

# RALEIGH REGISTER,

## AND NORTH-CAROLINA STATE GAZETTE.

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

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### THE REGISTER

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#### ADVERTISEMENTS

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From the National Intelligencer.  
AN AMERICAN NOVEL, OR TALE.

We never are more agreeably, nor as we conceive, more worthily employed, than when directing the attention of our readers to those efforts of Genius or Science which are placing us above the sneers and reproaches of the old world. Americans have been hitherto too busy to produce many works of fancy, but the numerous attempts now making to depict our manners, customs, and scenery, will ere long free us from that reproach. if reproach it be, and furnish us with abundance of recreative books of domestic origin. Among the works of this description which have been recently announced, is one, which has not yet been published, entitled "*Tales of an American Landlord, containing Sketches of Life South of the Potomac.*" An extract from that work has been published, with high commendation, in the New-York Commercial Advertiser. We have not had an opportunity of perusing the work itself, but we have been permitted to publish the following extract from it, which we have been furnished with from a highly respectable source. The principal inducement for the selection of this particular passage for publication, is the appearance in it of him who is now the Nation's Guest. But, independent of that circumstance, we have no hesitation in pronouncing this extract to the full as interesting, to say the least of it, as any passage of equal length which could be culled from the last work of the British "*Great Unknown*," as he is affectingly styled. If the whole of this writer's "*Tales*" correspond with this extract, we too shall have our "*Unknown*," the productions of whose pen will be read with avidity, and admired almost as much as if the scenes were laid among the rocks and heath of the Scottish border, instead of the woods and mountains of our own free land.

"That memorable campaign had commenced, which ended in the capture of a British army, and emancipated these United States from the mother country. Cornwallis, Leslie, and Philips, were concentrating their forces to subjugate Virginia; while Lafayette, the honored friend of America, was straining every nerve to save the country, whose cause he had so heartily and generously espoused, from the hand of the spoiler.

These dreadful notes of preparation reached even to the quiet shades of Indian Spring Valley. Langhorne did not wish to hear them; but they would be heard; and his devotion to the fair Quaker was soon put to bitter proof. A few of Basil's neighbors assembled to pay their respects to the friends who had taken refuge at his house, on the invasion of the British; and, as "To arms! To arms!" was not more the cry of belted warrior, than of rustic swain, of high born lady, than of country maid; this little party breathed nothing but defiance to the foe. A lively girl, after several sly hints that the Captain was quite recovered of his wound, completed the *ballad* in which she had indulged, by singing the following couplets, from a song which had just then made its appearance:

"While all around  
We hear no sound  
But War's terrific strain,  
The drum demands  
Our patriot bands,  
And cludes each tardy swain.  
  
Our country's call  
Arouses all  
Who dare be brave and free;  
My love shall crown  
That youth alone,  
Who saves himself and me."

"Captain Langhorne has left the service," Miss Bell, said a young volunteer, with a cockade in his hat as big as a pancake. "He is done with these matters; but, if a poor Ensign might serve the turn, I know one who will stand a shot for you; and, now I think of it, I saw Col. Monroe yesterday—he sent his compliments to you, Captain."

"I am to join Mercer's troop to-morrow," said another, "if the Captain has any commands for him."

Alexander did not eye the physician more steadily than did Nancy Noland and Basil the poor Captain.

"He minds not these silly worldlings," thought Nancy.

"He is but a lost man, if he does," thought Basil, "so far as regards his love affairs, at least."

Langhorne's countenance indicated nothing which could lead them to suppose he regretted his retirement from the tented

field; and the valiant volunteers, and the fair damsels, who only waited to reward their hardy deeds until they should have performed them, took their leave.

A severer trial now awaited him. The young company had scarcely departed, when a trooper, galli caparisoned, mounted on a superb charger, and armed to the teeth, alighted at the door, and inquired for Captain Langhorne.

Langhorne had just renewed his solicitations to Nancy for their immediate marriage; and had led so many arguments in favor of it, that, with real modesty, but with unbounded affection, she suffered him to prevail, and the next day but one was fixed for the performance of the ceremony. Such was the situation of the young lovers, when the Captain was summoned to attend the soldier, who, after making the military obeisance, handed him the following letter:

"I am delighted to hear, my dear Langhorne, that your foot is again in the stirrup. I write from your own house, where I have this moment called, expecting, not having seen or heard from you, to find you still on your back.

