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## CONDITIONS.

TWO DOLLARS if paid in advance—TWO DOLLARS & FIFTY CENTS in six months, or THREE DOLLARS at the expiration of the year.

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From a late English Paper.

## SKETCH OF MR. SHERIDAN'S LIFE.

That brilliant genius—that splendid orator—that firm-hearted patriot, Richard Brinsley Sheridan is no more.—Death has closed his mortal career, but it has given new freshness and bloom to his fame. The calamity of mortality has overtaken him, but only to make his mind beam with new lustre; he will be the theme of all praise—the object of all adoration—the applause of all persons and parties—and the name and works of Sheridan will be spoken of and read when princes shall be mouldering into dust—but he is no more—

"Death has stolen away the slighted good" and with heavy heart we shall trace, for the information of our readers, a sketch of his life, whose history belongs to that of all nations.

Mr. Sheridan possessed an hereditary claim to distinction in the republic of letters. His grandfather, the Rev. Dr. Thomas Sheridan acquired as much celebrity in Ireland by his skill in the instruction of youth, as Dr. Busby did in England; and he was for many years the intimate friend and frequent companion of Dr. Swift. Thomas Sheridan, the only son of Dr. Sheridan, and the father of the subject of this sketch was sent over to Westminster School, where he was a mere stranger; but such was his merit, that he procured himself to be elected King's Scholar. His father's poverty obstructed his career—but he afterwards became eminent as an actor, and a teacher of elocution. His wife was also a lady of great genius, and the authoress of Nourjahad, an Oriental Tale; of three Comedies, the Discovery, the Dupe, and the Trip to Bath; and of some Novels, one of which was Sidney Beldub, which still continues popular.

Such are the splendid and promising characters of the parents of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, who was born in Dublin, in October, 1751. As might be expected from parents possessing such rare endowments, they anxiously labored, particularly his mother, during his infant years, to imprint upon his mind the rudiments of learning; but so lamentably backward and idle were the two brothers, Richard and Charles, that on transferring them to Mr. Whyte's academy, in a letter to the teacher, she feelingly assured him that patience was the most requisite qualification for his employment. "These sons of mine," said she, "will be your tutor in that virtue: I have hitherto been their only instructor, and they have sufficiently exercised mine, for such impenetrable dunces I never met with!"

Till his eleventh year, Richard Brinsley continued the same "impenetrable dunce." He was then placed at Harrow, and there it was discovered that his extreme tardiness resulted rather from indolence than want of powers. Thus it will be seen that both father and son developed their talents in the progress of English education. The son, when he saw himself amidst a crowd of rivals; when he perceived that applause and distinction would crown his successful exertions, while his idleness and ignorance would be punished with derision and contempt; it was found that he could rouse himself to strenuous industry, and readily bear away the palm from his competitors! When he left Harrow, such was the reputation he had earned, he was considered capable of any attainment if he could endure the labor of acquisition.

He was afterwards entered a student in the Middle Temple, where under the appearance of preparing himself for a lucrative profession, he privately explored his literary talents to gain supplies for his assistance, by writing anonymously in the periodical publications of that period.

From such obscure and irregular efforts, where indolence hardly yielded to the imperious voice of necessity, Sheridan was at length roused by a passion which filled his whole breast, namely, a violent affection for Miss Linley, the most fascinating vocal performer of her age; and the hope of tri-

umphing over a crowd of admirers and rivals. But such was his poverty that Miss Linley's father strenuously opposed his addresses; a fortunate incident, however enabled the lover to overcome all opposition.—A Mr. Matthews of Bath, a moth of fashion, caused to be inserted in a public paper, a paragraph reflecting on Miss Linley. Having discovered the author, Sheridan proceeded from Bath to London, and found Mr. Matthews at a Coffee-house, in Covent Garden, and a duel on the spot was the result of their meeting.—They fought with swords. Matthew dismissed his adversary, he compelled Matthews to sign a retraction of the defamatory paragraph, with which he returned in triumph to Bath, and which he caused immediately to be published. This counter publication, Matthews, it seems, did not expect; and on seeing it, he, in his turn, went in pursuit of Sheridan for satisfaction. They met, and again fought. Their second contest was also conducted with swords, after one discharge of pistols, and it was fought with the utmost desperation. After both parties were wounded, and had closed and fallen, they continued to fight, until they were separated by their seconds. Sheridan received several wounds, and a bit of his antagonist's sword was left in his ear.—These chivalrous efforts formed an irresistible claim to Miss Linley's consent, and to escape parental control she consented to accompany so ardent a lover to the Continent. On their return they were re-arrested, according to the usage of our church; but with the dearest object of his wishes, he was despoiled of every other worldly comfort. The vocal talent of Mrs. S. would have procured splendid supplies; but stung perhaps, by the worthless sarcasms which he had encountered as the son of a player, he thought it would be a degradation to allow his wife to go on the stage. For twelve nights, equal to 2,000l. was offered to Mrs. S. on the opening of the Pantheon; but although in want, Sheridan resisted the temptation.

