

THE STAR, And North-Carolina State Gazette, Published weekly by LAWRENCE & LEMAY.

TERMS. Subscribers, three dollars per annum in advance...

Notice.

Will be sold at the Court House in Kenans-County, on the 24th day of July next...

Table with columns: Name, Address, and other details for various individuals.

Promotion of Science and Literature.

BOARD OF TRUSTEES: His Excellency JOS. KENT, GOVERNOR OF THE STATE, PRESIDENT OF OFFICE.

COHEN'S OFFICE—114, Market-street, Baltimore, May 7th, 1827.

LITERATURE LOTTERY.

The whole to be drawn in ONE DAY, in the city of BALTIMORE, and under the superintendence of the Commissioners appointed by the Governor and Council.

HIGHEST PRIZE, 20,000 Dolls.

Table listing prize amounts and their corresponding ticket numbers.

MODE OF DRAWING.—The numbers will be put into one wheel as usual, and in the other will be put the prizes above the denomination of Five Dollars...

Whole Tickets, \$5.00 Quarters, \$1.25 Halves, 2.50 Eighths, 0.62

Address to J. I. COHEN, JR. & BROTHERS, Baltimore, May 7th, 1827.

A tall Cabbage.—The Tuscumbia (Alabama) Patriot, of the 28th ult. says there is a cabbage stalk growing in the garden of Mr. George H. Miller...

The Lebanon (Penn.) Republican, of Tuesday last, says: "We stop the press to announce that the waters of the Swatara have been successfully raised, this day, by the great water wheel and steam engine at the mouth of the Kettle Run..."

Notice. The Corporation existing under the name of Webb & Williams, is this day dissolved by mutual consent.

Medicines, Drugs, &c.

The subscribers having become proprietors of the establishment recently conducted by Webb & Williams, inform his friends and the public generally, that the intention is to continue for sale a large and extensive assortment of Medicines, Paints, Oils, Perfumery, Stationery, Surgical Instruments, &c. &c.

Physicians and Merchants, dealing in the above articles, will find it to their advantage to call and examine his assortment, as he intends selling low for Cash or approved paper.

Having disposed of my interest in the late concern of Webb & Williams, to Mr. Alfred Williams, I take pleasure in recommending him to the confidence and patronage of my friends and the public, as a young man well qualified to discharge the duties of an Apothecary, (having been engaged with me in the business for several years.)

I hope that that share of public favor will be bestowed on him which I have realized during a succession of years in business, and for which I feel deeply indebted.

THE STRANGER OF LOCH LOMOND. In a deep ravine that extends from one of the inlets of Loch Lomond, there is concealed from view, an opening which leads into an extremely narrow and tortuous passage, communicating with a cave of some considerable extent.

On one of those beautiful days, in which nature seems to clothe herself in more than her usual charms, a small party approached the margin of the Lake; it consisted of only a gentleman, two ladies, and their attendants.

They set sail upon their intended excursion, while the gentle breeze wafted them slowly over the watery mirror. The Stranger, of whom we have spoken, was not unacquainted with their arrival and departure—hidden from view, he had watched them unobserved.

On leaving the cot, as before mentioned, on the night he had rescued Leonora, the stranger returned immediately to his cave. The sight of the countenance once so familiar to him—the beam of that once fond eye which he had long supposed was closed in death, tended to fill his mind with strange surmises, and the passing scene appeared more like the delusion of a dream than the occurrence of reality.

For some time he confined himself entirely to his retreat. At length he formed the determination of once more visiting London, for the purpose of ascertaining whether his beloved Leonora was still in the land of the living, for he could not trace her from the lake.

On arriving at the metropolis, he went directly to the house of a friend, from whom he ascertained that she had gone on a visit to a near relation in Scotland, and was expected in town in a few days, and that the story of her death had been used as a guise, for the purpose of marrying her to the favourite of her father. Fortunately, however, circumstances soon convinced the credulous father that his intended son-in-law was unworthy of his beloved daughter.