"I am glad you resigned the commission you held. It makes way for the appointment in Weedon's brigade, which I now send you, at his request. I saw, yesterday, your neighbor Simmonds. The fellow, out of cold blood, and false heart, refuses to turn out. He pestered me with some bald, disjointed chat, about your turning Quaker. I could divide myself, and go to buffets, for having listened one moment to such a dish of skimmed milk. See to have his horses pressed, as you come along.

"But, good my friend, what has taken you to Indian Spring Valley, at this bustling time? Surely you have no hopes of bringing the broad brim of its owner into the field, though some of your men, who were with you in the affair at Old Noland's, tell me Basil is a stout fellow, and brave, and I shall not be surprised to see him in a steel cap. These times would rouse the heart of a Levoret. You may be surprised to find me in the saddle again. But General — has removed all my scruples on the subject of the Monmouth affair; and, indeed, what scruples of honor, conscience, or religion, can exist on the subject, when the foot of the merciless invader presses the soil which gave us birth? Adieu. You will have a noble parcel of fellows to command. Even now they stand like greyhounds in the slips, straining upon the start. You are not the man to let their mettles cool."

"Expecting to see you in three days at farthest, I am, dear Langhorne, yours—"

"P. S. I had given my letter (I open it to add this) to my Orderly, with directions to find you immediately, when some surmises, which have reached my ear, induce me to request you will meet me to-morrow, at the place Johnson will mention to you. Langhorne, as you value your honor and my friendship, meet me!"

"Will you not take some refreshment, and have your horse fed?" said Langhorne, "with an air of abstraction and indecision."

"My orders," said the trooper, "were to return instantly, with your honor's answer—The Colonel will be at the Buck Tavern at twelve precisely. Will your honor meet him there at that hour?"

Langhorne started as he felt Nancy's hand on his arm. "May I see the letter?" she said, in the soothing accents of love and friendship, "which appears to give thee so much concern?"

"I can scarcely wish, as yet," he replied, in much confusion, "that you should see it—that is, until I can make up my mind as to what answer to make to it. The vile British, Nancy, as you know, are pouring into our states in every direction, and I am written to, by a highly esteemed and long valued friend!"

"To come and imbrute thy hands again in their blood," said she, interrupting him—"and thou wilt go—Yes, Charles, I see it in thy flushed cheek and agitated voice—yes, thou wilt go. Oh, infernal of purpose! Why didst thou dissemble with a poor forlorn girl, who has so few friends in this world? She can little afford to recal her fondest affections from one so valued—so!"

He was about to renew his protestations of sincerity, and his abhorrence of the practice of war, when he was interrupted by the trooper.

"I await your honor's commands. My orders were to dispatch and return."

"One moment, my good fellow," said Langhorne, "Nancy, I will meet my friend, and so fully satisfy him that I cannot with honor join the brigade, that!"

"Thou canst not, without dishonor," returned she, "refuse to join it, according to his, and, alas! I fear, thy view of the subject: Charles, thou wilt go out from among us. Oh, my foolish he!" how could it ever suppose thou wast of us?"

"But I have not, as yet," said Langhorne, "determined to go."

"If thou hast one doubt on the subject," said she, "thou hast deceived me"—and she entered the house, and retired to her room.

Will you be offended at her abrupt manner, Langhorne seized the opportunity, which his momentary sense of displeasure afforded him, to tell the Trooper, he would meet his friend, Colonel —, at the time and place appointed.

"Charles Langhorne," said Basil, at breakfast the next morning, "has gone to meet a friend on business of importance, and will return by 6 o'clock this evening at farthest."

"Did he leave no letter?" said Nancy, endeavoring to speak with composure.

"No letter," was the answer, "but a positive assurance of speedy return."

From motives of true delicacy and real feeling, Basil absented himself from the house during the greater part of the day, and Nancy was left alone. "How expectation and uncertainty load the wings of Time," repeated the poor girl, as she wandered from room to room; "and yet why should I wish the

hour to arrive in which I can no longer hope?"

The clock, after a long, long day, struck six.

"I will neither be unjust or unkind," she said, as she turned her eyes from the road on hearing the sound of the departed hour. "I will, for his sake, suffer myself to hope one hour longer; and then—Oh, then," she exclaimed, clasping her hands, "I must remember him—only in my prayers!"

The hour passed—the night closed in—and Nancy Noland, with a convulsive shiver, resigned the hope of ever again meeting Charles Langhorne. At the very moment she was endeavoring to bear, as became her, this afflictive dispensation, a horseman was heard rapidly to approach. "Oh how I wronged him," she exclaimed, as she sprung forward to meet—not Langhorne—but his servant, bearing a letter. It appeared to have been written in a moment of great agitation, arising from the conflict which raged within him, between his love and his sense of honor and duty.

