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THE OLD FERRY HOUSE AT NEW-YORK.

Every one is acquainted with the little old-fashioned house in Broad street on the right hand side coming up from the river, which was formerly the *Ferry House*, where people embarked for, and landed from, the opposite shores. It is a two story structure, built with Holland bricks, covered with Holland Tiles, and exhibiting the old fashioned Dutch taste, in every part. The end is turned towards the street, and the roof is sufficiently steep to turn the rain, it having probably occurred to the simple folk of those days, that this was the principal use of having a roof at all. Some years ago, I remember to have seen a little sheet-iron boat perched on the sharp pinnacle of this old building, and veering about in the wind, like a trusty weathercock; but this is now taken down, nor can I learn what has become of the venerable relic, which, to my shame I confess, I should value were it my possession, almost as highly as a Babylonian brick, or even the head of Memnon, lately so gallantly cut off by the famous modern travelling Quixotte M. Belzoni.

It was here the people of the country round, were in the habit of coming to land with their marketing, and here they were accustomed to wait, till the boats were ready to carry them over again. At the time referred to, from Corlars Hook to the point of the battery, was a naked beach of sand, with here and there a little projecting point of rocks, and the space between Broad-street, and the East river, presenting a few detached houses, dispersed at intervals, and surrounded by little gardens. The name of Cherry-street, is said to be derived from the circumstance of its being laid out through a large public garden, in which was the only bowling green in the city, and where on a Saturday afternoon the wealthy people who could afford to be idle a few hours in a week, resorted to play at bowls, or look on, and smoke their pipes. Beyond this, lay the meadow of Wolfert Webbers, of whom nothing I believe is known, but his name.

Somewhat more than a century ago, the little old Ferry House, I have just been describing, was the scene of an event, which is related in an old diary of one of the Cockloft family, still preserved at the hall with pious care by his worthy descendants. This old gentleman like all the rest of the family, was somewhat of a humorist, although possessed of a very considerable degree of learning, and a more than ordinary degree of common sense; for after all, I believe it will be found in general that those we denominate humorists, are for the most part, people who choose to think and act for themselves in defiance of caprices of fashion, or the changes of manners. He resided entirely at his farm, and with all his eccentricities, was a man of singular method as well as exemplary industry, and his feelings were so quick, that they often exhibited themselves, in rather an odd way. It is still remembered, that on one occasion when a little daughter fell from the steps of the porch, to the great alarm of the whole family, the old gentleman actually snatched her up, and boxed her ears soundly. Most people would have taken this for sheer tyranny, but I am assured it proceeded from an excess of affectionate terror. His diary is exceedingly minute, and contains not only his actions, but his reflections on almost every subject, together with various extracts from the books he read, interspersed with receipts for curing horses, trimming apple trees, killing caterpillars, and making all sorts of savoury dishes. To this day my worthy cousin Christopher, never gives a dinner, without telling the story of the old gentleman always warming his wine, and trimming his apple trees on the back of an old white horse, which with singular aptitude, he called old Brown.

The following little story is detailed

in the hand writing of this old gentleman, but whether related as having occurred to himself or from the information of some other eye-witness is somewhat doubtful. I should rather be inclined to believe the latter supposition correct, as he died just at the end of the revolutionary war, and though upwards of ninety years of age, could hardly have been so conspicuous an actor in the scene. Be this as it may, the whole is carefully recorded in his diary, and in immediate succession to the following memorandum:

"April 12th.—Unpleasant weather—wind N. N. E.—I think it will blow a gale—no blossoms yet—Dutch nightingales quiet."

"It was on the evening of the 12th of April, one thousand seven hundred and four, and a bitter evening it was, as ever I saw at that season of the year. The north east had increased gradually, ever since morning, and now blew a terrible storm of wind, accompanied by rain that spit in the face like drops of boiling water. The river was as black as my hat, except where the white caps, curled like winding sheets round shipwrecked mariners, buried in the roaring waves. There was not a boat to be seen, either on the rivers, or in the bay; not a sail enlivened the bosom of the watery waste, and nothing was heard, but the sad shrill shriek of the wind which mastered every other sound.