The discarded son was soon after wedded to a rich and thoughtless widow, Leonora, at this time, proposed a visit to Scotland, and accompanied by her two cousins had set out upon a visit to her aunt who resided near Loch Lomond. It was at this period she made the excursion to the lake first mentioned. The stranger had not long remained at the house of his friend, before the object of his journey returned blooming in all her loveliness. Theodore, the hero of our story, was soon introduced to the father of Leonora. He had almost forgotten every feature of his daughter's favourite. She had, however, heard of his arrival, and could with difficulty restrain her feelings sufficiently for an introduction to Count R. Making an excuse to leave the room, she retired to her chamber with eun-

upon her lovely features, a trembling came over him—he staggered, and with difficulty kept from falling. The youth and his sister were so intent in the anxiety for the recovery of their friend that they heeded not the agitation of the Stranger. The attendants had fancied at some distance from the light; attracted by it, they had just succeeded in reaching their companions. Near by was a cot, to which the body was removed, and by assiduous exertions, soon gave signs of life. The first was the unclosing of her eyelids as from a gentle sleep—but no sooner had her soft black eye caught the image of the Stranger, who was standing beside her, than she uttered a wild scream, and became again as lifeless as before. At this moment the Stranger left the apartment. Redoubled exertions restored once more the suspended animation—Once again she opened her eyes upon surrounding objects, and quietly heard from her attendants a relation of all that had passed. Morning had now dawned: after partaking of some refreshment, the party left the roof of the humble peasant to return to their own stately dwelling. This catastrophe afforded another opportunity for commendation and praise of the person who had given another proof of humanity and kindness. Months now passed away, and the stranger was not seen. Some conjectured that he had become tired of his wandering life, and had returned to society. Others concluded that he had perished in his seclusion—but where that was no one could tell.

On a beautiful morning in June, a small party consisting of two ladies, with as many gentlemen and their attendants, approached the residence of a peasant which was situated near the margin of Loch Lomond. It happened that this was a day of recreation for the neighboring peasantry. They had met at this spot to pass the time in harmony and glee, and were seated in groups when the cavalcade approached. The two first were a gentleman and lady, each superbly mounted, the former upon a fine grey charger, the other on a jet-black palfrey. The peasants rose at their approach to do them homage, but no sooner had they recognized the stranger, than a general burst of surprise and joy followed the recognition. The balance of the cavalcade had by this time approached. After sufficient rest and refreshment, they proceeded to the border of the lake, and during their strolling along its margin, the attention of Leonora was directed to the concealed entrance of the cave, which had so long been the unknown retreat of her companion. He pointed also to the place where beamed the beacon fire on the awful night in which he bore her senseless to the shore. Having spent some time in contemplation on the past, and in viewing the scenery around, they returned to the dwelling. The joy of the peasants was increased, when they learned that the beautiful female that accompanied the stranger, (and was now his bride) was the same that he had rescued from a watery grave. Time passed swiftly, and it became necessary to prepare for a return.—The last horseman had vanished from view: Slowly and silently the peasants once more collected into groups, and while the blessed departed stranger, seemed deeply to regret that this was perhaps his last visit to Loch Lomond.

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do not to be described, but which every lover can readily imagine. An explanation soon succeeded, and the intercession of the Count produced the desired reconciliation. A few short days and Leonora became the blushing bride of Theodore. It was on a journey to Scotland made soon after, that the peasants of Loch Lomond were once more gladdened with the reappearance of the stranger.

PHYDOS. From the Charleston Courier. Description of the Table Rock of South Carolina, in a letter from a gentleman to his friend in this city.

The back woods of South Carolina afford to the lover of romantic scenery some of the grandest specimens of the works of nature. Among these, the celebrated Table Rock stands pre-eminent. I shall here attempt to give you some faint idea of it, although I am well aware that any description whatever must fail in impressing you with those sublime conceptions which are only to be derived from an actual inspection of the object itself.

The table Rock is situated on the top of Table Mountain, in the Northeastern extremity of Pendleton District, and within two or three miles of the North-Carolina line. It is composed of granite and gneiss. It derives its name from the supposed resemblance it has to a table. I have been led to suppose that it was a part of the Blue Ridge, but nature, as if pleased with her wonderful production, has set in bold relief, by selecting such a spot for its locality, as separates it not only from every other mountain, but from all objects which would draw from it the particular attention of the astonished visitant. It is bounded on the North by the South fork of the Saluda river, which divides it from the Blue Ridge; South by the Oolenoi creek, which separates it from the Eastatoe Mountains; both these streams having their sources near the Northwest extremity of its base.

