

NEWBERN SENTINEL.

BY JOHN A. BACKHOUSE.

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TERMS

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A TAVERN-KEEPER CIRCUMVENTED.

A short time since the door of a country inn was darkened by a well-dressed man of modest and unassuming mien, who requested food for his horse, and the extra services of the hostler, inasmuch as his beast had been hardly driven. The stranger had much the appearance of an intelligent farmer of moderate means, and who, though liberal, perhaps, was never profuse. After attending to the welfare of his horse he entered the bar-room.

"You may give me," said he to the landlord, "something to eat, but merely a cold bite. My business is very urgent, therefore any thing will answer my turn for the present."

Scarcely a moment had elapsed after his order was issued, ere the jingling of a small bell summoned him to the dining-room, which in ordinary places would have been termed nothing more than a "bed room."—The fare placed before him, although a cold bite as ordered, in the strictest sense of the term, was yet meagre in the extreme. The remains of a dish of boiled pork and potatoes, and a glass of water, were all that had been appropriated to his use.

Swallowing a few hasty morsels, he again presented himself at the bar and demanded his bill.

"Half a dollar for your dinner," said Boniface.

"Half a dollar! I seldom dispute a tavern bill, sir, but for such a one as I have had, the charge is an imposition."

"A meal is a meal," answered the landlord, "and that is our regular price."

"It is a small sum to quarrel about," observed the traveller, "but I prefer to be pilfered in a manly manner."

"A meal is a meal," said he again, returned the landlord in a surly manner, "we always charge that, whether a man eat more or less, good or bad."

Perceiving altercation to be useless, the stranger paid the bill, called for his horse and rode away, with the muttered exclamation that he would sometime have an adequate revenge.

His destination was about fifteen miles distant.—After transacting his business he was about starting the following day, upon his return. He had mentioned to a friend the circumstance we have recorded and that person answered that the inn was notorious for its extravagant charges but that he could find him a man who would put the landlord's maxim, "a meal is a meal," to a thorough test. Accordingly before setting out, our traveller was introduced to his companion, who had abstained from eating in order to do justice to the entertainment of his employer. He was to be paid the expenses of his dinner and journey. The new adventurer was a very good humored fellow, something of a wag and extremely shrewd. He was withal, a most incorrigible glutton. Eating and telling large stories were his chief enjoyments. He was fortunately an entire stranger to the inn-keeper.

"Landlord," said the traveller, "I owe this man, Mr. Jones, a dinner which I lost by a very foolish bet. Furnish him one and I will pay for it."

"What'll you have?" asked the landlord of Jones.

"A roast turkey, sir."

The landlord stared but soon issued his orders to the occupants of the kitchen. They required some little time to comply with the orders. The landlord and Jones soon made themselves "old acquaintances."

"Rather a red face that of yours, landlord," said Jones. "I haven't seen any thing that looked like spring before; fine blossoms, sir."

"You are rather a crooked character, Mr. Jones."

"Rather, sir; but not quite so crooked as a tree I once knew. It was the tallest butternut I ever saw. Standing close to it one day in a thunder storm, I saw a squirrel on one of the topmost branches. The lightning struck the same branch, about three feet above him, the squirrel started. The lightning had to follow the grain, of course, and the squirrel went straight down. So confounded crooked was that tree, sir, that the squirrel, by my watch got to the bottom precisely three minutes before the lightning."

"That's a lie," exclaimed the landlord.

"A lie! true sir, as ever any story was. I afterwards saw that tree cut down and made into rails for a hog pasture. The hogs would crawl through twenty times a day, and so thunderin' crooked were them rails that every time the hogs got out they found themselves back in the pasture again!"

Before Jones had time to relate another story, the bell rang for dinner. The turkey was there, flanked on one side by a huge dish of potatoes, and on the other by condiments of various kinds.

"I will thank you, Miss," said Jones to the damsel in waiting, "to cook me a few slices of beef, I am afraid I shall not make out a dinner on this."

The girl withdrew in amazement, while Jones made a vigorous assault upon the fowl, which rapidly vanished before his advances.—Wings legs, and body were soon transformed into a skeleton, and heaped into a large pile beside his plate. The vegetables too, had sensibly diminished, and he had just laid his hand upon an apple pie of uncommon dimensions, when a girl made her appearance with the beef.

"Thank ye," said Jones, "have the goodness

now to cook some pork steaks, rather rare, and bring me a plate of pickles, I have a strong appetite."