"No boat had come over from the opposite shore, since early in the morning, and the market people, sat waiting in the Ferry House, with the querulous impatience of people in such situations. One good woman had left her poor little child to the care of a girl that she feared would neglect her; another had her dairy to attend to, and various were the alleged inconveniences that would result from the detention of the others from their home all night. There was not one but could have been better spared any other night in the whole year. Every instant some one would run out into the pelting storm, to look which way the little ferry boat on the top of the house pointed, and whenever a bitter flaw howled louder over their heads, their eyes were turned towards each other with a woeful expression implying, 'We shall never get over to night.'

"In the midst of this war of hopes and fears, arising out of the little rubs of every day life, seated in one of the darkest corners of the room, was a figure apparently little interested in the struggle. It was a very old man, if one might judge by the few hairs, as white as snow, that strayed from under a low wide brimmed hat looped up at the back, but shading his face so that nothing could be seen but the mouth and chin, that ever and anon, moved with a tremulous motion, which might either arise from a slight affection of the palsy, or of the heart. There was little to mark him from the common people around; but notwithstanding his dress was not only plain but threadbare, a gold headed cane, and large square silver buckles, seemed to indicate, that at least he had seen better days. In the accidental assemblage of people, having little or no connexion with each other, and every one occupied by his own cares, hopes, and fears—some amusing themselves counting their market money, others occupied in the usual predictions of weather-wise and weather-bound travellers, it was not probable such a figure, so silent, abstracted and unobtrusive, would excite either interest or curiosity. He might be deaf, dumb, or asleep, it was a matter of no sort of consequence; for it is a melancholy truth, that the aged are very often placed in situations, where if they did not excite it by querulous complaints, they would meet with but little attention from those around them.

"But he happened, I can hardly tell for what reason, to excite my curiosity, perhaps something better. I know not whether it has occurred to others, but it has to me—to see persons carrying in their very costume, figure, and air, something almost as pathetic, as a story of actual suffering. I could never analyze this mysterious sympathy, nor give a reason for it; but I am convinced there is a pathetic in dress and air, as well as in language and expression. Thus, notwithstanding the speechless, and motionless quiet of this old man, I could not help fancying he must be labouring under some intense feeling of grief or anxiety. As I watched him with unaccountable interest, I observed that at every shrill blast of the wind, he seemed to shrink, as if from some terrible apprehension,

heightened by the conviction thus brought to his senses, that the storm was raging more fiercely than ever. I could occasionally distinguish the long tremulous, shuddering sigh, which relieves the overcharged heart, when the fountains of the eye are no longer able to supply the comfort of tears.

"It was now the dusk of evening; the candles were lighted within doors, and the great lantern hung out, as a beacon to those who might be on the water in that tempestuous night. The master of the house now came in to still the agitations of hope, by announcing there was now no possibility of crossing that night. The important arrangement of beds now began to occupy the company, which concluded, the industrious dames took out their knitting, or resorted to some other occupation to turn the time to advantage till the hour for going to bed. While these arrangements were going on, the old man sat still apparently unmoved—his head resting on the cane which he held between his legs, and except that his sigh was deeper than before, when he heard that no boat could possibly cross that night, he appeared perfectly uninterested in what was going forward.

"Eight o'clock now came, and brought with it an increase of the pelting storm. The wind whistled with more angry vehemence, and in those appalling intervals of solemn silence that happen sometimes in the pauses of the gale, the waves were distinctly heard dashing all along the shore from Smith's Fly, to the junction of the rivers. There was not a footstep passing in the street, and the very dogs, abandoned their nightly serenades, and nightly depredations, to couch in the chimney corners. The eyes of the good dames, who were accustomed to go to roost with the fowls, with whom they rose, began to draw straws, and they set about to arrange themselves in pairs for the night, in whispers that passed almost unheard amid the howlings of the storm.

"In the midst of this drear silence of animated nature, crouching as it were, to the awful violence of the tempest, the street door opened with violence, and some one came in who in a hurried voice related something to the master of the house, which those with in could not well distinguish. Curiosity induced one of the company to open the door, and they then heard the new comer, giving information that a boat which had put off from the opposite shore just before dark, had been driven past the inlet leading up to the Ferry House, and either overset among the eddies, and whirlpools, or bilged upon the point of rocks, for they had heard dismal shriekings, and could plainly distinguish a female voice among them.

