication. The first dose generally checks the disease, and one bottle never fails to effect a cure,—a healthy reaction takes place, the appetite is restored, the system becomes invigorated, and the patient begins to feel surprised at the rapid transition from a state of morbid suffering to that of progressive recovery. These effects have been experienced by all who have used it, which could be shown by numerous testimonials, but the subjoined, from persons of known veracity, character and respectability, are considered sufficient.

CHAS. DUFFY.

4th July, 1837.

CERTIFICATES.

NEWBORN, July 1st, 1837.

Dr. Sir—I have used your Tonic Mixture in my family and in my establishment, and I have found it to be the best medicine I ever tried for the cure of ague and fever.

E. SMALLWOOD.

Dr. Duffy.

Spring Hill, Lenoir Co., June 17, 1837.

Dr. Duffy.

The little boy, my son, who was sick in April last, at Newborn, with the ague and fever, was entirely relieved by taking three or four doses of your Tonic Mixture—a medicine which, I think, surpasses in efficacy every thing I have ever used in my family for the cure of Ague and Fever. If this can be of any service, you have my permission to make it public.

GEO. WHITFIELD.

Dr. C. Duffy.

I certify that I have used Dr. Duffy's Tonic Mixture with success, and find it more efficacious as a cure for Ague and Fever than any medicine I have heretofore tried.

JOHN M. BRYAN.

Dr. C. Duffy.

NEWBORN, June 30th, 1837.

Sir—I procured a bottle of your Tonic Mixture three or four weeks ago, for a sister who had experienced occasional attacks of ague and fever for several months, and which had returned daily for a short time prior to that period. She took the Mixture according to your directions—the ague was immediately checked, and has not since had a return of them. A younger person in the family, who had also been afflicted with the ague and fever for two or three months, took your Mixture about the same time, and I am pleased in being able to inform you that the child received an effectual check and have not recurred since.

GEO. H. TAYLOR.

Dr. Duffy.

NEWBORN, June 24, 1837.

Doct. Duffy.

Sir—I take this method of informing you, that my wife and daughter have tried your Tonic Mixture, and it surpassed their most sanguine expectations. My daughter had been afflicted with ague and fever about two years, during which time she had the most severe, shaking ague, but was perfectly cured in a few days by the use of your mixture. They do, therefore, with the greatest confidence, recommend it to all who are distressed with the same disease, as a sovereign remedy.

JOHN GILL.

CHAVENSVILLE, Chaven Co., }
Cove Creek, July 1st, 1837. }

Doct. Duffy.—I certify that my daughter was ill for near twelve months with Ague and Fever, and that she was perfectly cured by taking part of a bottle of your Tonic Mixture, and that the remainder of the bottle cured a child of a neighbour and friend to whom I gave it.

WILL HOLLAND.

Sir—I have received complete relief from a severe and obstinate attack of Ague and Fever, by taking one bottle of your Tonic Mixture, and can recommend it as the best medicine I ever took for the disease.

WILLIAM J. WILLIAMS.

Dr. C. Duffy.

MOLASSES AND SALT.

92 HHDS. 6 tierces Molasses, per brig Mary,
2500 bushels Salt, per schr. Perseverance,
Just received and for sale by
J. C. & M. STEVENSON.
July 11th, 1837. 28, 4.

PROPOSALS.

THE undersigned will receive proposals until the 3d of August, for building for the United States four lighters, to be used in removing earth excavated by a dredging boat. The dimensions of said lighters are to be as follows: length forty feet, breadth twelve feet, and depth three feet. Their model is to be very similar to those which have been used at Ocracoke Inlet, their frames to be of cedar, and they are to be copper fastened and sheathed to light water mark.

ALEX. J. SWIFT.

Lieut. of Engineers.

Smithville, N. C., 28 2.

COLLECTOR'S OFFICE.

District of Ocracoke, May 30th 1837.