The girl disappeared, and Jones fell to again but with less alacrity than before. He managed, however, to devour the beef just as the girl came in with the pork, the pickles having in the meantime, been eaten.

"Now Miss, I'll trouble you for some fresh fish. Have you got any?"

While the girl had gone to inquire for this, the landlord, who had been apprized of the sad havoc which had been made among his viands entered the room. At this juncture of affairs, the girl came back with the intelligence that they had nothing but pickled salmon.

"Give me half a dozen pounds of that then."

Jones had already stuffed himself to repletion, and to have saved his life, could scarcely swallow another morsel. The landlord, having heard the last order, thought best to fill up as cheap as possible.

"Wont you have some cider, Mr. Jones?"

No, sir, no I thank you. I always make it a rule in eating, never to drink any thing till I get just about half through!

"Good—sir! you'll eat us out of house and home. Quit now and you are welcome to what you have eaten."

"Well, a meal is a meal, but I presume we can obtain more at the next tavern. Tell 'em they need not cook the salmon, I'll take you at your offer."

It is almost needless to add, that the landlord soon came to a knowledge of all the circumstances connected with the case, and that ever afterwards he was particularly careful in selecting objects upon whom to exercise his shaving propensities.

DESCRIPTION, BY MISS MARTINEAU.

The last of the Kanawha river, as we bade adieu to it on the 28th of June, was smooth and sweet, with its islets of rocks, and the pretty bridge by which we crossed the Gauley, and entered upon the ascent above New river. The Gauley and the New river join to make the Kanawha. The ascent of the mountains above New river is trying to weak nerves.—The horses have to stop, here and there, to rest; and it appears that if they were to back three steps, it would be death. The road, however, is really broad, though it appears a mere ledge when the eye catches the depth below, where the brown river is rushing and howling in its rocky bed. A passenger dropped his cap in the steepest part, and the driver made no difficulty about stopping to let him recover it. What a depth it was! like the dreary visions of one's childhood of what winged passengers may first learn of man's dwelling place, when they light on a mountain top, like any unusual or forbidden peep from above into the retirements of Nature, or the arrangements of man. On our left rose the blasted rocks which had been compelled to yield us a passage; but their aspect was already softened by the trails of crimson and green creepers which were spreading over their front. The unmeasured pent-house of wild vine was still below us on the right, with rich rhododendron blossoms bursting through, and rock-plants shooting up from every ledge and crevice at the edge of the precipice. After a long while, (I have nothing to say of time or distance, for I thought of neither,) a turn in the road shut out the whole from our sight. I leaned out of the stage further and further, to catch, as I supposed, a last glimpse of the tremendous valley; and when I drew in again, it was with a feeling of deep grief that such a scene was to be beheld by me no more. I saw a house, a comfortable homestead, in this wild place, with its pasture and cornfields about it; and I longed to get out, and ask the people to let me live with them.

In a few minutes the stage stopped. "If any of the passengers wish to go the Hawk's Nest"—shouted the driver. He gave us ten minutes, and pointed with his whip to a beaten path in the wood to the right. It seems to me now that I was unaccountably cool and careless about it. I was absorbed by what I had seen, or I might have known, from the direction we were taking, that we were coming out above the river again. We had not many yards to go. We issued suddenly from the covert of the wood, upon a small platform of rock—a Devil's Pulpit, it would be called, if its present name were not so much better— a platform of rock, springing from the mountain side, without any visible support, and sheer down upon an angle of the roaring river between eleven and twelve hundred feet below. Nothing whatever intervenes. Spread out beneath, shooting up around, are blue mountain peaks, extending in boundless expanse. No eye, could look down over the edge of one, I believe, but for the stunted pines which are fast rooted in it. With each arm clasping a pine stem, I looked over, and saw more, I cannot but think, than the world has in reserve to show me.

It is said that this place was discovered by Chief Justice Marshall, when, as a young man, he was surveying among the mountains. But how many Indians knew it before? How did it strike the mysterious race who gave place to the Indians? Perhaps, one of these may have stood there to see the summer storm careered below, to feel that his foothold was too lofty to be shaken by the thunder-peals that burst beneath; to trace the quiverings of the lightnings afar, while the heaven was clear above his own head. Perhaps, this was the stand chosen by the last Indian, from which to cast his lingering glance upon the glorious regions from which the white intruders were driving his race. If so, here he must have pined and died, or hence he must have cast himself down. I cannot conceive that from this spot any man could turn away, to go in to exile. But it cannot be that Marshall was

more than the earliest of the Saxon race who discovered this place. Nature's thrones are not left to be first mounted by men who can be made Chief Justice. We know not what races of wild monarchs may have had them first.