It contained assurances of his inviolable attachment, his unbounded love, but ended with the information that such an appeal had been made to him, that she herself, in the event of his refusal to arm in defence of his country, must have despised him.

"It is my deserved reward," said Nancy; "it is only my deserved reward, for going out from amongst mine own people. On what a sandy foundation did I build. He! he! one of God's converts! No, no—he was one of my converts. Never, oh! never let her look for happiness who depends on that change which is effected in the habits and disposition of a lover by other means than by the sanctifying influence of the Holy Spirit leading them into all truth. Least of all, let her trust to the evanescent power of her own charms."

Nothing could exceed the delicate manner in which Basil Roberts bore himself, under these trying circumstances, towards his fair guest, or the considerate regard which he paid to her feelings.

Several weeks passed away, and though the country rang with the clash of arms, he cautiously avoided any mention of the numerous reports, which daily reached him, concerning the operations of the contending forces. But this silence could no longer be preserved. The storm of war was rolling onward, and the thunder which had hitherto growled at a distance, was now about to burst even over Indian Spring Valley.

"We must remove to my Aunt Betsey's," said Basil; "she lives in an out-of-the-way corner; and, as her house is large and airy, I think we will even venture upon her—oh! I make thee not sure of warm welcome, Nancy."

A small body of horse were perceived, even as Basil was speaking, to march over the brow of the hill; and Nancy, vanquishing all reluctance to brave the inhospitable Aunt, proposed their instant departure.

This retreat had been selected by many inhabitants of the Valley; and, when Basil and Nancy arrived, they found, to their astonishment and regret, the old lady's house already crowded. Little reason as the persons who sought refuge in this secluded spot had to congratulate themselves on the kind reception which they received at the hands of old Aunt Betsey, still less might they consider themselves fortunate in their search for a place of safety; for, contrary to all calculation on the subject, it proved to be in the very line of the American army's march, and the British were pressing warmly on their heels.

Removal, however, until the following morning, was deemed inexpedient, and as the young females, for of such the party was chiefly composed, were sitting round the dimly-lighted and every way uncomfortable room—the sudden rush of horses' feet was heard. The riders halted at the door—and ere the terrified, & screaming damsels could escape from their seats amid the jingling of spurs—the heavy tramp of horsemen's boots—the trundling of swords, and words of menace to the horses at the door, an officer entered, and requested, in a polite manner, that accommodation for the night might be afforded the Marquis de la Fayette.

Terror of the British gave instant place to the most intense curiosity to see the friend of America, and even the lively sallies and fine compliments of an elegant young Frenchman who had immediately followed the officer, could not subdue their impatience to see him enter. He had amused the girls greatly by his answers to their inquiries. What sort of a man was a Marquis? when (in the midst of a keen encounter of the wits, between him and the young lady we have mentioned as Miss Bell) a trumpet was sounded, and an officer of distinction, well known in that district, stepped hastily up to the young gallant, exclaiming with great animation, "My Lord Marquis, that is Langhorne, and he has done the deed—made clean work of it, my Lord—cut up the whole party, to a man; at least so says his Orderly."

"Ah! mon cher Langhorne, j'étais sur que vous le feriez dans une manière comme il faut."

"You may indeed say that, my Lord; after such a march too—fell in with them about 4 this afternoon, dashed at them at once, and made root and branch work of it, I warrant. Johnson says the whole detachment were cut to ribbands in less than half an hour; but see, my Lord, here is the man himself."

Miss Bell had not ceased her exclamations of surprise, terror, and delight at the idea of the freedom she had used with the great Marquis, when Charles Langhorne entered.

"Oh, Miss Nancy!" she said, "see, there is another instance of my impression. The last time I saw that gentleman, to think how I dared to jeer him about his resignation, and now, my stars and garters! only look at him—see how composed he looks as he is telling how he killed the English, and seems to think no more of it than if they had been so many woodcocks; and then the great Marquis so pleased, shaking and squeezing his hand at

every word, and the officers all in such glee at the news. Do but look, Miss Ann Noland, do, bless you now, look if ever you saw anything so interesting. He has told what he had to say, and has flung his horseman's cap on the table, and now he leans against the wall, one hand resting on his monstrous sword. Don't he seem almost spent? What can make him so melancholy though?"

