

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

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Valuable Land for Sale. The undersigned will sell all, or any part, of his land, consisting of three tracts of land, situated in the county of Wayne, N. C.

Society of a House & Lot WILLIAMSBOROUGH, FOR SALE. The undersigned will sell, before the court house door in Williamsborough, on Monday the 1st of July next, the interest which the late James Blair, Esq. had in and to the house and lot in Williamsborough, recently occupied by Mr. Blair.

POST OFFICE, RALEIGH. May 24, 1831.

Northern Mail arrives daily at 2 o'clock, and departs at 3 P. M. Southern Mail arrives daily at 2 P. M. and departs at 3 A. M.

THOS. G. SCOTT, P. M. 22 St. The undersigned has been appointed by the Board of Health, to examine the qualifications of those who apply for certificates of practice in the medical profession.

THE PUBLIC. In presenting to you this new and improved system of medical practice, I must beg pardon of those who are too sensibly alive to the value of science, and take a decided stand against these invaluable discoveries.

ELIJAH LEWELLING, M. D. 23 Steam. The undersigned has been appointed by the Board of Health, to examine the qualifications of those who apply for certificates of practice in the medical profession.

Jailor's Notice. The undersigned has been appointed by the Board of Health, to examine the qualifications of those who apply for certificates of practice in the medical profession.

WILL PECK. The undersigned has been appointed by the Board of Health, to examine the qualifications of those who apply for certificates of practice in the medical profession.

We find the following well told tale in the Alexandria Gazette—It is no fiction; we have the pleasure of knowing the Reminiscent, now a Lieutenant in the Navy—and long ago heard the substance of the story.—Fred. Arden.

MANUEL CARTUCHO, A PIRATE.

I was one evening in company with several officers of the Navy, when the conversation turned upon the late recent Trial of Com. Porter, by an easy transition settled upon the transactions of the anti-piratical squadron commanded by that officer in the West Indies. Many incidents and personal adventures growing out of that service were related by several of the company, one of which attracted my attention so forcibly, that my memory has retained the subject of the story distinctly, even after the lapse of several years. An officer, (a youth of about twenty years of age) after a momentary pause in the conversation, began, as nearly as I can recollect, in these words:—Several of you, doubtless, remember that fierce and indomitable Pirate, Manuel Cartucho—captured by Scibbling on one of his last expeditions. Carr, who left us just at this moment, was present at the fight, and I think told me saved his life. When the boats boarded the piratical schooner, which the pirates had run upon the rocks during the chase on the coast of Cuba, those who were not shot down, leaped from the vessel to the rocks, and made their way into the woods under a heavy fire from our seamen. Manuel fought like a lion, and was the last to throw down his arms and take to flight.—He had carried too long, however, to escape. Before he reached the bows of the schooner an old boatswain's mate was upon him. All hopes of escape vanishing, Manuel, as his last resource in the emergency, threw himself on his knees, and with uplifted hands, implored the interposition of the Holy Virgin. When I first saw them, says C. the old tar was picking his flint with his jack-knife, having apparently just snapped the piece, and proceeded to adjust the fire-lock with all the indifference imaginable—one extremity to his own brawny shoulder, and the other to the pirate's ear. I got up in time to throw aside the muzzle before it exploded—another instant, and Manuel would have been saved much of the inconvenience to which he was subsequently subjected. He was the only prisoner we made.

Manuel was conveyed to Thompson's Island, our head-quarters, and delivered over to the Commodore, who had occasion to admire the fearless intrepidity and Herculean strength of the pirate.

One fine evening Manuel was brought upon the topgallant fore-castle of the ship, to breathe the fresh air and cool his irons, when his aquatic predilections entirely overcame his consciousness of present security and ease; and, dashing through the mass of astonished seamen, plunged into a rapid seaward glide, which bore as many greedy sharks within its bosom as "bubbles" on its surface "onward."—But he "was, as it were, a child" of the ocean; and the monsters of the deep turned from him as one of their familiars. The pirate had drifted, perhaps, a hundred fathoms from the ship before a boat was manned and despatched in pursuit. But Manuel was no drowning rat to catch at straws; he was bound to the Island, its tangled and impenetrable mangroves for a shelter from the spoiler; he yawned and dipped like a crippled loon duck, as the boat shot up with him. It was vanity, even in a Cuba fisherman who strangles the shark in his own coral depths, to strive with the light cutter of a sloop, that leaves the dolphin in its wake. After a fierce struggle, during which Manuel nearly succeeded in his efforts to capsize the light boat, when he would have drowned the crew like so many puppies; they hauled him by the hair into the gig; where, like the savage wolf, taken by the hunter, he crouched without a growl, in sudden expectation of his fate, was taken on board the ship and more securely ironed.