FROM THE FORTHCOMING "LETRES D'UN VOYAGEUR."

Madame Georges Sand's Notions of English Travellers.

"I must not communicate to you one of the most I have discovered that the islanders of Albion carry about with them an atmosphere of their own, (which, for want of a better name, I call the 'Britannic fluid,') surrounded by which, they travel as secure from accidental contact as a mouse in the receiver of an air-pump. It is not alone to their own endless precautions English travellers are indebted for their steadfast and eternal impassibility. It is not alone because they encase themselves in three pairs of inexpressibles, one over the other, that they arrive at the end of their journey spotless and unblemished by rain or mud. It is not alone because they accoutre themselves in wollen-wigs, that their curls remain immovable as rings of metal, in defiance of the humidity of the air. It is not alone the supply of pomatum, soap, brushes, and sponges, with which they load themselves for a journey, (though sufficient to cleanse and purify a regiment of recruits from Lower Brittany,) that they have to thank for the smoothness of their chins, or the irreproachability of their nails. It is rather because the external air has no power over them; it is because they move, eat, drink, and sleep in their Britannic fluid, safe as in a diving bell glass twenty feet high, through which they gaze with pity upon the wretched equestrian buffeted by the winds, or still more miserable pedestrian struggling in the snow.

"I have often asked myself, after a deliberate survey of fifty English travellers, of either sex, assembled round the tabled'notes of Switzerland, what could be the motive of their long, tedious, difficult, dangerous pilgrimages; and ended by making up my mind that one of the main objects of an English woman's travels is to traverse the most elevated and stormy regions, without having a hair of her head discomposed; and of an Englishman to make the tour of the world, without dirtying his gloves, or wearing out his boots. Meet them of an evening in their inn, after a day of the most fatiguing exertions, and men or women, they are already armed cap-a-pie for conquest, exhibiting with majestic magnanimity the impermeability of their travelling costume. It is not their sentient entity—their human nature—that performs its journey, but their inanimate vehicle—the man is a mere clothes-horse— a vehicle for the transportation of his garments. It never would surprise me to see an advertisement in the London newspapers of 'Excursions of a Bond Street Hat in the Pontine Marshes'; 'Recollections of Helvetia, by a Coat, et cetera'; or, 'The World Circumnavigated by a McIntosh.'

There are many Americans who go to Europe and walk all over Wales and Switzerland, who yet have never taken the trouble to visit the scenes of natural beauty and magnificence which are in sight of their very windows.

A southern paper, the Norfolk Beacon, contends that the climate of Virginia is as well fitted to nourish robust and healthy frames as any in the world, under the necessary condition of regular habits and exercise. It ascribes the delicate health so frequently complained of, to indolence, and a dislike to vigorous physical exertion. Our western hunters are an example of the degree of strength, health, and capacity of endurance, acquired from their active life. Their powerful frames and iron constitutions are proverbial; the world scarcely produces the like. They may not be as plump and ruddy as Englishmen; but plumpness and ruddiness prove nothing. The Norfolk print advises the young men to make pedestrian excursions to the mountains of Virginia, visiting in their way Monticello, the Natural Bridge, Weyer's Cave, and passing beyond the White Sulphur Springs, to look down from the Hawk's Nest, or Cliff of New river, on the woody abyss which lies beneath. The interior of Virginia embosoms, it is true, most glorious scenery, as we can ourselves testify; majestic ranges of mountains, precipices of prodigious height, and noble rivers rolling through valleys of surpassing beauty. But we also have, close at our doors, a picturesque region, which is scarcely ever observed except at a distance, from the decks of our steamboats. The western shore of the Hudson, from the Palisades upwards, is as worthy of a pilgrimage across the Atlantic as the Alps themselves. You are kept in perpetual surprise by the wild beauty of the sylvan paths along the breast of the mountains, and the perpetually changing combinations of wood, water, rock and mountain, while, from time to time, an interest of another kind is awakened by the numerous remains of the old fortifications which, in the time of the revolutionary war, crown all the considerable points of the shore.

