

# RALPH REGISTER,

## AND NORTH-CAROLINA GAZETTE,

"Ours are the plans of fair, delightful peace,  
"Unwarp'd by party rage to live like brothers."

Vol. V.

Friday, August 15, 1828.

No. 494

### THE REGISTER

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### ADVERTISEMENTS

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times for a Dollar, and twenty-five cents for  
every succeeding publication: those of great  
length in the same proportion. Commu-  
nications thankfully received. Letters to  
the Editors must be post paid.

### FEMALE HEROISM.

From the Sketches of a Soldier's Life in Ireland.

\*\*\*\*\* She was the individual  
who distinguished herself so nobly at Ma-  
tagorda, near Cadiz, while the French were  
besieging the latter place in 1810. Her  
husband was then a sergeant in the 94th  
regiment, and one of the detachment that  
occupied that fort when the French bom-  
barded it with thirty pieces of cannon. It  
may be easily conceived what havoc would  
be created by so much artillery playing up-  
on a place not more than an hundred yards  
square, and it may also be imagined that  
few women could have maintained ordi-  
nary courage or self-possession in such a  
place; but from the commencement of the  
action she behaved in a manner which it  
is scarcely in my power to do justice to.  
The bomb proofs being too small to contain  
the whole garrison, some of the men had  
huts formed on the battery, and among the  
rest was that of Mrs. R. When the  
French opened upon us, she was awakened  
out of her sleep by a 24 pound shot strik-  
ing the fascine which her head lay; but  
nothing daunted, she got up and removed  
her child, about four years old, down to the  
bomb proof, and assisted the surgeon in  
dressing the wounded men, who were fast  
increasing on his hands, for which purpose  
she tore up her own linen and that of her  
husband. Water being needed, one of the  
drum boys was desired to go and draw  
some from the well in the centre of the  
battery; but he did not seem to be much  
inclined to the task, and was lingering at  
the door with the bucket dangling in his  
hand. "Why don't you go for water?"  
"The poor thing's frightened," said Mrs.  
R. "and no wonder at it, give it to me  
and I'll go for it." So saying, she relieved  
the drummer from the perilous duty,  
and amid the dreadful discharge of artill-  
ery playing on the battery, she let down  
the vessel to fill it with water.

She had scarcely done so, when the rope  
was cut by a shot; but she determined  
to get her message with her, and begging  
the assistance of a sailor she recovered the  
bucket, and brought it filled with water  
down to the bomb proof, where her atten-  
tion to the wounded soldiers was beyond  
all praise. In the intervals, she carried  
sand bags for the repair of the battery,  
handed along ammunition and supplied the  
men at the guns with wine and water; and  
when the other two women who had been  
in hysterics in one of the bomb proofs, from  
the time the action commenced, were leav-  
ing the battery, she refused to go.

Next morning, our ammunition being  
expended, we ceased firing, and the French  
seeing the dilapidated state of the fort, sent  
down a strong force to take possession of  
the place, and our men were mustered for  
their reception, when Mrs. R. was at  
the post with the others, determined to  
share in the danger. It was a critical mo-  
ment, for had they got under the range of  
our guns, our efforts would have been un-  
availing. Through the ruinous state of  
the fort, three guns, all that we could bring  
to bear upon them, were crammed with  
loose powder, grape, ball cartridge, &c.  
&c. to the muzzle, ready for a farewell shot,  
and when they came within two or three  
hundred yards of the fort, we poured their  
contents into the very heart of the col-  
umn, and laid the half of them prostrate  
on the earth. Those who survived took  
to flight, their batteries again opened, and  
a fresh supply of ammunition having arrived  
for us, we returned their salute; but the  
place being found untenable, the surviv-  
ing part of the garrison was withdrawn  
by the boats of our fleet.

Mrs. R. still exhibited the same un-  
daunted spirit; she made three different  
journeys across the battery for her husband's  
necessaries and her own.

The last was for her child, who was ly-  
ing in the bomb proof. I think I see her  
yet, while the shot and shells were flying  
thick around her, bending her body over  
it to shield it from danger by the exposure  
of her own person. Luckily, she escaped  
unhurt, and still lives, and is at present  
residing at Glasgow. But will it be be-  
lieved, that she never received the smallest  
taken of approbation for her heroic con-  
duct, and the service which she rendered  
on that occasion.