The garrulous young lady might have spared her breath. Nancy Noland saw it all, and that which drew every eye on her lover with feelings of admiration and respect, filled her with horror and unutterable regret.

"Oh," she cried in the bitterness of her heart, "how will he, how can he escape?—How, with all this combination against him, can he fail to love the praise of men more than the praise of God—and, alas! at what a price does he purchase it?"

The success which had attended the enterprise entrusted to Langhorne still engaged the attention and conversation of the officers, when the Marquis taking him aside, asked him if he would not think him unreasonably exacting if he required him to undertake another most important service on the following morning.

"You of all men, my Lord Marquis," said Langhorne, "can never ask, what an American should not, at least, try to perform—you to whom we owe such a boundless debt of gratitude. Still less, my Lord, should we be backward to perform that duty for ourselves which you are ever ready to engage in for us."

"And for myself," said the Marquis, solemnly, "and for myself. The virtuous Americans will achieve the glorious adventure in which they have engaged. Their independence will be the fruit of their toils—their liberty will be secured. But oh! Langhorne, my poor oppressed country—what will be her fate in the great struggle which I foresee she will shortly make for freedom. Alas! I fear the arm of the oppressor will prove, in the end, too strong for her. Yes, my friend, I am fighting in my own cause, and haply, when weary with the storms of fate, and sick with witnessing evils which I cannot cure, I will return to this, my adopted country, and lay my aged bones among you."

"And when you do return," said Langhorne, "you will be received with a shout of such joyous welcome, as will cause you to forget you were not born in a land which is so truly yours."

The Marquis demanded the attention of his officers, and they left the room; nor did Langhorne know he had been in the presence of Nancy Noland.

The correct information which Basil had now an opportunity of acquiring, as to the probable scene of contest and disturbance, determined him to return to Indian Spring Valley, as the safest retreat. He therefore set out on early the following morning, with Nancy, and the greater part of the young company assembled at Aunt Betsey's.

They had reached a hill commanding a view of a bridge which they had been cautioned to attempt to gain at an early hour, when they found they were too late; a party of the British were in possession; for by means of it, a considerable detachment of their army was that day to pass the river.

Basil and his division of non-combatants were about to retrace their steps, when a body of horse passed them, at full speed. On gaining the brow of the hill, and perceiving the enemy the trumpet sounded, and they rushed down on the charge.

This was a scene from which it was impossible that Basil and his party could turn their eyes; and they watched the event, with feelings which can be more easily imagined than described.

The British, on the first appearance of the horse, had thrown themselves into a hollow square; for the ground being entirely open at the bridge, there was nothing to prevent their being surrounded. The attacking party had advanced almost on the point of their bayonets ere they fired. For some moments the whole contest was concealed from the view of the persons on the hill. At length horses without riders ran from the spot—as the smoke rolled away in volumes, it was all one wild scene of confusion—the gleam of the flashing broadswords was first seen—then men, horses, muskets, bayonets, all mingled together. Shouts and shrieks were heard; and after an agonizing suspense of ten minutes, all was hushed. The bridge was fired—the British stretched on the plain. Pressing on at the head of his troop, Nancy had recognized Charles Langhorne. The battle was over, our countrymen victorious, and our little party, pacific as it was, shared in the joy of the conquerors. Alas! they were also deeply to share in their sorrows.

"I will but hear that he survives," said Nancy—"only tell me so much—I wish to hear nothing of his glory, as you call it." Basil, who had returned from the bloody spot, only replied by desiring her to be composed.

"He is not killed!" cried Nancy, with a shriek that thrilled through every heart. "If there is one spark of life I will see him. Tell me not of the place—I will go to him—I will not be stayed."

"It cannot avail," said Basil, with the deepest emotion—"he is gone."

"I was not prepared," said Nancy—"I was not"—Her utterance was impeded. After an ineffectual attempt to articulate, her eyes closed, and she lost in insensibility the present scene of her anguish.

Little remains to be said—Nancy had but one friend—that friend was undeviatingly true to her. For months he respected her sorrows, and yielded all his wishes to her feelings. She had lost her lover, but she valued her friend; and in due time saw fit to reward his constancy. She married Basil Roberts, with a full understanding that she would never forget Charles Langhorne."

### Just Received,

At the Bookstore of J. Gales & Son, an assortment of Music, consisting of the most fashionable songs and pieces.

### Dr. H. Hardy,

HAVING removed his office to Halifax, offers his services to the people, and hopes to receive a part of their patronage: he has taken the house formerly occupied by Dr. Marrast, next door below the Farmer's Hotel, and opposite the Bank. He promises fidelity, promptitude and moderation in the practice of the profession. He has on hand and intends keeping a general ASSORTMENT OF MEDICINES, which he will sell at reduced prices for cash, or on a short credit.