Some eight or ten miles above Fort Lee, you come upon a prospect of extraordinary extent and beauty. The guide books set down the highest part of the Palisades as being five hundred feet above the level of the water, and the part of which we are speaking, is probably not less. A little opening in the forest leads you to the very edge of the cliff, from which you look down perpendicularly to the shore of the river. The trees on the water's edge look like the finest herbage, and are blue with the haze of distance; the anchored vessels under your feet resemble the tiny ships made by children, and plank bridges leading to them over the shallow water of the

beach seem like a delicate net work. Before you stretches the whole extent of Westchester county, as if delineated on a map. Beyond it you have a view of the Sound between its winding banks, and on the other side of the Sound your eye wanders over the coast of Long Island.

If any man should go about to alarm the community by proclaiming that there was a certain party who had formed a plot to stop the sun from rising and setting, or to prevent water from running down hill, or to annihilate matter, the world would say that he was mad. A commission of lunacy would be taken out against him, and he would be snugly lodged before night in the lunatic asylum.

Not a whit less absurd is the alarm which some are endeavoring to get up about the existence of a party who are plotting to annihilate credit. Nobody wants to annihilate credit, for there is nobody who does not know that the thing is utterly impossible. You cannot destroy what is indestructible, the confidence which human beings have in each other's promises. The nearest you can get to it is to establish by law an artificial banking system, like the one we live under, and let it pursue its operations till it reaches its "maturity and perfection," as Mr. Tallmadge calls it; till it explodes as it has now exploded; till the banks, by general consent, refuse payment. You can never approach nearer to the destruction of credit than this; you can contrive no scheme half so effectual for the injury of credit as what is nick-named "the credit system."

Talk of the annihilation of credit!—you might as well talk of the annihilation of hope and fear. Is there any politician cunning enough to contrive a scheme by which all likings and dislikings shall be abolished among men? Can a law be made which shall stop ginger from being 'hot in the mouth,' as poor Andrew Aguecheek has it? When you find a party organized to do these things, you may, with some show of probability, talk of the existence of a party the object of which is to prevent men from trusting each other. Credit may, it is true, be subjected to certain restraints, confined to certain channels, limited to certain forms for all which it will be the worse; but destroy it you cannot, any more than any other principle of nature, without destroying the human species itself.

The whig party charge this design of destroying credit upon the friends of the administration. Witness the following passage from the Express of this morning.

"The destruction of credit has been the grand aim and end of the administration party."

The "bank democrats," imitating this example, bring the same charge against the anti-monopolists.

It has been hinted us that there are some people credulous enough to believe this accusation, notwithstanding its absurdity. It is true, we have known a child to cry when his elder brother threatened to burn the poker. We recollect the anecdote of a superannuated old gentleman, living in the country, on the top of a hill, who was thrown in a paroxysm of alarm by a stout young fellow, armed with a pickaxe, who threatened to dig up the well before his door, and roll it down the hill, water and all. But that grown persons, not under guardianship for idiocy, should believe that there really exist in this country a party which has for its object to restrain human beings from giving faith to each others engagements, almost passes our capacity of belief. Those who are loudest in affecting an alarm at such a design, are men who will resort to any pretence for party purposes. The credulous dupes who are taken in by them, if any such there are, must belong to the same ancient class who believe the moon to be made of green cheese.—N. Y. Evening Post.

STUPENDOUS FRAUD.

We have the following facts from an unquestionable source.

Within the last week, a gentleman called at the Bank of the United States with upwards of \$30,000 in notes and drafts of the old bank and branches, among which were only about \$70 in notes of the new bank.

Upon adjusting various accounts, there remained a balance of over \$20,000 due to him, in payment of which he was tendered notes of the old bank. He declined receiving them, and demanded notes of the new bank. THEY WERE REFUSED. He finally adjusted his balance by transferring it to the credit of a N. York Bank.

While settling his account, he saw the officers of the bank paying out the notes of the old bank at the counter.

It hence appears that the bank issues notes which it refuses to pay altogether. It refuses to pay them in specie. It refuses to pay them in its own notes. Mr. Biddle's bank has no more right to issue them, than any individual into whose hands they might have been put for safe keeping. It is a flagrant violation of the old charter, which requires the affairs of the corporation it created, to be wound up in two years from the expiration of its term. An individual who should do it, would be liable to indictment and punishment for swindling.