The only instance of the kind, exclusive  
of that now related, that I witnessed in  
the course of my service, was in the per-  
son of a woman, who lived as the wife of  
a captain of one of the light companies of  
our brigade. She had accompanied him  
through the campaign, exposed to all the  
dangers and privations attending on such  
a life, with a devotedness that no legally  
married woman could have surpassed. At  
the battle of Vittoria, when the army was  
engaged, she was left with the baggage;

but hearing from some of the disabled men  
that the captain was wounded, she mount-  
ed her horse, and galloped down to the  
scene of action, regardless of the danger,  
to seek out and relieve him, wherever he  
might be. She found him when he had  
breathed his last, and stopped by him un-  
til he was buried.

This was an appalling blow to her; she  
was left friendless in a strange country;  
but those who paid her any attention in  
the captain's life time, now felt no com-  
passion for her; her gold watch; her fa-  
vorite pony, and all she formerly held  
through her protector, were taken from  
her, and a short time after, I saw her  
struggling through the mud on the line of  
march, with the shoes torn off her feet.—  
She soon after disappeared, but what be-  
came of her I do not know.

From the New-York Mirror.

### BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.

FROM TECUMSEH.

Extract from the manuscript of this new  
historical novel, which we are happy to  
state, is now in the press, and will soon  
be published. With the permission of  
Mrs. Dumont, we insert the following ad-  
mirable and touching passage. "The in-  
cident is given on the authority of a gen-  
tleman who had spent thirty years of his  
life a prisoner among the Shawnee Indi-  
ans, and who knew the celebrated Tecum-  
seh familiarly as a brother.

Tecumseh was returning, slowly and  
thoughtfully from the chase, when a shriek  
of nature's last and most dreadful ex-  
tremity burst on the stillness of the forest.  
He turned, and beheld, through a vista of  
the trees, a party of marauding savages,  
loaded with the spoils of war. A female  
form, whose fair, though faded counte-  
nance, bore a strong contrast to the swarthy  
and painted features of the savages that  
surrounded her had just fallen to the  
earth, exhausted with fatigue and suffer-  
ing. With one hand she clasped a lovely  
infant to her bosom, while the other was  
raised to avert the tomahawk that glittered  
on her closing eye.—But vainly!—the  
dreaded instrument was sunk deep in her  
pallid temples, and the sufferer already  
struggled with the throes of death, while  
the babe now spotted with its mother's  
blood, was torn from her last convulsive  
grasp. It shrunk with instinctive fear as  
it raised its blue eyes to the dark, distort-  
ed features of the warrior; but he gave a  
loud whoop of unimaginable horror, and,  
grasping its little feet, swung it carelessly  
in the air, as he approached a knarled tree,  
to complete its destiny. One moment long-  
er, and its unstained soul would have flown  
with the passing spirit of its mother; but  
the murderous arm as it was drawn back  
for the last fearful blow, was suddenly ar-  
rested, and a calm but impressive voice  
made the savage stay his ruthless hand!—  
And who thus dared to use language of  
command to the ferocious and independent  
son of the forest? Was it the aged chief,  
whose voice resounded in the councils of  
the nation? or the warrior, whose proud  
front wore the seals of battle? No! it was  
a stripling, who stood before them, loaded  
with the spoils of the chase; his olive cheek  
reddened with the glow, his eye radiant  
with the fire of youth. But the impress  
of native authority sat on his polished brow;  
and his slender form was drawn up with  
the attitude of command. The leader of  
the band quailed before the glance of his  
calm but terrible eye; and quietly yield-  
ed up the gasping babe to the extended arm  
of the stripling.

"I will give you these," said Tecumseh,  
throwing his load of furs at the feet of the  
subdued warrior, "and the child shall be  
mine."

He received a ready assent to the pro-  
posed exchange; and turning away with a  
look of unutterable scorn, directed his ex-  
clusive attention to the little victim he had  
rescued. Its face was yet purple, and its  
hands still clenched in its agony; but the  
accents of gentleness again tranquilized  
its features, and it soon gazed, without  
fear, on the bright face of its deliverer.

