

RALEIGH REGISTER AND NORTH-CAROLINA GAZETTE.

VOL. XLIII.

SEMI-WEEKLY.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1842.

NO. 13.

Weston H. Gales,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS.
SUBSCRIPTION.—Five Dollars per annum—half in Advance.
ADVERTISEMENTS.—For every Sixteen Lines, first insertion, One Dollar; each subsequent insertion, Twenty-five Cents.
COURT ORDERS and JUDICIAL ADVERTISEMENTS will be charged 25 per cent. higher; but a deduction of 33 per cent. will be made from the regular prices, for advertisements by the year.
Advertisements, inserted in the SEMI-WEEKLY REGISTER, will also appear in the WEEKLY Paper free of charge.
Letters to the Editor must be POST-PAID.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE BUCCANEER.

The sails were filled, and fair the light winds blew. As glad to wait him from his native home. As fast the white rocks faded from his view.

Childs Haroide.

Whilst our country was yet in its infancy, and but a short time previous to the commencement of that ever memorable struggle which terminated in the political separation of the Colonies from the mother country there cruised off the shores of the West India Islands a Rover, by the name of the Black Buccaneer, a name given to him from the color of his vessel, whose exterior was painted black, the better to be screened from observation, when the Government cruisers obliged them to seek shelter and concealment amongst the creeks and inlets of the Islands.

Rumor had widely disseminated the daring exploits of the notorious Buccaneer, whose illicit proceedings were principally, if not exclusively, directed against the flag of Great Britain; but his enmity to that nation not only proved detrimental to their commerce, but also acted oppressively to ours, as we, at that time, acknowledged allegiance to the country, from whose oppressive enthrallment our illustrious forefathers subsequently emancipated themselves and their posterity.

Unparalleled success had hitherto invariably attended the most desperate actions of this man, and his numerous captures at length called the attention of the British Government, who fitted out a vessel for the express purpose of freeing the ocean from one who proved so great a scourge to the commercial interests of Great Britain and its dependencies. The command of this vessel was entrusted to an experienced officer, and we sailed from the United States Colonies with orders to let nothing interfere with our time and duty, until we had accomplished the object of our expedition.

At sunrise on the fifth morning subsequent to our departure, we discovered a vessel to leeward. Orders were instantly given to bear down, when, after an hour's sail, we discovered her to be a fore-top-sail schooner, lying low in the water, and shaping her course south westerly. When she perceived it was our intention to hail, she wore round and lay to, awaiting our approach.

As we drew near we had an opportunity of examining her more minutely, and every one on board asserted that she was the most beautiful craft they had ever beheld. Her tall spars had a graceful, though no more than ordinary rake, and the delicacy of their taper was only equalled by the proportionate tracery of the cordage that enshrouded them. The bows were exceedingly sharp, and bespoke the utmost fleetness, while the cutter rose with a graceful curve from the briny element, and was handsomely gammoned at the bowsprit. But one feature deteriorated from her extreme beauty, and that was the dark color of her hull, which was slightly, though imperceptibly from afar, relieved by a thin streak of red, that marked the lower chamber of her channels. Even the masts and the yards were of the same dingy color as the hull, and the only trait that broke the gloom of the head gear was the snow white canvass that fluttered aloft. Yet, amidst all this beauty, there was something suspicious in her appearance, probably imparted by the tenuity of her hue, or, perhaps engendered by the recollection of our errand.

As we neared her, five or six forms were observed, scanning us with apparent interest. Yet, still she lay in the wind's eye, her topsails thrown aback, and she resting, as motionless as a gull sleeping upon the ocean. We were dashing the spray aside, and every moment attaining a lessened intervention. When we had approached within hail our vessel wore round, and hoisting the cross of St. George, fired a gun, that the strange sail might satisfy us of her nation, by showing her colors. Scarcely had the echo of our gun died upon the breeze, when a black banner, bearing no device, unfurled itself from the stern of the stranger, and was instantly run to the extremity of the gaff.

"We must board," said our commander, after a quarter of an hour's cannonading, in which no signal advantage was gained by either party. "Fill away, my men, and stand by to heave the grapnels." The mandate was obeyed, and in a few moments we were lashed, and fought yard arm to yard arm, with the bravest and most formidable Buccaneer that ever ploughed the ocean.