Under these circumstances, and under the age of 25, he began to write for the stage, and produced the Rivals. After that comedy, appeared St. Patrick's Day, a farce, it is said, which cost him only 48 hours labor, and which he gave to Mr. Clinch, for his excellent performance of Sir Lucius O'Trigger. In the following winter he produced the Duenna, which even exceeded the Rivals. Opera in success: the latter had run 65 nights, but the Duenna run 75 nights, in the first season. He Mr. Linley, and Dr. Ford, then purchased Garrick's share of Drury; and in a short time afterwards Mr. Lacey's. During the first season of the management he produced the School for Scandal; which were followed by the Critic, &c. all these productions still continue most popular favorites; and his mimicry on the death of Garrick is an exquisite poem.

His next effort was to get elected in 1780, for Stafford, the parliament presenting the most flattering prospect for a display of his talents. He soon became popular as a speaker, and a writer, particularly in the Englishman, against Lord North. In 1782, the aristocracy triumphed—the marquis of Rockingham came in—Fox got the foreign department, and Sheridan was under secretary.—Their assiduities in office met with no particular applause, as may be collected from the famous Pasquinade, said to have been affixed to the door of Mr. Fox's office: "No letters received here on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday or Saturday; and none answered on any day!"—The marquis of Rockingham's death soon destroyed this administration—the earl of Shelburne turned them out, and they in evil hour coalesced with their old enemy, Lord North! This coalition proved too powerful for the court, and its members came into power in 1781; but their India bill, which established the fame of Sheridan as an orator, proved their ruin, and they were doomed to a long exclusion from the sweets of office.

Sheridan became a leading oppositionist. His irony and irresistible humor, which never failed to turn the laugh against his opponents, were particularly galling to the irritable temper of Pitt, who could not endure that derision which he perpetually excited against others. On one occasion the wit of Sheridan was so pointed and happy, that the Premier losing all patience, could not in his reply, refrain from some allusions to his opponents condition of life; observing that his attempts at low humor might very well suit the stage to which he was most accustomed, but that they were very ill adapted to the dignity of the British senate. Sheridan with great presence of mind and good humor, exposed the mean petulance of this attack, and con-

cluded, by assuring the youthful Premier, that if he ever wrote another comedy, he would not fail to introduce the character of the Angry Boy! In future contests with Sheridan, Pitt deemed it prudent to refrain from illiberal attack, as it was only prejudicial to himself; but there was none of his opponents with whom he had more frequent or more angry discussions.—Sheridan seemed to entertain a peculiar antipathy to the arrogance of Pitt; and Pitt could bear to be confuted, but not to be held up to laughter.

The subsequent labors of Sheridan, on the trial of Warren Hastings—the illness of the king, in 1782, when he was warmly patronized at Carlton House—the French revolution—the mutiny at the Nore, which his loyal and patriotic efforts contributed to quell—his succeeding dramatic efforts, Pizarro, &c.—and his getting the treasuryship of the navy, on Fox coming into power, are events too well known from their recent occurrence, to need detail here, and which would lead to the extension of an article already too long for our limits.

On the prince of Wales becoming unlimited Regent, Mr. Sheridan retired from Parliament, because he could not compromise his public and political character, by supporting his royal highness's ministers, and he did not feel disposed to oppose the prince of Wales. But this generosity and forbearance were, it is said, ill repaid for it seems trouble and alarm for his personal security facilitated his death.

We omitted to mention, that three years after the death of his first wife, Mr. Sheridan married Miss O'Connell, the daughter of the late Mr. O'Connell, who was a son of the late Mr. O'Connell, and his mother, was a daughter of the late Mr. O'Connell. He had by his first wife, Mr. Thomas Sheridan, who is now at the Cape of Good Hope, for the benefit of his health, which has suffered much from a pulmonary complaint, and who was deprived of the office of master-master general of Ireland, or else resigned, as his father did not support the administration of Mr. Perceval.—Advertiser.