PROPOSALS will be received at this office until the 10th of July next, for building a vessel to be used as a floating light to be delivered at her station at Long Shoal, of the following dimensions, viz:

Sixty eight feet keel, twenty four feet beam nine feet hold, seventy eight feet on deck; making 145 tons or thereabout, Custom House Tonnage. To be built in frames of Live Oak, Locust and Red Cedar Timber. Bolted together with iron, except the floors which are to be of White Oak and secured with copper bolts. The bottom plank to be of two and a half inch, heart of pitch pine wales, four and a half inch, and tapering down to meet the bottom plank. Deck plank to be of two and a half inch heart of pitch pine—copper spiked and plugged. Beams to be of the best heart of pitch pine. The vessel to be thoroughly copper-fastened as high as the deck, and coppered with twenty four ounce copper. To have a trunk cabin furnished with births, lockers and shelves for the accommodation of six persons—to have a bulk head forward of the foremast forming an Oil Room, which is to be furnished with eight double Tin Oil Canisters of fifty gallons each with covers. To have a double mast fifty feet long and twelve inches square, kept four feet apart fore and aft wise, with four shrouds on each side, and a stay or guy from the hounds to both the stem and stern post, all to be of seven inch rope to have a cambouse fitted on a platform, covered with sheet lead upon deck or in the hold, as may be most convenient of sufficient size to accommodate six persons. To have two common pumps and a suitable Boat and oars, to have a capstern or windlass, and belfry or gallows for a bell of two hundred pounds with which it is to be furnished; to have a mushroom anchor of 1300 lbs. with cash-iron head and wrought-iron shaft, and a chain cable of one and a half inch, sixty fathoms in length of the best proven quality. Also an anchor of the common kind, to weigh 750 lbs and eighty fathoms of hempen cable of suitable size. The vessel to have two good coats of paint throughout, to be furnished with a sufficient quantity of good store, ballast of suitable size to stow compactly. To have a lantern made of copper three feet square, and four feet long. To contain a copper lamp of the compass kind, to hold six quarts of oil, and fitted to burn twelve wicks, and hung with a compass motion. The former to be glazed with white glass of double thickness, eight inches by ten. The lantern to travel up and down between the masts upon a frame. It will be raised by means of two leaden weights running in a groove on the fore and after parts of the masts, of sufficient weight to keep the lantern and its travelling frames in equipoise. The weights to be suspended by a single rope attached to their upper ends, and running over a sheave placed in the head of each mast, and passing through a groove in the side of the travelling frames and fixed to its lower ends, and they can be drawn down by a single rope as a whip attached to the frames. The vessel to be furnished with storm sails of No 1 Canvas, and an awning to extend from stem to the mainmast of the best canvas, a cast iron pipe to be furnished to pass through the deck and bottom, through which the chain cable is to pass, a platform to be laid over the ballast, the ballast to be laid on battens to keep it two inches above the ceiling. The vessel to be furnished with two sixty gallon and four thirty gallon iron bound water casks, buckets, harness casks &c. and a suitable cast iron stove for the cabin, in short, the vessel with the fixtures and equipments to be complete in every particular to the entire satisfaction of the collector of this port or such other person as he may appoint for that purpose and the vessel to be delivered on or before the first day of January, 1838.

No payment to be made, until the vessel shall be inspected, approved and delivered. The collector reserves the privilege of furnishing the contractors with such of the materials &c. now belonging to the Light Boat at Long Shoal, as may be considered good and sufficient, at a fair price to be agreed on by the parties or some disinterested persons.

S. BROWN, Collector.

The Elizabeth City Star, Edenton Gazette and Washington Whig, will give the above three insertions and send their accounts to this office.

NOTICE.

ALL persons indebted to the office of the North Carolina Sentinel, prior to the 1st of January last, and especially those residing beyond the limits of the State, are requested to make immediate payment to WILLIAM G. BRYAN, Esq. The accounts due to the subscriber for Postage, have also been placed in the hands of Mr. Bryan for collection.

THOS. WATSON.

Newborn, May 10, 1837. 19

JUST received per Schr. Bounty, two Barouches, four Wagons, one Jersey Wagon, and a good Horse, which are for sale by

JOHN McDONALD.



POETRY.

TO C. T.—BY PARK BENJAMIN.

Years, years have passed,
My sweetest, since I heard thy voice's tone;
Saying thou wouldst be mine and mine alone;
Dark years have cast
Their shadows on me, and my brow no more
Smiles with the happy light that once it wore;

My heart is sore
As a leaf tossed upon the autumnal gale;
The early rose-hues of my life are pale.
Its garden drear,
Its bower deserted; for my singing bird
Among its dim retreats no more is heard.