The pirates were the first to board, headed by their notorious chieftain, they sprang upon our deck and fiercely assaulted our men; for a long time victory remained undecided, but then the Buccaneers began to falter; still they fought hand to hand, and with the infuriated frenzy of men who had experienced an opposition they did not anticipate, but still the tars of Old England met them with all the coolness experience had taught, so essential to victory. By this time one half the assailants lay dead or wounded upon the deck. Their cheering shouts were still heard, though faint, and almost drowned by the clash of arms, and the groans of the wounded and dying. Again they faltered and retired apace, but then the voice of their commander was heard above the ruthless din, urging them to another effort; again they formed and rushed madly upon our men, but they met the same pertinacious opposition as before, and they once more broke and retired. At this critical moment, when the pirates were retreating step by step from our quarter deck, their chieftain rushed forward, and cutting a passage with his sword, sprang down the hatchway, and rushing into the room seized the burning lamp, then shivering the partition of glass that separated it from the magazine, he entered. Those upon deck beheld the strange movement with wonder that can better be imagined than described, and both parties dropped their weapons to learn the issue of so strange an adventure.

Our commander, accompanied by a few of the officers, immediately descended, and the sight that met their agonized gaze was truly terrifying; the Buccaneer was standing sternly amongst the open powder with a lighted lamp in his tightly clinched fist, his face was blackened, and a stream of blood gushed down his cheek from a sabre cut in the forehead, with knit brows and resolution stamped in his countenance, he stood regarding those who began to crowd the light-room. "Stand back," shouted he, "if you regard your own safety, stand back; for by my soul, he who first advances, seals the doom of all on board."

There was something so terribly resolute in the tone and gestures of the pirate, that those around recoiled apace, but still continued to gaze with blanched cheeks and trembling lips upon the daring form of the determined Buccaneer.

"In the name of heaven, what do you intend?" asked our commander, breaking the painful silence, and scarcely believing the scene arrayed so palpably before him.

"Listen. Years have I cruised in these seas, but never have assaulted a vessel, but those who wore that detestable ensign of tyranny that now floats from your gaff; fortune has hitherto favored me, and I have been a scourge to your hated kingdom; to-day fate has decreed it otherwise; but tho' defeated, I still have the means of purchasing my freedom; and now, Britons, it remains for you either to grant my release, or to suffer the death your refusal must certainly bring."

"Our orders were especially to capture you," returned the commander, evasively, "and you are now our prisoner."

"Am I?" said the Buccaneer, glancing with a significance that could not be mistaken upon the deadly material that lay open before him.

"Years had flown by, and the memory of the Buccaneer had long ceased to occupy my mind. Our country had nobly asserted her independence at Lexington and Bunker Hill, and a splendid Naval Victory had been achieved in the British Channel, by the renowned Paul Jones, who was then on the coast and every hour expected in port.

The report of a gun burst upon the breeze, and a lofty ship was seen to enter the harbor. The citizens flocked by thousands to the beach, to welcome the hero who had so nobly showed the prowess of America on the very coast of Great Britain. A boat was sent pulling from the frigate—an officer was seated in the stern—a lively murmur passed through those that crowded the wharves—the boat stranded, and the gallant PAUL JONES leaped on the shore; but what was my astonishment at beholding in the countenance of the hero of the Bon Homme Richard, the stern though not unpleasing features of the Black Buccaneer.

A JOYFUL SURPRISE.

On the morning of the first day of the late election an interesting scene might have been witnessed in a low dilapidated dwelling somewhere in this goodly city. At the place and time mentioned, there might have been seen, sitting at a scantily furnished breakfast table, a man with good physical development, a prepossessing physical structure, but with a countenance moody and irritable. On his right sat a woman, his wife, little if any past the meridian of life, but exhibiting traces of a premature fading of a face and figure still mildly beautiful. At his left sat his daughter—a yet unblighted copy of her patient but sorrow stricken mother—in all the healthfulness of incipient womanhood. In this young woman's eyes tears were gathering, and as she turned her face towards her moody father they might have been seen glistening like the pearls of a summer morning, as the first beams of the sun glances on their crystal surface. Her heart was full, and her voice tremulous as she at length gained courage sufficiently to ejaculate,—"Father! The moody man started as tho' the sound of long forgotten melody echoed in his ears. He bent his gaze inquiringly on his trembling child and in accents unusually soft for him, said "Well, Bell, what would you?" "Bell! felt emboldened, and dressing her face in a sweet, pleasing smile, replied, "I would, father, that you would not go to the election to-day."

The frown reappeared—it was stern and bitter, as he asked sharply, "Why not?" Bell could not answer. She seemed anxious to escape from the angry gaze of a father whom, but a moment before, she hoped to conciliate. She was about to withdraw, when a voice of startling fierceness said to her, "Girl look on your father! You, but a child, presume to counsel him as to what he should do, and in this your doubtless act as the agent of your mother. I could have borne to be called a drunkard—aye a DRUNKARD!—and a shiver passed over him 'but' continued he "to have it insinuated by a child is too much. I shall go to the election. So bring me my hat. No word of remonstrance was heard and the miserable man rushed from his dwelling.

