

RALEIGH REGISTER,

AND NORTH-CAROLINA STATE GAZETTE.

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

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THE REGISTER

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ADVERTISEMENTS

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Our readers will recognise in the following extracts, the strange pen of that wild writer in Blackwood's Magazine, who seems to delight in portraying those horrible occurrences which madden the imagination, and make

Each particular hair to stand on end
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine.

I was on my voyage back to my native country, after an absence of five years, spent in unremitting toil in a foreign land, to which I had been driven by a strange fatality. Our voyage had been singular and prosperous, and on Christmas day we were within fifty leagues of port. Passengers and crew were all in the highest spirits, and the ship was alive with mirth and jollity. For my own part, I was the very happiest man in existence. I had been unexpectedly raised from poverty to affluence—my parents were once more longing to behold their erring and beloved son, and I knew that there was one dearer even than any parent, who had remained true to me through all my misfortunes, and would soon be mine for life.

About 8 o'clock in the evening, I went on deck. The ship was sailing upon a wind at the rate of seven knots an hour, and there was a wild grandeur in the night. A strong snow storm blew, but steadily, and without danger, and now and then, when the struggling moonlight overcame the sleety and misty darkness, we saw for some distance around us, the agitated sea all tumbling with foam. There were no shoals to fear, and the ship kept boldly on her course, close-reefed, and mistress of the storm. I leant over the gunwale, admiring the water rushing past like a foaming cataract, when by some unaccountable accident, I lost my balance, and in an instant fell overboard into the sea.

I remember a convulsive shuddering all over my body, and a hurried leaping of my breast, as I felt myself about to lose hold of the vessel, and afterwards a sensation of the most icy chilliness from immersion into the waves—but nothing resembling a fall or precipitation. When below the water, I think that the momentary belief rushed across my mind, that the ship had sunk, and that I was but one of a perishing crew. I imagined that I felt a hand with long fingers clutching at my legs, and made a violent effort to escape, dragging after me, as I thought, the body of some drowning wretch.—On rising to the surface, I recollected in a moment what had befallen me, and uttered a cry of horror which is in my ears to this day, and often makes me shudder, as it it were the mad shriek of another person in the extremity of perilous agony. Often have I dreamed over again that dire moment, and the cry I utter in my sleep is something more horrible than a human voice. No ship was to be seen. She was gone forever. The little happy world to which a moment before, I had belonged, had swept by, the waves dashed on me, and struck me on the face and howled at me; the waves yelled, and snow beat like drifting sand into my eyes—and there was I left to struggle, and buffet, and gasp and sink, and perish, alone, unseen and unpitied by man, and as I thought too, by the everlasting God.—I tried to penetrate the surrounding darkness with my glaring eyes; that felt leaping from their sockets, and saw, as if by miraculous power, to a great distance through the night—but no ship—nothing but white crested waves, and the dismal noise of thunder. I shouted, shrieked and yelled, that I might be heard by the crew, till my voice was gone—and that too, when I knew that there was none to hear me. At last I became utterly speechless, and when I tried to call aloud, there was nothing but a silent gasp and convulsion—while the waves came upon me like stunning blows, reiterated and reiterated, and drove me along like a log of wood or a dead animal.

Once I muttered to myself, this is a dream, I shall awake. I had often before dreamt of being drowned, and this idea of its being a dream, so pressed upon me, that I vainly strove to shriek out, that the noise might awaken me.

But oh! the transition from this momentary and wild hope of its being all a dreadful dream, into the conviction of its reality! That indeed was something more hideous than a lunatic's thought of hell. All at once I felt my inmost soul throttled, strangled and stifled, by an insupportable fear of death. That death which to my imagination had ever appeared the most hideous, and of which I had often dreamt till the drops fell down my forehead like rain, had now in good truth befallen me; but dreadful as all my dreams had been, what were they all to this? I felt as if all human misery were concentrated in the speechless anguish of my own one single heart.

All this time I was not conscious of any act of swimming; but I soon found that I had instinctively been exerting all my power and skill, and both were requisite to keep me alive in the tumultuous wake of the ship. Something struck me harder than a wave. What it was I knew not, but I grasped it with a passionate violence, for the hope of salvation came suddenly over me, and with a sudden transition from despair, I felt that I was rescued. I had the same thought as if I had been suddenly heaved on shore by a wave. The crew had thrown overboard every thing they thought could afford me the slightest chance of escape from death, and a hen-coop had drifted towards me. At once all the stories I ever read of mariners miraculously saved at sea, rushed across my recollection. I had an object to cling to, which I knew would enable me to prolong my existence. I was no longer helpless on the cold weltering world of waters; and the thought that my friends were thinking of me, and doing all that they could for me, gave me a wonderful courage. I may yet pass the night in the ship, I thought, and looked around eagerly to hear the rush of her prow, or to see through the snow drift the gleaming of her sails.