## DEATH OF THE ELEPHANT.

Extract of a letter to the Editors of the Boston Gazette, dated 24th Oct., York County, Maine, 25th ult.

"The day before yesterday, as the elephant was passing through the town, he was seized by some diabolical miscreant, and shot dead with a brace of musket balls. It does not appear what could have induced this infernal desperado to be guilty of so atrocious a deed. There is in every place a certain description of persons, who may properly be termed "Children of Babel," they are "the lowest fellows of the basest sort." They may justly be compared to the reptiles that crawl upon the earth and the vermin that infest us on every side, which can never be wholly extirpated. The perpetrator of the outrage, in question, doubtless instigated and aided by others of his cast must have belonged to it would seem to the number of these wretches. No pains it is hoped will be spared to detect such a shameless villain, with all his aiders and abettors. On such an occasion a whole community is disgraced. The act would disgrace a nation of savages. An noble, generous, high minded, intelligent animal, justly classed among the wonderful works of God!—Thou has passed from the banks of the Ganges, to the shores of the new world, to gratify the just & laudable curiosity of mankind; to display the wonders of creation, and lead men to adore the maker and former of all things. And here thou hast come to fall by the ruffian hand of a miserable cut-throat, who only lives to disgrace his species—to dishonor God, and be a scourge to his country.

"It would have melted the heart of the most obdurate to have beheld the agony of grief and despair which the poor black, the elephant's conductor, manifested when he saw the majestic animal in the struggle of death, and heard him breath out the last moan of expiration. We recollect no occurrence for many years, which has excited such a degree of public sensibility. Mortified as we are, that an act of villainy should have taken place among us, all that we can now do is to express a strong hope that the vile monster who has been guilty of it may be speedily discovered, and the law may find some punishment adequate to the crime."

The murder of the elephant, if we may be allowed the expression, has excited an uncommon degree of public sensibility. There is something in this animal extraordinary and imposing; something that commands

our affection and reverence. Next to man he stands, in dignity, in the class of animal nature. His gigantic form, his irresistible strength is compensated by the mildness and docility of this noble animal. Unlike man, he never exerts his superior strength unless for purposes of self-defence. Fearless and intrepid, he stands the attack of the savage tiger, and lays his proud adversary at his feet with one blow of his tremendous proboscis. Yet this courage, not to be daunted by so formidable an adversary, submits to the superior genius of man; he becomes tributary to the comforts of his master; his courage, his strength, his skill, all passively submit to the control of man—he kneels at his command, receives the burden upon his back, comes and goes at the command of his master, receives with gratitude the smallest favors from his hand, favors which he more than repays by his unconquerable fidelity in his service—he fights his battles, and cheerfully pours his blood when commanded. Wantonly to shed the blood of so noble, so grateful, so heroic an animal, what is it but to abuse that dominion which was imparted to man by the benevolence of the Almighty. He claims here alone, and by divine right too, hereditary jurisdiction. All animals bow to him in homage, or fly with fear from that face which once wore the stamp of a deity of the Deity! But how shamefully was this divine prerogative abused, in the murder of this elephant. It was not done in self-defence; for this noble and docile creature never wantonly attacks—it was not done for sustenance of life; for the flesh of the victim furnishes no gratification to the palate. It was coldly, malignantly, ungratefully, and wantonly done: it was done as it were to show how unworthy we were of divine benefits, and to make the difference between the Creator of man and the being that was formed after his image. Unworthy representative of God upon earth, he delights in pain; delights to witness the contortions of agony, and to diffuse misery as extended as his empire; how unlike that Sovereign who suspends the sun in his firmament, and lights up in such gay and fantastic coloring the whole vegetable race for the gratification of man. Probably this very assassin might have visited the elephant; he might have been clashed with tenderness and unsuspecting animal; a cicemency which he repaid by perforating his brain with a bullet! Which of the two shall we designate as the noble animal!