"It is my daughter—cried the old man in a voice where the weakness of age was blended with the energy of despair. Striking his stick upon the floor he raised himself with a desperate effort, and as he tottered to the street door besought every one that ever had a mother, wife or daughter, to follow and give assistance. I snatched the lantern from the place where it was suspended, and in attempting to follow, had almost tumbled over the body of the old man, which lay extended at full length at the foot of the outer steps. As I stopped to raise him, he exclaimed in low and tremulous, yet earnest accents—'My strength is gone—don't mind me, but go, in God's name, I beseech you, and save my child.'

I bent my way as fast as possible, which was slow enough, for the darkness was profound, towards the river side; but before I got half way, the wind blew out my light, and obliged me to return for another. The poor old man by this time had been helped into the house, and placed in an arm chair, where he sat apparently unconscious of what was going forward, for the weakness of extreme debility of body, had yielded to the strength of feelings that seemed as yet in the vigour of youth.

"Once more set forth followed by the person who had brought the account of the boat, and two others. We groped our way along the creek, till we came to the water side, where nothing could be seen but one black void of pitchy darkness, and nothing heard but the mingled jargon of whistling winds and roaring waves. In a few minutes, however, during one of the momentary pauses of the storm, it seemed that we could distinguish a low plaintive moaning at a little distance to the right of where we stood, and where, as I recollected, a point of

rocks projected into the river, elevated a few inches above the level of the high tides. We followed the direction, and after searching about for some time, we perceived, by turning the lantern in that direction, something white, but whether it was a stationary object, or the foam of the high waves breaking over the rocks, could not be ascertained without approaching nearer. For my part, I had a foreboding that the exclamation of the father was the knell of his daughter. Taking the lantern, I scrambled to the place where lay the body of a female apparently perfectly dead, and motionless, except as the waves moved it to and fro, with an undulating motion, keeping time with their own.

"With the assistance of my companions, we removed it from the point of rocks, and carried it up to the Ferry House. The bustle we made, and the exclamations of the company on our entrance, seemed to recal the absent and wandering perceptions of the old man. The moment his eye rested upon the lifeless body, he rose with the quick alacrity of youth, and breaking violently through the circle that had gathered about it, he contemplated it for a moment, as if unable to realize the dreadful calamity. His cane dropt from his feeble hand, and he sunk upon the lifeless body crying out—'My daughter—alas! my only daughter.'

"There is something terribly affecting in the despair of an aged father, lamenting what by no possibility can be remedied, and mourning in the anguish of hopeless sorrow the sundering of those ties which there is no possibility of knitting again in this world. In youth we weep for the slightest calamities, and almost before the eyes are dry, the little skin deep wounds of the heart are well again. But the tears of a rational old man, whose mind retains its native energies, are the last wringings of agony—the concentrated drops of excruciating suffering—the very waters of bitterness overflowing from the heart's core, and they are wrought by a convulsion of the human mind and human frame, similar to that which precedes the dissolution of both.

"The effect of such sufferings was seen in the behaviour of the little group of honest people that stood in awful and inactive silence, without taking any measures to ascertain if yet a spark lingered in the apparently extinguished ashes. In a few minutes, however, we bethought ourselves of trying all the means we knew to bring about a return of animation, if any yet remained. We carried the bodies up stairs, both apparently equally lifeless, and essayed over and over again to awaken the poor girl from a slumber that seemed endless. Just as we began to despair of success, one of the women insisted she felt a slight beating at the heart, which was actually found to be the case. This information brought the father to life again. He continued to kneel at the bed-side, with clasped hands, beseeching, as it seemed, a blessing on the exertions of these good people.