The prize schooner, (the Pilot) a few days after this event, was ordered home for adjudication, and Manuel was sent on board to stand his trial on his arrival at Norfolk, the place of destination. Scibbling commanded the schooner; myself, and Midshipman B. of New Jersey, were his only officers; for a crew we had ten or a dozen skeleton invalids, worn out by disease, and dismissed the squadron for infirmity. Besides the officers, there were but two able bodied hands on board. From some cause unaccountable to me, S—ordered Manuel's irons to be knocked off, and suffered him to go at large during the passage home. Nor did he seem undeserving this forbearance; but behaved with propriety, and soon ingratiated himself, and won the pity of every one on board the schooner. He attached himself particularly to me; and night and day, Manuel was, in conjunction with my watch, actively engaged in the duties of the vessel. He often sought an opportunity of conversing with me on my lonely mid-watch, when the helmsman even was nodding on the tiller, dreaming, perhaps, of sailing on whole oceans of "Jamaica," and also all on board buried in profound sleep; at these mo-

ments he would bewail the untimely end to which he was speedily approaching—protest his innocence of crime—and endeavor to awaken my sympathy in his behalf. He would then weep like an infant; and signs which I now comprehend, (for I was then not a Mason) were made to bear witness to his veracity and innocence.—He was under the impression that we had been sent to sea to punish him for his crimes, and that a hard featured old boatswain mate on board was to be his executioner; he lived in daily expectation that the next sun would witness his execution; and it seems that he had prepared for the event.

We made Cape Henry light the morning of the tenth day, and having a fine easterly breeze, we were made happy with the promise of the pilot of reaching Norfolk before the setting of the sun. The gale "freshened as the day was done," and already the town of Norfolk began to appear amidst the haze of the evening, as we rounded Craney Island. The pilot was a lad, and this was his first essay... He became confused as the soundings suddenly shoaled, and backed up at high water on the shoal at Craney Island. We labored hard until the moon was high in air, and the tide had considerably fallen, when, abandoning all hopes of getting off until the vessel was disbarthened of her stores, (about a hundred bags of coffee,) we thought of going to sleep off the fatigues of a hard day's work. It was then I thought of our prisoner, and observed to S. as he went below, that as our cockle shell of a boat was out, we had better secure the pirate. He told me to do so. I called Manuel to me, and at the same time told the B's mate to go below and get his irons. The pirate understood me, and heard the rattling of the irons as they were dragged out below. He thought that at last his time was come, and that these were the preparation for execution. He became restive—muttered, and mingled his prayers for mercy with horrible imprecations. I told one near me to bring my pistols. He planted his fine form, like a bronze statue, upon the deck—threw up his outstretched arm to heaven, and, as the moonbeams played about his dark and rugged countenance, his black eye glowed like the living coal. He struck such terror into the souls of our dastard crew, that they quailed and blanched before his glance like stricken deer. I ordered them to seize him. One, bolder than the rest, raised an axe to strike him down. Manuel caught it as it fell, and, wrenching from the seaman's grasp the axe, poised it a moment in the air, smiled in bitter scorn upon the astonished circle as they shrank before him, and hurled it into the sea. The tiger springs not from his lair so suddenly as Manuel leaped upon me, seizing me by the throat. Another bound, and he was "many fathoms deep into the sea." My messmate B. had overheard the noise, and, although undressed, rushed on deck to see the cause. He was just in time to throw his arms around my body, as Manuel, with me in his giant grasp, leapt overboard. My clothes gave way, and the robber went alone! Stirred to fury by the spirit-moving scene, I sprang into our little boat, closely followed by my messmate, and, without time for thought, pushed off in pursuit of Manuel. We should have shot him from the deck—it was now too late, two hailed to give room to do so. We were close upon him; as we shot up with him, B. struck him a stunning blow with the blade of his oar, seized him by the hair, and Manuel, nothing loth, half lugged, half leaped into the boat. He saw his advantage. We were now adrift in the only boat belonging to the schooner—the tide fast carrying us into the broad waters of the bay—the nut-shell of a skiff scarce large enough to hold us all—and two slight youths to contest its possession and his liberty. He sprang like a madman to the assault—in another instant we were rolling in the bottom of the boat, locked in each other's arms—in no paternal embrace, believe me.