That day bitter tears were shed around the hearth stone of Powell P. Noon came, but so did not the father of the grief stricken Isabel. Night too, with its darkness loneliness, drew its curtains around, but no signs of the return of the infuriated—the fallen father and husband. Tedium wore the hours of night away. Often did the mother and daughter instinctively cling to each other as some casual noise induced the belief that the object of their solicitude had indeed come, but how did they dread to encounter the frowns—mayhap the imbricated curses, of him, who was the cause of their vigils! At length, the hour of midnight sounded, and as its echoes died away, the footsteps of the expected one was heard. How wildly beat the hearts of mother and daughter as Powell P. entered the door so long and early watched! He was there, before them, but not now harsh—for he was sober, calm and collected. So great was the joy of wife and daughter, that neither could give utterance to the wild emotions that played around their hearts, but they would not have spoken their words, lest the echo of a voice should have dispelled what seemed a pleasing illusion.

"Mabel! Isabel were the first words that greeted their ears, and in a moment both were crying for joy on his bosom. We need not detail the affecting conversation which followed, nor the joyful surprise with which the mother and daughter heard his resolves and hopes. It will all be sufficiently understood from a single expression of Powell P. as his daughter was about to retire to rest—"They were the sweetest words her ears had heard for many a long, long day. They were 'good night, my child, and may God ever bless you—you have saved your father!'"

That father had been to the election—he went determined to drink—to get drunk—but as he was about to raise the first dram to his mouth, the pleading countenance of his daughter seemed to rise before him! His good genius prevailed—the glass was replaced un-tasted on the counter—he left the place and with a high moral purpose, hastened to enroll himself among the advocates of Temperance. The pledge has been religiously kept—the visage of his mild and amiable wife is fast losing its careworn expression—"Bell!" has become the joyous hoping being she was destined to be, while Powell P. is fast regaining all his former vigor and nobleness. Often do these contented beings talk

over past scenes, while the amiable 'Mabel' fails not to designate the night of which we have spoken as that of "The joyous surprise."—*Rochester Daily Advertiser.*

"AMEN"—HIT OR MISS.

Elder Martin Ruter, afterward distinguished in the western country as a clergyman of the Holy Methodist faith, preached many years ago in a certain town at the east. He was a fluent and animated speaker, and although a staunch Methodist, was not over fond of the spontaneous burst of "Amen!" which was some years since generally the custom of the brethren and sisters to indulge in. An old friend of the name of Witcher, a devoted disciple of the cross, on one occasion interrupted Mr. Ruter a number of times during his exhortation, with a fervent ejaculation of "A-men." Elder R., at length paused and remarked, that it gave him pain to censure any brother; but he disliked exceedingly to be so often interrupted and he hoped he should not be, during the remainder of his discourse. Poor Witcher looked blue, but sat still as he could under the reproof, until the closing of Elder Ruter's discourse which being pathetic and impressive, the old man could contain himself no longer, and bringing his hand down slap upon his thigh, shouted at the top of his voice, "Amen—hit or miss!" Parson Ruter used to tell the story with a deal of animation.

STATE OF NORTH-CAROLINA.—Franklin County. Superior Court of Equity. Fall Term 1841. Benjamin T. Ballard, Charles Hines, Joel Harris and Sally P. Harris his wife, Mary Jane Mitchell and Sally Ann Mitchell, infants under the age of twenty-one, by Leroy Mitchell their father and next friend, complainants.

STATE OF NORTH-CAROLINA.—Franklin County. Superior Court of Equity. Fall Term 1841. Joseph E. Hines and William Hines infants under the age of twenty-one years, children of Millington Hines. Ogburn and Nancy Ogburn his wife and Caldwell Hines defendants.

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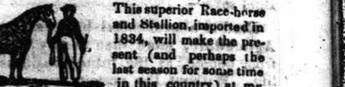
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SARPEDON.



This superior Race-horse and Stallion, imported in 1834, will make the present (and perhaps the last season for some time in this country) at my Stable near Lenoirville, Granville County, North Carolina, to commence the 15th instant, and expire first day of July, 1842, at the very low price of \$60, if paid within the season, or \$75 paid out of it, with \$1 cash to the groom. Mares will be fed at \$10 per month, and colored servants boarded gratis. By the middle of April, I shall have excellent pasturage free. Mares that are fed, the account must be settled before they can be taken away. Every care will be taken to prevent escapes or accidents, but no responsibility for any.