Let us trace some of the properties of this gigantic being: they are well worthy of enumeration. He seems to possess, in some measure, a calculating power. This we infer from the following fact, which we witnessed:—He was confined in a small and uncomfortable place, where a temporary shed was erected over him.—The weather was extremely hot, and the sensibility of the poor animal had been frequently tortured by the cries of distress proceeding from a dog belonging to his master, on whom the visitors inflicted pain, to witness the distress of his gigantic protector. At every cry the elephant would groan; and when the dog was admitted to his presence again, he would pass his foot slightly over the back of the animal, as if he endeavored to soothe his sufferings. Having been often irritated in this manner, the animal grew furious and ungovernable at last, and his proboscis flew in rapid circles, denouncing vengeance on the persecutors of his humble friend. He repeatedly smote with his trunk the boards that formed his prison: he first touched them with the extremity of his proboscis, by way of ascertaining the strength of his confinement; finding the resistance still effectual, he rolled it into a partial knot, and struck a harder blow—this assault was likewise unsuccessful; the coil was redoubled, and the assault made with augmented violence, but not sufficient to demolish his prison walls. Repeated experiments of this kind were made, and at every abortive effort the size of the weapon of offence and the strength of the blow was redoubled. At length, gathering up his proboscis into a circular compact knot, he smote the wall with all his might, and the boards flew like feathers before the blast, and

he stood at once emancipated and enlarged. Here was a just and mechanical force; for the same strength might have been applied in the first onset, and we should have expected would have been done, from the irritated state of this formidable animal. Yet, exasperated as he was, he did not lose his presence of mind, but calculated the quantity of force necessary to effect his enlargement. His generous friendship for the dog was of a character truly surprising. Patient and forbearing under personal injuries, and conscious of the pleasure of his might, he would not suffer with the same unprovoked injury offered to his humble friend. Confined, as he once was, in a ferry boat, for the security of the passengers, they deemed that this dog might with impunity be assaulted. Some of those busy and meddling race of animals, who are the annoyance of all company which they frequent, must needs witness the disinterested sufferings of this animal. They began to torture the dog, and his cries reached the ears of the elephant. Resentment is fertile in finding out means of annoyance, and so it was proved on the present occasion. The assailants were beyond the reach of his trunk, but the water was near. Extending his proboscis into the river, he absorbed great quantities into his chest, which he immediately emptied through the same channel, into the boat. He began to work leisurely in drowning the whole company at first, apparently not apprehending any counteracting exertion; but when he observed two hands employed in bailing the water out, who at length became alarmed for their safety, he redoubled his exertions, pouring larger quantities of water, and with more rapidity, in his drafts, as if determined to accomplish his object.—The men employed to bail the water were obliged to redouble their activity also; but in this strange contest for superiority, the boat reach the land before the victory was decided. Thus was the safety of a whole company put in jeopardy by that busy and impertinent race of idlers, who seem to enjoy no other pleasure but in inflicting pain on their fellow men. This fact we have from one of the company who was a trembling witness of the spectacle. How wonderful was the docility of this noble creature! How often has he, as if endeavoring to show with what dexterity the animal next in dignity to man could imitate the actions of man; how often has he unworked a porter bottle, with the skill of a tapster, and then, as a satire on wine bibbers, emptied the whole contents at a draught!

The manner in which these creatures ford rivers is peculiarly remarkable. Unwilling to exert themselves more than the occasion requires, they walk upon the bottom until the waters cover their heads. They then elevate their trunks above the surface and being supplied with a proper quantity of air through these organs, continue their submarine journey unimpeded. The top of the trunk is often seen moving in quiet and confidence athwart the stream, as if by an involuntary motion, while its owner remains in security below. When the depth will no longer allow of this enjoyment, then, and not till then, the head of this majestic animal rises to view, so peculiarly solicitous does he appear not to exert himself beyond the emergency of the case. It is likewise worthy of remark, the manner in which the elephants fight the rhinoceros. They are determined and inveterate enemies to each other, and the first blow decides the battle.—the rhinoceros it is well known, is of a size much smaller than his antagonist, and runs between his legs; if he escapes the blow of the proboscis, he will, by the means of the horn with which nature has surmounted his nose, rip open the belly of the elephant; if he receives the blow, he lies motionless at his feet, a breathless body. See now the manner in which the elephant prepares himself for the reception of his formidable antagonist! In all other cases, he elevates his club when he meditates a deadly blow. In the present instance, it would give to his enemy an unnecessary advantage; it would leave the passage between his fore legs unguarded. The sagacious animal seems sensible of this; and, lowering his head, lays his proboscis between his fore legs,