A GAMBLING SCENE. From the Young Duke—By the Author of Vivian Gray.

[We beg to lay before our readers, as a specimen of the work, the following gambling scene, the singular power of which, places the author in a high rank as a novelist. We do not recollect any thing of the kind in a work of fiction as being more effective.]

The young Duke had accepted the invitation of the Baron de Berghem for to-morrow, and accordingly himself, Lords Castlefort and Dice, and Temple Grace assembled in Brunswick Terrace at the usual hour.—The dinner was studiously plain, and very little wine was drunk; yet every thing was perfect. Tom Cogit stepped in to carve, in his usual silent manner. He always came in and went out of a room without any one observing him. He winked familiarly to Temple Grace, but scarcely presumed to bow to the Duke. He was very busy about the wine, and dressed the wild fowl in a manner quite unparalleled. Tom Cogit was the man for a sauce for a brown bird. What a mystery he made of it! Cayenne, and Burgandy and fines were ingredients, but there was a magic in the incantation, with which he alone was acquainted.—He took particular care to send a most perfect portion to the young Duke, and he did this, as he paid all attentions to influential strangers, with the most marked consciousness of the suzerainty which permitted his presence; never addressing his Grace, but audibly whispering to the servant, "Take this to the Duke;" or asking the attendant, "whether his Grace would try the hermitage?"

After dinner, with the exception of Cogit, who was busied in compounding some wonderful liquid for the future refreshment, they sat down to *Escarle*. Without having exchanged a word on the subject, there seemed a general understanding among all the parties that to-night was to be a pitched battle, and they began at once, very briskly. Yet, in spite of their universal determination, midnight arrived without any thing very decisive. Another hour passed over, and then Tom Cogit kept touching the Baron's elbow, and whispering in a voice which every body could understand.—All this meant that supper was ready. It was brought into the room. Coming has one advantage—it gives you an appetite; that is to say, as long as you have a chance remaining. The Duke had thousands,—for, at present, his resources were unimpaird, and he was exhausted by the constant attention and anxiety for five hours.—He passed over the delicacies, and went to the side table, and began cutting himself some cold roast beef. Tom Cogit, ran up, not to his Grace, but to the Baron to announce the shocking fact, that the Duke of St. James was enduring great trouble; and then the Barron asked, his Grace

our gripe—he soon ceased to breathe.

We saw, for the first time, gave an ear to cries at no great distance from us—cries for assistance—screams of a drowning man. We recognized the voice of one of our crew. He had doubtless jumped from the schooner to swim to our aid—and we drifting so fast with the tide, the poor fellow was exhausted, and had lost sight of the boat. What was to be done? The pirate might be only partially strangled; if left while we were saving the seaman, he might recover and renew the fight. We were already exhausted to the last extremity—a few words passed to this effect between us—and we resolved to rid us of the pirate. We launched him headlong into the sea, and a few bubbles "showed where he was." Taking the seats which had been overthrown in the struggle, (for we had lost our oars at once,) and directed by voices becoming feebler every moment, with great difficulty we paddled to one poor fellow and picked them up. It was as we supposed—they had swam to our assistance, but were unable to reach the boat. We were now four in all.—B. and myself, entirely overcome, stretched in the bottom of the boat—drifting very quietly into Hampton Roads at midnight, without an oar, sail, or rudder. Happily for us, the schooner's signal guns, of which she had fired several, brought a boat full manned from a vessel in the Roads. This was sent in pursuit, and soon came up with us. We reached our schooner about two in the morning, worn out and exhausted with fatigue.

The rest is very easily told. Manuel was not dead when we threw him overboard—the sudden plunge into the water soon revived the almost extinguished vital spark—he revived and swam ashore, about a mile! He was pursued and taken by a party of U. S. troops two days after, whom he resisted to the last—suffering several shots to be fired before he yielded. I conveyed him to the Norfolk prison, amidst the shouts of assembled multitudes, and delivered the stern villain into the hands of justice. His throat was swollen and his face turgid—he could scarcely articulate, and when questioned by me pointed to his throat. I could have done so too with as much propriety. He was tried by Judge Marshall, condemned, and pardoned by Monroe. Manuel still lives, the terror of honest traders "in the Indies."