"Gradually, almost imperceptibly, life returned. The young woman shuddered, and opened her eyes upon the father, who was still on his knees. In a moment, and before any one thought of preventing it, they were locked in each other's arms. 'O! why did you venture out in such a night as this,' were the first words of the father—'Ah! father, I was afraid you would be uneasy,' were the last words of the unfortunate daughter. The exertion was the expiring effort of nature. Sliding gradually from the relaxing arms of the aged parent who watched her with wild and glazed eyes, she fell back upon the pillow, at the moment he sunk upon the floor. The poor girl, as was afterwards discovered, had been sadly bruised against the rocks, and nothing could have preserved her life even a few hours longer.

"The old man came to himself again after a time, and was conveyed, together with the body of his daughter, to the home, where there was now no longer any one to welcome the aged pilgrim. I saw him afterwards occasionally, dressed in a suit of rusty black, which he wore to the day of his death. He evidently remembered, but never spoke to me, nor I to him. He seemed to associate me as if almost unconsciously, with some painful yet vague recollections, and ever after avoided me as much as possible. Enduring life without enjoying it, he passed his remaining years in the solitude of a home devoid of every object of social or kindred affection, or in wandering about, a witness of the bustle in which he never partook, and of human faces

for which he felt no interest. Such as he was, I never saw him without feeling tears in my eyes, for he was a wonderful example of one dwelling in a wilderness once peopled with objects of affection, but now a blank and melancholy waste. What indeed would become of us in such a situation, were it not for that sweet hope of hereafter, to which the broken spirit clings, firmly and fearlessly, and which like the light house beacon in the storm, shines brighter and brighter to the eyes of the sailor, as he approaches the land where his frail barque is destined to break asunder, and his soul and body to part forever."

Just Received,

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

JUST RECEIVED

And for sale by the Subscriber,
Several elegant Pianos,
Cheap for cash or on short credit.
JOHN F. GONEKE.
Sept. 25. 91 St.

\$50 Reward.

RANAWAY from the subscriber on the night of the 20th instant, a yellow Man by the name of SAM, (sometimes calls himself Sam Freeman, at others Sam Craven.) He has more the countenance of an Indian than a mulatto. He is 5 feet 8 or 9 inches high, 24 years of age, bushy hair, his fore-teeth decayed, is sensible and quick spoken, can read and write, and is a Carpenter and Painter by trade, and is also a pretty good Barber. He carried with him a blue homespun suit, also a blue broadcloth coat, a buff colored and a brown pair of pantaloons. I have no doubt he has a free pass, and is aiming to get to some free State. He some years ago ran away, and was apprehended and lodged in Harrisburg Jail, in Rockingham county, Virginia. I will give Fifty Dollars for his apprehension if taken out of the State, or Twenty-five Dollars within the State.
H. H. COOKE.
91st

Raleigh, Sept. 27.

State of North-Carolina,

Surry County,
August Sessions, A. D. 1824.
The heirs at law of Joseph Thompson, dec'd, v. The real estate of said deceased. Petition for Partition, &c.

IT appearing to the satisfaction of the Court, that Elisha Williams and Elijah Davis are not inhabitants of this State, it is therefore ordered by the Court, that publication be made in the Raleigh Register for three weeks, that the said Williams and Davis appear at our next Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions, to be held for the County of Surry, at the Court-house in Rockford, on the second Monday in November next; then and there plead, answer, or demur to the petition, or the same will be taken pro confesso and heard ex-parte.

TEST, JO. WILLIAMS, C. C.

State of North-Carolina,
Surry County,
August Sessions, A. D. 1824.
John Castephens & others, v. The real estate of Mecans deceased. Petition for partition of lands, &c.

IT appearing to the satisfaction of the Court that Peter Castephens, Sarah Penix, and her husband Treas Penix, Betsy Harp, Polly, Mallia and Benedick Castephens, are not inhabitants of this State, it is therefore ordered by the Court, that publication be made for three weeks in the Raleigh Register, that the said Peter Castephens, Sarah Penix and her husband Treas Penix, Betsy Harp, Polly, Mallia and Benedick Castephens, to appear at our next Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions, to be held for the County of Surry, at the Court-house in Rockford, on the second Monday in November next; then and there plead, answer or demur to the petition, or the same will be taken pro confesso and heard ex-parte.

TEST, JO. WILLIAMS, C. C.

Ranaway

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 J. H. 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

Printing neatly executed at this Office.