The guide shews two views—one from the base of the rock, the other from the summit. We visited the former on Thursday, ascending the mountain about a mile and a half to the "Horse Rock," and, as the remainder of the way was inaccessible to a horse, we walked, or rather climbed, and scrambled, until we found ourselves at the foot of the celebrated "Lover's leap," for so is called the great perpendicular front. RAMSAY, the Historian of South Carolina, describes it finely in less than a dozen words, viz: "A vast wall stretching up to Heaven." This immense perpendicular as near as we could estimate it by a glance of the eye, is a quarter of a mile in length, and its height is said to be upwards of eleven hundred feet.* This, and the valley adjacent, open a wide field for geological speculation. A gentleman of our party, who examined one of the huge masses of rock, with which the valley abounds, and compared it, as to shape, color and kind, with a corresponding fissure in the rock above, was of opinion that it had been precipitated from that place. Whether this would prove that all the other masses of rock in the valley were likewise attached to that flat surface, is hazardous to much to say. In fact, it would be difficult, on this hypothesis, to account for its perpendicular formation. No traces of "the bones of animals" which had incautiously ventured too near its brink, were discovered. We were prevented from making farther observations by a heavy shower of rain, from which we sheltered ourselves by entering a "rock house," the general name for all rocky cavities. After the rain had abated, we remounted our horses, and rode to our guide's house, passing through a cloud.

The next day we set out on a new route to view the summit, to which an expert horseman may ride; our horses, however, which had been always accustomed to a flat country, labored so excessively, that we judged it most proper to leave them, and work our way up on foot, which we accordingly did. This being the first time I had ever reached so giddy a height, I was struck with sensations of dread astoundment. From this point, such a variety of interesting objects force themselves on the attention, that the mind, as if too limited to grasp the whole prospect, flies incessantly from one object to another, instinctively giving vent, in hurried interjections, to the ideas which crowd upon it. These impressions can never often be thrown aside; we still behold, in imagination, the farms; the distant falls; the craggy steep; the wavering bed of green; the mountain's feathered side; the dreadful precipice; and, above all, the yawning abyss below.

Overhanging the precipice, and within one or two feet of its brink, grows a small cedar tree, which for years has held its grapple with the rock, and bid defiance to the winds that are ever whistling through its branches, and threatening its participation to the plain below. Although this cedar has resisted the power of the elements, it is fast yielding to the attack of the traveller's knife; it being an invariable practice among pilgrims to the spot, to leave their names carved upon it. Others, desiring to leave a more lasting record of

their visit, have left their addresses engraved on the rock itself.

Near this spot we observed several indentations on the rock, apparently the track of a horse, one, in particular, was so well defined, that the whole impression of the frog was visible. Concerning these marks, there is an Indian tradition accounting for them in the following manner: At a period anterior to any white settlement in this remote corner, the Great Spirit descended to the top of the rock, mounted on a beautiful white horse, and the tracks were afterwards shown in confirmation of the story.

Another curiosity which is much more remarkable, is the "wheel tracks," though it bears no resemblance to any such impression. It consists of two parallel lines, extending probably more than one hundred yards along the declivity of the rock, & appears like the track that you might suppose to be made by the claws and feet of a terrapin on a sea beach, except that the prints are nearer together than if that had been the case.

I would mention the "moss carpet" with which many portions of the surface of the summit is covered. It is composed of a vegetable substance, so firmly matted together, that several square yards may be raised from the rock, without its falling asunder.

Among other remarkable objects that are shown to the traveller, "Granny Hooper's Cave" ranks first. It would, perhaps, command but little attention, but for the singular story with which it is connected, and which possesses all the interest of a romance, without its fictitious accompaniments. The substance of the tale, as related by our guide, I will briefly record.

An obscure individual, whose name was Hooper, together with his wife and children, resided somewhere in the neighborhood of the rock, on the banks of the Saluda river. Hooper was a most determined Whig, but during that period of the Revolution, when war had not yet made its way into the Western wilderness, he remained an idle spectator. His patriotic spirit, however, could not withstand the temptation of taking a more decided part, when the bloody struggle had at length reached its very threshold. He espoused his country's cause with a degree of energy, that soon rendered him conspicuous. Unfortunately, he did not live to see the termination of the war. He was surprised, and taken at his own house, after a desperate resistance, by a party of Tories, to whom he was particularly obnoxious. After burning his dwelling, the barbarous wretches immediately executed the sentence of death upon him, by forcing a bayonet through his jaw, and, in that shocking manner, he expired in his wife's presence. The horrible scene deprived the miserable woman of her reason, and, in this state of mental decrepitude, she formed the singular resolution of secluding herself from all human society, and accordingly sought an asylum in the cave which now bears her name. Here she lived for years, partly supported by the charities of the neighbors, and partly by the sale of pink root, and other medicinal plants, which she collected on the sides of the mountain. The infirmities of age, at length compelled her to move down to the river, among her friends, where she shortly after died. When I entered the cave, whose blackened walls bore testimony to the numerous fires that had blazed there in other times, I could not help feeling a degree of sympathy for the misfortunes of the individual who was driven from her fire side and children, to take up her residence in this gloomy cavern.