Tecumseh again proceeded homeward;  
—his lovely burden but added fresh elas-  
ticity to his steps, and he advanced with ra-  
pid pace, till the moans of the hungry babe  
arrested his progress. He then laid it on  
a bed of moss, and bringing a pheasant  
from a neighboring bough, fed his famish-  
ing charge with his blood. Never had Tec-  
umseh felt a purer pleasure than that  
which warmed his heart when the poor in-  
fant, as he bent over it with anxious care,  
smiled like a cherub in his face. A glow  
of holy feeling thrilled through his whole  
frame; and the angel of mercy, like the  
pillar of fire that guided the wandering Is-  
raelites, went before him in light, through  
the darkness of the forest. He reached  
the village, and Yonea came forth to meet  
him. She looked for the slaughtered vic-  
tims of the chase; and, started with sur-  
prise at beholding an infant, locked in liv-  
ing slumbers, and clothed with the tints of  
a pale morning sky. But alas! its golden  
eyelids were stained with blood, and  
Yonea at once conceived its melancholy  
history.

"I have brought you a gift," said Tec-  
cumseh, laying the sleeping innocent in the  
ready arms of the compassionate girl. "It  
is an offering fit for the daughter of Ot-  
laska. Look at her, Yonea! she is fresh  
from the hand of the Great Spirit, and pure  
as the snow flake that falls from his dwell-  
ing. Take her to your heart, and let your  
affections cling around her like the  
vine that embraces & strengthens the ten-  
der sapling. Cherished by the daughter  
of the red man, and ignorant of her own  
nation and its vices, her soul shall retain  
its whiteness, like the snow on the moun-  
tain precipice, where no foot can tread.—  
Removed beyond the breath of luxury,  
which withers the pale daughters of her  
people, like the mists of the green pool,  
she shall grow up stout and healthy as the  
antelope, and learn to imitate the proud  
arts and active employments of the Indian  
maid."

Yonea obeyed: the infant was joyfully  
taken to a heart, whose affections gushed  
like the rills of spring, and boundless ten-  
derness supplied the place of the delica-  
cies it had lost. Healthy, animated and  
beautiful, the babe, to whom they gave the  
name of Egluree, grew up unconscious of  
misfortune, and regarding her foster family  
with the utmost fondness. The predic-  
tion of Tecumseh was verified. No mark  
of a feeble race distinguished the blue-eyed  
daughter of adoption. Reared in the glow-  
ing magnificence of nature, Egluree rose  
above the sickly fears and ideal wants of  
civilized existence. Delicate as the ten-  
derest flower that reared its fragile head  
in the lap of spring, she bounded through  
the forest, mid the roar of winds and the  
howl of beasts of prey. Her fair falling  
shoulders, which the scorching sun of re-  
volving summers still failed to embrown,  
were early practised to share the heavy  
burdens of the native females of the forest.  
Egluree wore the wampum in a thousand  
forms; she bent the winking bow, with  
long slender fingers, & paddled the totter-  
ing canoe over the rolling wave.