Oh, trust them not—
Whosay that I have long forgotten thee,
Or that even now thou art not dear to me!
Though far my lot
From thine, and though time's onward rolling tide
May never bear me, dearest, to thy side.

I would forget!
Alas I strive in vain—in dreams, in dreams;
The radiance of thy glance upon me beams;
No star has that
My gaze for years, whose beauty doth not shine,
Whose look of speechless love is not like thine!

The evening air—
Soft witness of the flowret's fragrant death
Strays not so sweetly to me as thy breath;
The moonlight fair
On snowy waste sleeps not with purer ray
Than thy dear memory on my heart's decay.

I love thee still—
And I shall love thee ever, and above
All earthly objects, with undying love;—
The mountain rill
Seeks with no surer flow the far, bright sea,
Than my unchanged affection flows to thee!

A REMARKABLE DREAM OF DR. DODDRIDGE.

The Doctor and Dr. Clarke had been conversing together one evening, upon the nature of the separate state, and the probability that the scenes on which the soul would enter on its leaving the body, would bear some resemblance to those with which it had been conversant while on earth, that it might by degrees be prepared for the more sublime happiness of the heavenly world. This and other conversations of the same kind, probably occasioned the following dream:

The doctor imagined himself dangerously ill at a friend's house in London, and after lying in this state for some time, he thought his soul left the body and took its flight in some kind of fine vehicle, which, though very different from the body he had just quitted was still material; he pursued his course till he was at some distance from the city, when turning back and reviewing the town, he could not forbear saying to himself, how trifling and how vain do these affairs in which the inhabitants of this place are so eagerly employed, appear to me a separate spirit. At length, as he was continuing his progress, and though without any certain direction, yet easy and happy in the thought of the universal goodness and providence of God, which extends alike to all states and worlds, he was met by one who told him he was sent to conduct him to the place appointed for his abode, from whence he concluded that it could be no other than an Angel, though he appeared under the form of an elderly man; they went accordingly on together till they came within sight of a spacious building which had the air of a palace; upon enquiring what it was, his guide told him it was the place assigned for his residence at present; upon which the doctor observed, that he remembered to have read while on earth, that eye had not seen, nor ear heard, nor the heart conceived, what God had laid up for his servants, whereas he could easily have conceived an idea of such a building from others he had seen, though he acknowledged they were greatly inferior to this in elegance. The answer his guide made him was plainly suggested by the conversation of the evening; it was that the scenes first presented were contrived on purpose, to bear a near resemblance to those he had been accustomed to on earth, that his mind might be more easily and gradually prepared for those glories that would open and overpower him.

By this time they were come up to the palace, and his guide led him through a kind of saloon into an inner parlour; the first thing that struck him was a large, golden cup that stood upon the table, on which were embossed the figure of a vine and cluster of grapes. He asked his guide the meaning of this—who told him it was the cup in which his Saviour drank new wine with his disciples in his kingdom, and that the figures carved on it were intended to signify the union between Christ and his people, implying, that as the grapes derive all their beauty and flavor from the vine, so the saints, when in a state of glory, are indebted for their establishment and happiness to their union with their head, in whom they are all complete. While they were thus conversing, he heard a tap at the door, and was informed by the Angel, that it was a signal of his Lord's approach, and was intended to prepare him for the interview. Accordingly in a short time he thought our Saviour entered the room, and upon his casting himself at his feet, he graciously raised him up, and with a look of inexpressible complacency, assured him of his favor, and his kind acceptance of his faithful services and

as a token of his peculiar regard, and the intimate friendship he intended to honour him with, he took the cup, and after drinking, gave it into the hands of the Doctor, who declined at first, as too great an honor; but his Lord replied, (as to Peter, in relation to washing his feet,) if thou drink not with me, thou hast no part with me. This scene, he observed, filled him with such a transport of gratitude, love and admiration, that he was ready to sink under it.

His master seemed sensible of it, told him he must leave him for the present, but it would not be long before he repeated his visit, and, in the mean time, he would find enough to employ his thoughts in reflecting on what had passed, and in contemplating the objects around him.