Halifax, N. C. Aug. 18th, 1824. 83-66.

### C. J. Tooker,

#### Cabinet Maker & Upholsterer;

HAVING contracted to furnish the Capitol of North Carolina, begs leave to inform the inhabitants of Raleigh and its vicinity, that he is about to establish himself in the above line, near the Capitol Square, where he hopes by the aid of good materials, sound workmanship, and some little display of taste, to merit a share of public patronage.

May 20.

### Runaway

FROM me at Lancaster Courthouse, South Carolina, on the 29th of this instant, my Negro Man BOB. He is about 21 or 22 years of age, has a pleasant countenance, speaks pretty quick, converses sensibly, and both reads and writes. He rather inclines to the yellowish color, of low stature and not very heavy made, will weigh about 125 or 130—Bob has been often at sea and has contracted something of a sailor's air when walking. His teeth are very white, and has a small scar (I think) below his right eye—his hands and feet are small. Bob had on when he left me, a small chip hat, blue cloth pantaloons, but he will change, as he has other clothes, and it is likely he will wear a blue broadcloth coat with gilt buttons. He took with him a pair of short boots with revolving heels, also a bible and a small psalm and hymn book. It is likely Bob will change his name and attempt to pass for a free man. I think he will make for the North—and may attempt to get a passage by water. Few negroes have the cunning and sense he has. About two years ago I bought him out of Jail, sold as a runaway for his fees. I will give twenty dollars to any person who will lodge him in any Jail in the United States.

MINOR CLINTON.  
July 31. 77 10w

### Committed

TO the Jail of this County on the 31st July last, a mulatto man, who says his name is Richard. He is about 27 years of age, about 5 feet 9 or 10 inches high, stout made and says he has been run away about three years, and that he belongs to the heirs of Hoped Jones, dead, who lives in Halifax County, in this State.

Also, committed to this Jail on the 21st instant, a mulatto man who calls himself Reuben, who says he is a bricklayer by trade and belongs to Abraham Spencer of the town of Oxford, Granville County N. C. The owners are requested to come forward prove property, pay charges &c.

WM. G. HAYNES, Jailor.  
Rockford, Surry County, N. C. 83-3w

### \$100 REWARD.

RUN AWAY, or was stolen from the subscriber on the night of the eighth instant, a bright mulatto woman (slave) and her child, a girl of about four years old. This woman ran away from the subscriber, executor of John Hunt, dec'd, in the summer of 1808, and passed as a free woman by the name of Patsy Young, until about the first of June last, when she was apprehended as a runaway. On the 6th of the same month I obtained possession of her in the town of Halifax; since which time, by an order of Franklin county court, she and her child Eliza have been sold, when the subscriber became the purchaser. She spent the greater part of the time she was run away, (say about sixteen years,) in the neighborhood of and in the town of Halifax; one or two summers at Rock-Landing, where I am informed she cooked for the hands employed on the Canal. She has also spent some of her time in Plymouth, her occupation while there not known. At the above places she has many acquaintances. She is a tall spare woman, thin face and lips, long sharp nose, and fore-teeth somewhat decayed. She is an excellent seamstress, can make ladies and gentlemen's dresses, is a good cook and weaver, and I am informed is a good cake-baker and beer-brewer, &c. by which occupations she principally gained her living. Some time during last summer she married a free man of colour named Achracl Johnson, who had been living in and about Plymouth, and followed boating on the Roanoke. Since his marriage, he leased a farm of Mr. James Cotton of Scotland-Neck, Halifax county, where he was living together with this woman, at the time she was taken up as a runaway slave in June last. I have but little doubt, that Johnson has contrived to seduce or steal her and child out of my possession, and will attempt to get them out of the State and pass as free persons. Should this be the case, I will give sixty-five dollars for his detection and conviction before the proper tribunal, in any part of this State. I will give for the apprehension of the woman and child, on their delivery to me, or so secured in jail or otherwise that I get them, thirty-five dollars; or, I will give twenty-five dollars for the woman alone, and ten dollars for the child alone. The proper name of the woman is Patsy, but she will no doubt change it as she did before.

I forwarn all owners of boats, captains and owners of vessels, from taking on board their vessels, or carrying away this woman and her child Eliza, under the penalty of the law.

NAT. HUNT.  
August 15. 80 2