In color Sarpedon is a rich brown, 15 hands three inches high, of great strength and substance, with a superior back and loin, and very game appearance. Sarpedon's Pedigree being generally known, I will merely remark that perhaps one great reason of his running powers and fastness of his colts, is the richness and purity of his blood. He partakes more largely of the old hand bottomed stock of England, than any other horse in this country, with my knowledge; I mean particularly the Benningbrough and Mambrino blood as well as Highflyer, Herod and Matchem. He was got by the renowned Emilius, out of Scaria, &c.—See Stud Books.

Notwithstanding the indifferent opportunity which Sarpedon has had in the 'stud, he has greatly distinguished himself; and by dint of superior merit, has forced himself upon the attention of the public, as being perhaps now the best Stallion in the United States. Several of his colts have proved winners and capital ones, from Mares that never produced Race horses of any other Stallion.

His colts have won at all distances, and are remarkable for their unfinishing game and superior wind. I will designate by name several of his get that have won both in this part of the country and in the West, viz: Flea, Duckie, Camden, Sleeper, Templar, Banjo Bill, Wellington, Duana, Gouger, Susan Tyler, Gray Leigh, &c., several of which have won at four mile heats. The Subscriber therefore, with great confidence, recommends him to the patronage of an enlightened public. EDMUND TOWNES, February 1, 1842. 11-4w

29th FEBRUARY.

THE WASHINGTON TEMPERANCE SOCIETY, of Raleigh, will celebrate the anniversary of the birth-day of the illustrious Washington, on Tuesday, the 22d instant, in an appropriate manner. The Auxiliary Societies throughout the State are cordially invited to attend; and together with the friends of Temperance and the public generally. Members from other Associations, will please present themselves to the Standing Committee, at the City Hall, on the morning of the 22d instant. The Procession will be formed in the afternoon, in the front of the City Hall.

S. W. WHITING, WILLIAM ASHLEY, CHARLES FRAZIER, JOHN W. HARRISON, JAMES PUTTICK, Standing Committee. Feb. 7, 1842. 12-4w



NEW LIVERY STABLE.—The Subscriber, having rented the Stables formerly belonging to the Washington Hotel in Raleigh, respectfully inform the public, that they are prepared to keep horses by the day, month or year, upon as good terms as any other persons in the city. They are determined, that nothing shall be wanting on their part, to give entire satisfaction to those who may favor them with their custom. Riding and carriage horses, Sulkeys, Barouches and Hacks kept constantly on hand for hire. JOHN C. MOORE & CO. Raleigh, Feb. 13. 12-3

A TEACHER WANTED. A TEACHER, capable of teaching the English Branches (usually taught in Academies), together with the Greek, and who can also well recommend, would find a situation in Bertie County, at Oak Grove Academy, about two miles from Windsor. Address Mr. Thomas C. Watson, or the subscriber, Windsor, N. C. JONATHAN S. TAYLOR. February 8, 1842. 12-5w

LAST CALL. TO THOSE INTERESTED.—All persons indebted to the late firm of OLIVER & SMITH are hereby informed that unless they call upon me and settle their notes and accounts by February Court, I shall, without distinction, place them in train for collection. SYLVESTER SMITH. Raleigh, Feb. 8, 1842. 12-

LINSEED OIL AND WHITE LEAD. JUST received a superior article of Linseed Oil and White Lead, for sale low at N. L. SMITH'S Drug Store, Next door to W. A. Smith. February 1, 1842. 10

NOTICE TO OUR FRIENDS.—The Subscribers wish to apprise their friends and customers generally, that they have on hand Two Hundred Boxes of Cheating Tobacco, from twelve to eighteen months old, and of favorite brands. They invite their attention to this article, which they are assured will be approved. Their Factory is the same which was occupied by Rumbaugh, Field &c. during the past year, where they hope to receive that patronage which was so liberally extended to the old firm. R. RAMBAUGH & ROBINSON. Feb. 3. 12-3w

MR. EDITOR.—Permit me, through the medium of your Paper, to say to my friends and correspondents, that I am and have been, since the 23d of December last, located at Woodville, Bertie County, in which place I wish all communications made in future. J. H. BROOKS. February 1. 12-3w

NOTICE.—The Washington Temperance Society of Onslow proposes to hold a County Convention in Pitsboro, on Saturday the 22d February next, for the purpose of having a fair and open interchange of opinion with other Societies upon the subject of Temperance. The people of the County without distinction, and all others friendly to the cause, are earnestly invited to attend. By order of the Society, WM. STEDMAN, Clerk. Pitsboro January 31. 12