As soon as his Lord was withdrawn, and his mind a little composed, he observed the room was hung around with pictures, and upon examining them more attentively he discovered to his great surprise, that they contained the history of his whole life; the most remarkable scenes he had passed through, being thus represented in a most lively manner. It may easily be imagined how much this would strike and affect his mind: the many temptations and trials he had been exposed to, and the signal instances of the Divine Goodness towards him in the different periods of his life, which was by this means all presented at once to his view, excited the strongest emotions of gratitude, especially when he reflected that he was now out of the reach of any future distress, and that all the purposes of the divine love and mercy towards him, were at length happily accomplished. The extacy of joy and thankfulness into which those reflections threw him, were so great, they awoke him, but, for some considerable time after he awoke, the impression continued so lively, that tears of joy flowed down his cheeks, and he said that he never on any occasion remembered to have felt sentiments of devotion, love and gratitude equally strong.

From Lockhart's Life of Scott.

Guy Mannering was published on the 24th of February—that is, exactly two months after the Lord of the Isles was dismissed from the author's desk; and making but a narrow allowance for the operations of the transcriber, printer, booksellers, &c. I think the dates I have gathered together confirm the accuracy of what I have often heard Scott say, that his second novel "was the work of six weeks at a Christmas." Such was the recipe "for refreshing the machine."

This poem is the Lord of the Isles, now, I believe, about as popular as Rokeby; but it has never reached the same station in general favor with the Lay, Marmion, or the Lady of the Lake. The first edition of 1,800 copies in quarto was, however, rapidly disposed of and the separate editions in octavo, which ensued before his poetical works were collected, amounted together to 12,250 copies. This, in the case of almost any other author, would have been splendid success, but as compared with what he had previously experienced, even in his Rokeby, and still more so as compared with the enormous circulation at once attained by Lord Byron's early tales, which were then following each other in almost breathless succession, the falling off was decided. One evening, some days after the poem had been published, Scott requested James Ballantyne to call on him, and the printer found him alone in his library, working at the third volume of Guy Mannering. I give what follows from Ballantyne's Memoranda:

"Well James," he said, "I have given you a week—what are the people saying about the Lord of the Isles?" I hesitated a little, after the fashion of Gil Blas, but he speedily brought the matter to a point. "Come," said he, "speak out, my good fellow; what has put it into your head to be on so much ceremony with me all of a sudden? But I see how it is; the result is given in one word—Disappointment." My silence admitted his inference to the fullest extent. His countenance certainly did look rather blank for a few seconds; in truth, he had been fully unprepared for the event, for it is a singular fact that before the Public, or rather the booksellers had given decision, he no more knew whether he had written well or ill than whether a die thrown out of a box was to turn up a six or an ace. However, he instantly resumed his spirits, and expressed his wonder rather than his poetical popularity should have continued so long, than that it should have now at last given way. At length, he said with perfect cheerfulness, "Well, well, James, so be it—but you know we must not droop, for we can't afford to give over. Since one line has failed we must just stick to something else." And so he dismissed me, and he resumed his novel.

Ballantyne concludes the anecdote in these words—"He spoke thus, probably unaware of the undiscovered wonders then slumbering in his mind. Yet still he could not but have felt that the production of a few poems was nothing in comparison of what must be in reserve for him, for at this time he was scarcely more than forty. An evening or two after I called again on him, and found on the table a copy of the Giaour, which he seemed to have been reading. Having an enthusiastic young lady in my house, I asked him if I might carry the book home with me, but chancing to glance on the autograph blazon, "To the Marchioness of Parnassus, from one of his subjects," instantly retracted my request, and said I had not observed Lord Byron's inscription before. "What inscription?" said he. "O yes, I had forgot, but, inscription or no inscription, you are equally welcome." I again took it up, and he continued, "James, Byron hits the mark where I don't even pretend to fledge my ar-

row." At this time he had never seen Byron, but I knew he meant soon to be in London, when no doubt the mighty consummation of the meeting of the two bards would be accomplished; and I ventured to say that he must be looking forward to it with some interest. His countenance became fixed, and he answered impressively, "Oh, of course." In a minute or two afterwards he rose from his chair, paced the room at a very rapid rate, which was his practice in certain moods of mind, then made a dead halt, and bursting into an extravaganza of laughter. "James," cried he, "I'll tell you what Byron should say to me when we are about to accost each other—

"Art thou the man whom men famed Grizzle call?"