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to permit Mr. Cogit to serve him. Our hero devoured—I was the worst advisedly, as fools say in the House of Commons—he devoured the roast beef, and rejecting the Hermitage with disgust, asked for Porter.

They sat to again, fresh as eagles. At six o'clock, accounts were so complicated, that they stopped to make up their books. Each played with his memorandums and his pencil at his side. Nothing fatal had yet happened. The Duke owed Lord Dice about five thousand pounds, and Temple Grace owed him as many hundreds; Lord Castlefort also was his debtor, to the tune of seven hundred and fifty, and the Baron was in his books but slightly. Every half hour they had a new pack of cards, and threw the used one on the floor. All this time, Tom Cogit did nothing but snuff the candles, stir the fire, bring them a new pack and occasionally make a tumbler for them.

At eight o'clock the Duke's situation was worsened. The run was greatly against him, and perhaps his losses were doubled. He pulled up again the next hour or two; but nevertheless, at 10 o'clock owed every one something. No one offered to give over, and every one, perhaps, felt that his object was not obtained. They made their toilets, and went down stairs to breakfast. In the meantime the shutters were opened, the room aired and in less than an hour they were at it again.

They played till dinner time without intermission; and though the Duke made some desperate efforts, and some successful ones, his losses were never, theless, trebled. Yet he ate an excellent dinner, and was not at all depressed; because the more he lost, the more his courage and resources seemed to expand. At first, he had limited himself to ten thousand, after breakfast it was to have been twenty thousand; then, thirty thousand was the ultimatum; and now he dismissed all thoughts of limits from his mind, and was determined to risk or gain every thing.

At midnight, he lost forty eight thousand pounds.—Affairs now began to be serious. His supper was not so hearty. While the rest were eating, he walked about the room, and began to limit his ambition to recovery, and not to gain. When you play to win back, the fun is over; there is nothing to recompense you for your bodily tortures and your degraded feelings; and the very best result that can happen, while it has no charms, seems to your cowed mind impossible.

On they played, and the Duke lost more. His mind was jaded. He flourished—he made desperate efforts, but plunged deeper in the slough. Feeling that, to regain his ground, each card most tell, he acted on each as if it must win, and the consequences of this insanity (for a gamester at such a crisis, is really insane,) were, that his loss were prodigious.

Another morning came, and there they sat, ankle deep in cards. No attempt at breakfast now—no solicitation of making a toilet or airing the room. The atmosphere was hot, to be sure, but it well became such a felt. There they sat in total, in positive forgetfulness of every thing but the hot game they were haunting down. There was not a man in the room, except Tom Cogit, who could have told you the name of the town in which they were living. There they sat almost breathless, watching every turn with the fell look in their cannibal eyes, which showed their total inability to sympathize with their fellow beings. All forms of society had been long forgotten. There was no snuff-box handed about now, for courtesy, admiration, or a pinch; no affectation of occasionally making a remark upon any other topic but the all-engrossing one. Lord Castlefort rested with his arms on the table; a false tooth had got unhinged. His lordship, who at any other time would have been most annoyed, coolly put it in his pocket. His cheeks had fallen, and he looked twenty years older. Lord Dice had torn off his cravat, and his hair hung down over his cautions, bloodless cheeks, straight as silk. Temple Grace looked as if he were blighted by lightning; and his deep blue eyes gleamed like hyena. The Baron was least changed. Tom Cogit who smelt that the crisis was at hand, was as quiet as a brided rat.

On they played till six o'clock in the evening, and then they agreed to desist till after dinner. Lord Dice threw himself on a sofa. Lord Castlefort breathed with difficulty. The rest walked around. While they were resting on their oars, the Young Duke roughly made up his accounts. He found that he was minus about one hundred thousand pounds.