### REMARKABLE DREAM.

Being in company the other day when  
the conversation turned upon dreams, I  
related one, which, as it happened to my  
own father, I can answer for the truth of  
it. About the year 1731, my father, Mr.  
D. of K., in the county of Cumberland,  
came to Edinborough to attend the classes,  
having the advantage of an uncle in the  
regiment then in the Castle, and remained  
under the protection of his uncle and aunt,  
Major and Mrs. Griffiths, during the win-  
ter. When spring arrived, Mr. D. and  
three or four young gentlemen from Eng-  
land, (his intimates,) made parties to vi-  
sit all the neighboring places about Edin-  
burgh, Roslin, Arthur's Seat, Craig Millar,  
&c. &c. Coming home one evening from  
some of those places, Mr. D. said, "We  
have made a party to go a fishing to Loch-  
Keith to-morrow, if the morning is fine,  
and have bespoken a boat; we shall be off  
at six." No objection being made, they  
separated for the night. Mrs. Griffiths  
had not been long asleep, she screamed  
out in the most violent agitated manner,  
"The boat is sinking; save, oh, save them!"  
The Major awakened her, & said, "Were  
you uneasy about the fishing party?" "Oh  
no," said she, "I had not once thought of  
it." She then composed herself, and soon  
fell asleep again; in about an hour, she  
cried out, in a dreadful fright, "I see the  
boat is going down." The Major again a-  
wakened her, and she said, "It has been  
owing to the other dream I had; for I feel  
no uneasiness about it." After some con-  
versation, they both fell sound asleep, but  
no rest could be obtained for her; in the  
most extreme agony she again screamed,  
"They are gone, the boat is sunk!" When  
the Major awakened her, she said, "Now I  
cannot rest; Mr. D. must not go, for I feel  
should he go, I would be miserable till his  
return; the thoughts of it would almost  
kill me." She instantly arose, threw on  
her wrapping gown, went to his bedside,  
for his room was next to their own, and  
with difficulty she got his promise to remain  
at home. "But what am I to say to my  
young friends, whom I was to meet at  
Leith at six o'clock?" "With great truth  
you may say your aunt is ill, for I am so  
at present; consider you are an only son,  
under our protection, and should any thing  
happen to you, it would be my death."—  
Mr. D. immediately wrote a note to his  
friends, saying that he was prevented join-  
ing them, and sent his servant with it to  
Leith. The morning came in most beauti-  
fully, and continued so till three o'clock,  
when a violent storm arose, & in an instant  
the boat and all that were in it went to the  
bottom, and were never more heard of,  
nor was any part of it ever seen. I often  
heard the story from my father, who al-  
ways added, "It has not made me super-  
stitious, but with awful gratitude, I never  
can forget, my life, by Providence, was  
saved by a dream."—*Blackwood's Mag.*

### DETECTING ROGUES.

Our once famous Mr. Morehead is said  
to have declared in his pulpit, that he knew  
of a man in the congregation who stole his  
neighbor's wood, and that he was deter-  
mined to throw his bible at the suspected thief,  
whereupon a certain man immediately dodg-

ed his head to avoid the blow. There is  
also a story of Nathl Ames of Dedham,  
the well known almanac maker. It is said  
"but we do not vouch for the truth of the  
story," that in a jovial company of his  
neighbors, one of them declared he had  
lost a small sum of money, and believed  
that some one of the persons present had  
stolen it. Ames told him he could identi-  
fy the thief, if he was present, without  
searching the pockets. He ordered the  
large kitchen pot to be brought into the  
room, the old cock to be brought from the  
hen roost and placed in it with the lid on.  
The room was then made perfectly dark,  
and each person was directed to rub his  
hand on the bottom of the pot. If any one  
was guilty of the theft, when he touched  
the vessel, Ames said the cock would crow.  
The ceremony was finished, but the cock  
gave no token of the approach of the crimi-  
nal. Come, said the astrologer, here must  
be some mistake, there is no thief among  
us; but let us look at your hands. On ex-  
amination with a light, it was found that  
one person present had not rubbed his hand  
on the pot. The inference was too strong  
to be resisted, & the culprit pleaded guilty  
to the charge.—*Boston Cour.*

The following account is given by the  
Rev. Leigh Richmond, as having been re-  
lated by a minister, in a meeting of the  
British and Foreign Bible Society:

A drunkard was one day staggering in  
drink on the brink of the sea. His little  
son by him, three years of age, being very  
hungry, solicited him for something to eat.  
The miserable father, conscious of his po-  
verty, and of the criminal cause of it, in a  
kind of rage, occasioned by his intemper-  
ance and despair, hurled the little inno-  
cent into the sea, and made off with him-  
self. The poor little sufferer, finding a  
floating plank by his side on the water,  
clung to it. The wind soon wafted him  
with the plank into the sea. A British man  
of war passing by, discovered the plank  
and child; and a sailor, at the risk of his  
own life, plunged into the sea and brought  
him on board. He could inform them lit-  
tle more than that his name was Jack.—  
They gave him the name of Poor Jack.—  
He grew up on board that man of war, be-  
haved well, and gained the love of all the  
officers and men. He became an officer  
of the sick and wounded department.—  
During an action in the late war, an aged  
man came under his care, nearly in a dy-  
ing state. He was all attention to the suf-  
fering stranger, but could not save his life.  
The aged stranger was dying, and thus  
addressed this kind young officer: "For  
the great attention you have shown me,  
I give you this only treasure that I am pos-  
sessed of"—presenting him with a bible,  
bearing the stamp of the British & Foreign  
Bible Society. "It was given me by a  
nephew; has been the means of my conver-  
sion; and has been a great comfort to me.  
Read it, it will lead you in the way you  
should go." He went on to confess the  
wickedness and profligacy of his life before  
the reception of his Bible; and among  
other enormities, how he once cast a little  
son three years old into the sea, because  
he cried to him for needful food! The  
young officer inquired of him the time and  
place, and found here was his own history.  
Reader, judge, if you can, of his feelings,  
to recognize in the dying old man, his own  
father, dying a penitent under his care!  
And judge of the feelings of the dying pen-  
itent, to find that the same kind young  
stranger was his son, the very son whom  
he had plunged into the sea; and had no  
idea but he had immediately perished! A  
description of their mutual feelings will  
not be attempted. The old man soon ex-  
pired in the arms of his son. The latter  
left the service, and became a pious pre-  
acher of the Gospel. On closing this story  
the minister, in the meeting of the Amer-  
ican Bible Society, bowed to the chairman,  
and said, "Sir, I am Poor Jack!"

### THE CROCODILE.

"As the Crocodile feeds in the Nile  
(says Herodotus) the inside of his mouth is  
always lined with bidella. All birds, one  
alone excepted, fly from the crocodile;  
but that bird, the trochilos, on the con-  
trary, flies to him with eagerness, and ren-  
ders him a great service; for every time  
that the crocodile lands to rest himself, and  
stretches himself out with open jaws, the  
trochilos enters his mouth, and clears it of  
the bidella which it finds there. The cro-  
codile is very grateful, and never does any  
injury to the little bird from which he re-  
ceives so good an office." Although this  
statement is confirmed by Aristotle, Pliny,  
and other ancient writers, it has been very  
generally discredited in modern times.—  
Recent inquiries, however, show that in  
this, as in most of his relations, the fa-  
ther of history is justified by the fact. The  
term "bidella" has hitherto been trans-  
lated "leech." It seems, however, that it  
is a kind of gnat, myriads of which swarm  
on the banks of the Nile, and attack the  
crocodile when he comes to repose on the  
sand. His mouth is not so hermetically  
closed but that they can enter, which they  
do in such numbers, that the interior of  
his palate which is naturally of a bright  
yellow, appears covered with a darkish

brown crust. The insects strike their trunks  
into the orifices of the glands, which a-  
bounds in the mouth of the crocodile; and  
his tongue being immovable, he cannot  
get rid of them. It is then that the trochi-  
los, a kind of little ring plover, which pur-  
sues the gnats every where, hastens to his  
relief, and dislodges his troublesome en-  
emies, without any danger to itself; the  
crocodile always taking care, when he is  
about to shut his mouth, to make certain  
movements, which warn the bird to fly a-  
way.

### MRS. H. TUCKER.

RESPECTFULLY informs her friends and  
customers, that having purchased her hus-  
band's interest in the store, she has resumed the  
business of Millinery and Mantu-making. She  
feels grateful to her friends and to the public,  
for the liberal encouragement she has received  
for the last ten years, and will still con-  
tinuance of their custom. She intends doing  
business only until Spring, and wishes her friends  
to call and see her goods, as she has now on hand  
a general assortment of Fancy Articles, which  
she will sell at reduced prices for Cash or on a  
short credit, to punctual customers.  
Raleigh, July 23, 1828. 83-4c

### FOR SALE.

A light SULKEY with a neat Harness. Apply  
at this Office.  
June 2. 75

### Notice to Merchants.

THE Subscriber begs leave to inform the Mer-  
chants of North Carolina, that he has made  
arrangements to commence the SHOES & LEA-  
THER BUSINESS in the CITY of NEW-YORK,  
and solicits their patronage. He flatters him-  
self that his long experience and extensive busi-  
ness in that line, for the last ten years, in Petersburg,  
Va. has given him a knowledge of the Southern  
Market, which will enable him to furnish goods  
better suited to their sales than most other es-  
tablishments of the kind in that City.