"And then how germane would be my answer—

"Art thou the still more famed Tom Thumb the small?"

"This," says the printer, "is a specimen of his peculiar humor; it kept him full of mirth for the evening."

The whole scene strikes me as equally and delightfully characteristic, I may add hardly more so of Scott than of his printer; for Ballantyne, with all his profound worship of his friend and benefactor, was in truth, even more than he, an undoubting acquiescer in "the decision of the public, or rather of the booksellers." Among the many absurdities into which his reverence for the Poppedom of Parnoster Row led him, I never could but consider, with special astonishment, the facility with which he seemed to have adopted the notion that the Byron of 1814 was really entitled to supplant Scott as a popular poet. Appreciating, as a man of his talents could hardly fail to do, the splendidly original glow and depth of Childe Harold, he always appeared to me quite blind to the fact, that in the Giaour, in the Bride of Abydos, in Parisina, and, indeed, in all his early serious narratives, Byron owed at least half his success to clever, though perhaps unconscious imitation of Scott, and no trivial share of the rest to the lavish use of materials which Scott never employed, only because his genius was, from the beginning to the end of his career, under the guidance of high and chivalrous feelings of moral rectitude. All this Lord Byron himself seems to have felt most completely, as witness the whole sequence of his letters and diaries; and I think I see many symptoms that both the decision of the million, and the index, "the decision of the booksellers," tend the same way at present; but my business is to record, as far as my means may permit, the growth and structure of one great mind, and the effects which it produced upon the actual witnesses of its manifestations, not to obtrude the conjectures of a partial individual as to what rank posterity may assign it among or above contemporary rivals.

The following letter was addressed to Lord Byron, on the receipt of that of the Giaour to which Mr. Ballantyne's memorandum refers, I believe the inscription to Scott first appeared on the ninth edition of the poem.

TO THE RIGHT HON. LORD BYRON, LONDON.

"My Lord: I have long owed you my best thanks for the uncommon pleasure I had in pursuing your high-spirited Turkish fragment. But I should hardly have ventured to offer them, well knowing how you must be overwhelmed by volunteer intrusions of approbation—which always look as if the writer valued his opinion at fully more than it may be worth—unless I had to-day learned that I have an apology for entering upon the subject, from your having so kindly sent me a copy of the poem. I did not receive it sooner, owing to my absence from Edinburgh, where it had been lying quietly at my house in Castle street; so that I must have seemed ungrateful, when, in truth, I was only modest. The last offence may be forgiven, as not common in a lawyer and poet; the first is said to be equal to the crime of witchcraft, but many an act of my life has shown that I am no conjurer. If I were, however, ten times more modest than twenty years' attendance at the bar renders probable, your flattering inscription would cure me of so unfashionable a malady. I might, indeed, lately have had a legal title to as much supremacy on Parnassus as can be conferred by a sign manual, for I had a very flattering offer of the laurel; but as I felt obliged, for a great many reasons, to decline it, I am altogether unconscious of any other title to sit upon the forked hill.

"To return to the Giaour. I had lent my first edition, but the whole being imprinted in my memory, I had no difficulty in tracing the additions, which are great improvements, as I should have conjectured beforehand, merely from their being additions. I hope your lordship intends to proceed with this fascinating style of composition. You have access to a stream of sentiments, imagery and manners, which are so little known to us as to convey all the interest of novelty, yet so endeared to us by the perusal of Eastern tales, that we are not embarrassed with utter ignorance upon the subject. Vathek, bating some passages, would have made a charming subject for a tale. The conclusion is truly grand. I would give a great deal to know the originals from which it was drawn. Excuse this hasty scrawl, and believe me, my lord, your lordship's much obliged, very humble servant,

"WALTER SCOTT."

A printer observing two bailiffs pursuing an ingenious, but distressed author, remarked that it was a new edition of "Pursuits of Literature," and bound but not pressed.

Two enormous black bears are employed in the American Museum, New York, in propelling machinery for making carriage wheels.