Immense as this loss was, he was more struck, more appalled, let me say—at the strangeness of the surrounding scene, than even by his own ruin. As he looked upon his fellow gamblers, he seemed for the first time in his life, to gaze upon some of those hideous demons of whim he had read. He looked in the mirror at himself. A blight seemed to have fallen over his beauty, and his presence seemed accursed. He had pursued a dissipated, even more than a dissipated career. Many were the nights that had been spent by him, not on his couch, great had been the exhaustion that he had often, experienced; haggard had some-

times even been the feature of his youth. But when had been marked upon his brow this haggard care? when had his features before been stamped with this anxiety, this anguish, this baffled desire, this unearthly awe, which made him even tremble? What was it impossible? It could not be—that in time he was to be like these awful, these unearthly, the unshattered things that were around him. He felt as if he had fallen from his state—as if he had dishonored his ancestry—as if he had betrayed his trust. He felt as a criminal. In the darkness of his meditations, a flash burst from his lurid mind—a celestial light appeared to dissipate this thickening gloom, and his soul felt as it were bathed with the softening influence. He thought of Mary Dacre, he thought of every thing that was pure and holy, and beautiful, and luminous and calm. It was the innate virtue of the man that made the appeal to his corrupted nature. His loss seemed nothing; his dukedom would be too slight a ransom of freedom from those ghasts, and for the breath of the sweet air.

He advanced to the Baron, and expressed his desire to play no more. There was an immediate stir. All jumped up, and now the deed was done. Caut, in spite of his exhaustion, assumed her reign.—They begged him to have his revenge,—were quite annoyed at the result, had no doubt he would recover if he proceeded. Without noticing their remarks he seated himself at the table, and wrote checks for their respective amounts. Tom Cogit jumping up and bringing him the ink stand, Lord Castlefort, in the most affectionate manner, pocketed the draft; at the same time recommending the Duke not to be in a hurry, but to send it when he was cool. Lord Dice received his with a bow—Temple Grace, with a sigh—the Baron, with an avowal of his readiness, always to give him his revenge.

The Duke, though sick at heart, would not leave the room with any evidence of a broken spirit; and when Lord Castlefort again repeated "Pay us when we meet again," he said: "I think it very improbable that we shall meet again, my Lord. I wished to know what gaming was. I had heard a great deal about it. It was not so very disgusting; but I am a young man, and cannot play tricks with my complexion."

He reached his house. The bird was out. He gave orders for himself not to be disturbed, and he went to bed; but in vain he tried to sleep. What rack exceeds the torture of an excited brain, and an exhausted body? His hands and feet were like ice, his brow like fire; his ears rung with supernatural roaring; a nausea had seized upon him, and death he would have welcomed.—In vain he had recourse to every expedient to wile himself to slumber. Each minute he started from his pillow with some phrase which reminded him of his late fearful society. Hour after hour moved on with its leaden pace, each hour he heard strike, and each hour seemed an age. Each hour was only a signal to cast off some covering or shift his position. It was at length, morning. With a feeling that he should go mad if he remained any longer in bed, he rose, and paced his chamber. The air refreshed him. He threw himself on the floor; the cool crept over his senses and he slept.

The Commercial Gentleman.—It was during a tour in the west of England, in the long vacation, that a college friend and myself put up at an inn in Falmouth, frequented by commercial gentlemen. Anxious to see life in all its varieties, we entered the travellers' room, the only inmate of which was a fat, bustling, red faced, self important gentleman, who was devouring oysters with all his energies. My waggish friend, Waters, ever on the watch for a joke, at once accosted him: "You are fond of oysters, I presume, sir." "Very, sir," and he swallowed, with a smack, the last of six dozen. "Far be it from me to alarm you, sir," replied the other, with a countenance of the deepest concern; "but I owe I feel rather surprised at your partiality for Falmouth oysters. You are of course aware that in consequence of the vicinity of the mines, they contain a portion of poisonous metallic substance, which causes sickness and sometimes even death to the oyster eater. 'Metallic substance' poisonous vegetable' retards the man of journey, retarding, 'I've eaten many a barrel of oysters in my time, sir, and—' 'You will eat many more,' interrupted Waters, 'though, upon my soul, I don't think I ever, as you say, and we left him for a stroll about town.

On our return to supper, after an hour's ramble, we found the commercial gentleman pacing up and down the room, 'non passivus equis,' and evidently awaiting, with some anxiety, our reappearance. "Sir," said he to Waters, in the most alluring tone, "I've been considering what you told me, and—don't feel rather—' 'Name don't let alarm you,' said W. with his most importunate face; "but you remarked to each other as we entered the room, that your countenance was perceptibly altered." "Now, are you serious? Oh, dear, what shall I do? In