SAMUEL ROBINSON

N. B. The business above named commenced  
on the 1st inst. at No. 96, Maiden Lane, under  
the firm of ROBINSON & OLDS.  
Petersburg, 3d May, 1828. 66 3m

### JUST PUBLISHED.

AND for sale at the Book-store of J. Gales and  
Son, in Raleigh, price three dollars, a new  
Edition of the Office and Duty of a Justice of the  
Peace, and a Guide to Sheriffs, Coroners,  
Clerks, Constables and other Civil Officers in  
North Carolina. With an appendix, containing  
the Constitutions of this State and of the United  
States, and a collection of the most approved  
forms for the use of these Officers.

The new Edition of this valuable Work con-  
tains besides its former useful matter, the sub-  
stance of all the important Acts passed by the  
General Assembly from the year 1815, to the  
present period, which appear under their proper  
heads.

Orders for this new Work will be duly attend-  
ed to, from any part of the State.  
June 16, 1828.

### BANAWAY.

ABOUT a fortnight since, a negro man named  
A. Willis, commonly called Willis Falconer.  
He is of common size, about 25 or 24 years old,  
and has one eye injured, which can only be dis-  
covered by close examination. His occupation  
is that of a ditcher; he has worked for the last  
three or four years in the neighborhood of Ra-  
leigh, where his wife, a free woman, lives. It is  
supposed he is now at work near Raleigh or  
Pittsburgh, Chatham County. A reward of  
ten dollars will be given for his delivery to me  
in Greenville, or five dollars for securing him in  
jail so that I get him again.

JOHN HUNT,

Raleigh, July 2. 82-Grand.

### PRINTING INK.

J. GALES & SON have just received a fresh  
supply of News and Book Ink, of a superior  
quality, for summer use.  
July 16, 1828. 86

### Piano Fortes.

THE Subscriber begs leave to inform the pub-  
lic, that he has on hand and offers for sale,  
two new Pianos, with the additional keys,  
made in the modern style, and in a substantial  
manner. The lovers of music, and those wish-  
ing to purchase, are invited to call and examine  
them as to tone & touch. He would also inform the  
public, that he has for some time past, attended  
to stringing and tuning Pianos, and offers his  
services to those who may wish them in that ex-  
plicity. He has recently supplied himself with  
an assortment of the best German Strings, which  
will enable him to furnish new ones when neces-  
sary. Orders from a distance, as well as those  
in the city, are solicited, and will be promptly  
attended to.—WESLEY WHITAKER  
Raleigh, May 2d.

### TO SAVE IS TO GAIN.

OLD SHELL COMBS made new, broken ones  
mended, and new teeth put in, so as to leave  
no appearance of having been broken. In al-  
cases the Comb will be restored to the same  
firmness and transparency as when first made.  
Orders from a distance promptly attended to  
by J. E. LUMSDEN.

A few rods southeast of the Court House.  
Raleigh, June 12th, 1828. 76  
Cash, and the highest price given for old  
or broken shell combs, as above.

N. B.—Broken umbrellas also mended.

### NO NOTICE.

IS hereby given, that I shall apply to the Pre-  
sident and Directors of the Bank of the Uni-  
ted States at Philadelphia for the payment of the  
entire amount of an Hundred Dollar Note, pay-  
able at the Branch Bank at Boston, Letter H,  
No. 573, dated at Philadelphia, 10th Sept. 1824,  
Thos. Wilson, Cashr.—N. Biddle, West. The  
right hand half of said bill was mailed by Tho-  
s. F. Tarr, at the Post Office in Lagrange, Ala.  
Sept. 15th, 1827, enclosed in a letter directed  
to Jas. B. Tarr, Stan. comburg, N. C. which let-  
ter, with the half enclosed, was not received at  
Lagrange, Ala. 7 JAS. B. TARR.  
May 29th, 1828. 79-law3m