Is not every officer of the new bank, who has an agency in their issue, liable to a like penalty? They give out a paper which they KNOW the bank has no intention to pay? And shall the bank save its charter in honest Pennsylvania by such a STUPENDOUS FRAUD? Is Governor Ritner prepared to reprove it on these terms? Is the Judiciary so steeped in corruption, as, if appealed to, not to punish such a crime? We shall see.—

It is now generally conceded by all parties, that the only possible means of arresting the further issue of paper by the local banks, and of restoring a metallic basis to the currency, is to be found in the firm, unwavering and unchangeable determination of the Government, to exact specie in payment of duties on imported merchandise, & of all other dues. Should the Government relinquish the statesman-like position it has assumed, there is no guaranty—none whatever—that the country will not continue for a boundless and undefined period to be overwhelmed with an avalanche of "promises to pay," in the shape of bank notes, daily depreciating in value, and likely to become in time more worthless than the continental money at the most gloomy period of the revolutionary war, when \$25 in paper were paid for a pound of butter, and \$100 for a pair of shoes. If that position be abandoned, adieu to all hope of regulating the finances, of restoring commerce to a steady equilibrium, and establishing a standard whereby the mode of fulfilling contracts may be adjusted. There will be a different rate of duties for every Custom-House, and a different price for public lands in the vicinity of every Bank. The value of real estate will be without a representative; in fact, it will have no value, or a very uncertain one. The public officers and public debtors would at once behold their demands diminished forthwith by one fifth of their amount—and in course of time, to nothing at all. The sailors and soldiers of the United States would see their monthly pay dwindled to the pittance of one or two dollars. In short should the Government surrender the currency into the hands of the Bank, and countenance an exclusive paper system for one year, universal confusion, bankruptcy and ruin would ensue.—N. O. Bee.

CURE FOR A CANCER.

Mr. Thomas Tyrell of Missouri advertises that a cancer upon his nose, which had been treated without success by Dr. Smith, of New Haven, and the ablest surgeons in the western country, had been cured in the following manner.—He was recommended to use a strong potash, made of the ashes of red oak bark boiled down to the consistency of molasses, to cover the cancer with it, and in about an hour afterwards, cover it with a plaster of tar, which must be removed after a few days and if any protuberances remain in the wound, apply more potash to them, and the plaster again, until they shall disappear, after which heal the wound with common salve. Caution and the knife had been previously used in vain. This treatment effected a speedy and perfect cure.

A Singular Astronomical Notion prevails among the lower classes of the Chinese.

They think that an eclipse is an animal resembling a frog with two fore-paws and one hind leg, which swallows the sun and moon; on this account, the priests in the Temples, and the people in the streets as well as the officers of the public courts sound the drum. Just as the eclipse commences, every one sounds it as loud as he can, that the frog being alarmed at the noise may instantly cast them forth. This is continued until the eclipse is gone by.

HEAPS OF ICE.—It is estimated that the piles of glaciers which lie heaped upon each other upon the gorges and sides of Mont Blanc, reach to the height of 8000 feet perpendicular—and that the snows of the upper parts occupy an additional space of 4000 feet perpendicular—thus making together, a mass of twelve thousand feet of ice and snow, without including the irregularities of the surface.

A PROPOSITION.

It is proposed, to hold a Convention of the Banks of the United States, at the town of Baltimore, on Monday, the 18th of September next, for the purpose of devising means to bring about a resumption of specie payments.

It is hoped, that such banks as are disposed to accede to the Proposition, will immediately open a Correspondence upon the subject, and arrange the details.

Editors, who are favorable to the proposed object, are respectfully requested to republish the above proposition.

REMARKS.

We lay before the Public a Proposition, to which we have no doubt the Banks of Virginia will most cheerfully accede. We are most grossly deceived, if they will not be found ready to consult the public interests, and restore the blessings of a sound, circulating medium to a suffering community.

A similar scheme was adopted by the State Banks in 1817. A convention of delegates from the Banks of New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Richmond, and Norfolk, met in January, and resolved to resume specie payments, on the 20th of February. Measures were accordingly adopted to bring about the object.

It is of course desirable, that as many of the Banks as possible should be represented in the Convention, that the interests of all should be consulted; the most proper and convenient period for the resumption be selected, and the wisest arrangements made to carry it into execution. We hope we may be pardoned for offering a few suggestions in recommendation of the above proposition. It requires no ghost to come from the grave to explain the great inconveniences, which the community suffers from the suspension of specie payments. All must see and confess it. The entire derangement of the exchanges of the country, especially, produce the utmost