The following particulars relative to the recent Piracy and Murder, is taken from the Herald of yesterday: POUTSMOUTH Palladium.

While the cook was preparing breakfast on the morning of the 31st May, Tarday made himself very officious in giving him directions, particularly in the manner of preparing a dish of fried eggs—which the cook did not take in good part, but told him surly that he wanted no advice, and would thank him to go away. Tarday still persevered, however, and used sundry arts to get the cook away from his post, which only served to make him the more dogged and determined to stick by it. Finding this would not do, Tarday took from his waistcoat pocket as much of a yellowish powder as he could hold between his thumb and two fingers, and sprinkled it over the eggs, telling the cook it was a kind of pepper, always used with eggs by those who understood the right way of cooking them. The cook, however, took a spoon and scraped off the powder, which partly defeated the object of the wretch, but enough remained to make those who ate of the eggs, very sick, among whom were the two witnesses, who were so enfeebled by its operation as to be unable to do any thing, and at night were completely overcome with drowsiness. They had spread their mattresses on the quarter deck, and laid down: the Captain and Mr. Robinson were in the cabin, both complaining of sickness, Joseph Dolliver was at the helm. They could give no account how the remaining persons on board were disposed of. About 2 o'clock they were aroused by loud cries of distress—the mate fearing

the vessel had run foul of something, rushed forward. Saw Dolliver and Potter running up the main shrouds uttering the most doleful cries, as having been desperately wounded. In running forward one of the Spanish passengers stabbed him (the mate) with a knife in the shoulder, upon which he turned and ran towards the cabin from which he saw the Captain come out, reel a few steps, and then fell prostrate upon the deck. His next impulse was to follow Dolliver and Potter to the cross trees. Potter appeared to be dying, he was stabbed in the abdomen, and his entrails had protruded through the aperture of the wound. Immediately after ascending to the cross trees, he saw two of the Spaniards go to the forecasteel, each with a musket and call up Ann Bicknell from below. The poor fellow came up, moaning piteously, (for he too, as appeared from a bandage he had wound around his middle, had been stabbed,) and as soon as he reached the deck the murderers fired their muskets at him, and he fell dead at their feet. Scarcely had this ferocious act been perpetrated when he heard a plunging in the water, and after a little while two voices crying out to those on board, and imploring them in such tones as to have penetrated the hardest heart, to throw over "a barrel—a plank—an oar—any thing to save their lives!" Their prayers were unheeded—and with a loud and fervent supplication of mercy from him who is all merciful, they sunk beneath the salt wave and were heard no more.—These are supposed to have been Mr. Robinson and the American carpenter.

It has already been stated that the mate came down from the cross trees upon an assurance from Tarday that his life would be spared. The villain knew his usefulness as a navigator, and therefore kept his word.—A similar assurance was given to Dolliver, but he had no sooner reached the deck than he was despatched by Courro and Pope and thrown overboard. The cook, who had taken refuge in the fore-top, also came down at their bidding, and was spared for the time, though they intended ultimately to murder him. Poor Potter expired and fell from the foretop into the sea.

Mr. Ginouliac was saved from the clutches of the Spaniards by the interposition of Tarday, who spared him in consideration of his being a countryman. The prisoners were each interrogated through an interpreter, (Professor Fay), whether they had any thing to say in reply to the evidence. As it might be supposed, they professed innocence, and threw all the guilt upon the miserable suicide, Tarday. One of them said, that he and his two companions had no other view in going in the vessel than to see the cities of New York and Philadelphia, and to purchase a vessel, for which purpose they had taken along with them \$17,000 in specie, which they put in charge of the American captain, but that he had made way with it, probably with the connivance of Tarday; but some disputes arising between Tarday and the captain, they got to such high words that they awoke him and his companions, and they found the American captain threatening Tarday, with a brace of pistols and a dagger, they then took the arms away from the American, which Tarday afterwards getting possession of, murdered his antagonist, and one or two others, and he supposed it probable the rest jumped overboard with fright.—Another said he was asleep under the boat the whole time, and knew nothing of what occurred until the next morning, and the third expressed his astonishment that he, an honest man, going passenger in a vessel, about his lawful business, should be accused of so horrid a crime!

They were all three sent back to the jail where they are held subject to the Federal authority. The Circuit Court of the United States is now in session at Richmond, and should the documents touching the case have been forwarded in time to reach the Judge before the Court adjourns, it is expected the prisoners will be ordered there for trial.

*Mills' Statistics of South Carolina. †Ramsay's History of South Carolina.