This was but a momentary gladness. The ship I knew could not be far off, but for any good she could do me, she might have been in the heart of the Atlantic ocean. Ere she could have altered her course, I must have drifted a long way to the leeward, and in that dim snowy night how was such a speck to be seen? I saw a flash of lightning and then there was thunder. It was the ship firing a gun, to let me know if still alive, that she was somewhere lying to. But wherefore? I was separated from her by a dire necessity, by many thousand and fierce waves, that would not let my voice be heard. Each succeeding gun was heard fainter and fainter, till at last I cursed the sound, that scarce heard above the hollow rumbling of the tempestuous sea, told me that the ship was farther and farther off till she and her heartless crew had left me to my fate. Why did they not send their boats round and round all the night through, for the sake of one whom they had pretended to love so well? I blamed, blessed, and cursed them by fits, every emotion of my soul was exhausted, and I clung in sullen despair to the wretched piece of wood, that still kept me from eternity.

Was it not strange that all this time the image of my friends at home never entered my mind? My thoughts had never escaped beyond the narrow and dim horizon of the sea, at least never beyond that fatal ship. But now, I thought of home, and the blessed things there, and so intensely bright was that flash of heavenly images, that for a moment my heart was filled with happiness. It was terrible when the cold and dashing waves broke over me in that insane and dreaming fit, and awoke me to the conviction, that there was nothing in store for me but an icy and lingering death, and that I, who had so much to live for, was seemingly on that account most miserably to perish.

What a war of passions perturbed my soul? Had I for this kept my heart full of tenderness, pure, lofty and heroic, for my best beloved and long betrothed? Has God kept me alive through fevers and plagues, and war and earthquake, thus to murder me at last? What mockery was all this? "What horror would be in my gray haired parents' house when they came to hear of my doom? O Theresa! Theresa! And thus I wept and turmoiled through the night. Sometimes I had little or no feeling at all—sullen and idealless. I wished myself drowned at once—yet life was still sweet; and in my weakened state I must have fallen from my frail vessel and been swallowed up, had I not, though even now I cannot remember when or how I bound myself to it. I had done so with great care—but a fit of despair succeeding, I forgot the cir-

cumstance, and in that situation looked at myself with surprise and wonder.

That I had always thoughts of the eternity into which I felt gradually sinking, is certain; but it is wonderful how faintly I thought of the future world; all such thoughts were overthrown by alternate hope and despair connected with this life. I heard the shrill cry of seabirds flying over my head, and instantly returned again to the hope of life. O for such wings! but mine I thought were broken, and like a wounded bird lay floating powerlessly on the waves.

The night before I had had a severe rheumatism in my head, and now remembered that there was a phial of laudanum about me. I swallowed the whole of it—and ere long a strange effect was produced. I fell into a delirium, and felt a wild pleasure in dancing over the waves. I imagined myself in a vessel and on a voyage, and had a dreamy impression that there was connected with it something of glory. Then suddenly a cold tremulous sickness would fall on me—a weight of sadness and despair. Every now and then there came these momentary flashings of reality; but the conviction of my personal identity soon gave way to those wilder fits, and I was drifted along through the moonless darkness of the roaring night, with all the fierce exultation of a raving madman. No wonder. The laudanum, the cold, the wet, the dashing, the buffeting, the agony, were enough to account for all this, and more than my soul dare even now to shadow out to her shuddering recollection: But as God pitied the miserable, so also has he forgiven the wicked thoughts of that unimaginable night.

During one of these delirious fits, whether it was a dream or a reality I know not, methought I heard the most angelic music that ever breathed from heaven. It seemed to come on the winds—to rise up from sea—to melt down from the stormy clouds. It was at last like a full band of instrumental music, soft, deep, wild, such as I have heard playing on board a ship of war. I heard a rushing noise with the music—and the glorious ghost of a ship went roaring past me, all illuminated with lamps—her colours flying—every sail set, and her decks crowded with men. Perhaps a real ship sailed by with festivity on board. Or was it a vision? Whatever it was, I felt no repining when it passed me by: it seemed something wholly alienable to me: the delirium swallowed up all fear, all selfishness; the past and future were alike forgotten, and I kept floating along, self-questioned no longer, assured that I was some how or other a part of the waves and the tempest, and that the wonderful & beautiful vision that had sailed by me, was an aboriginal creature of the ocean. There was an unspeakable pride and grandeur in this delirium. I was more intensely conscious of a brighter existence than I ever was in the most glorious dream, and instead of fearing death, I felt as if I were immortal.

This delirium, I think, must have gradually subsided during a kind of sleep, for I dimly recollect mixed images of pain and pleasure, and sea, storm and calm, tears and laughter. I thought I had a companion at my side, even her I best loved; now like an angel comforting me and now like myself needing to be comforted, lying on my bosom, cold, drenched despairing and insane, and uttering with pale quivering lips the most horrid and dreadful imprecations. Once I heard methought, a voice crying from below the waves, "Hast thou forgot Theresa?" And looking down I saw something like the glimmering of a shroud come slowly upwards, from a vast depth to the surface of the water. I stooped down to embrace it, and in a moment a ghastly blue-swollen face defeated horribly, as if by gnawing teeth of sea-monsters, dashed against mine; and as it sank again, I knew well to whom belonged the black streaming hair. But I awoke. The delirium was gone, and I was at once a totally different creature. I awoke into a low, heartless, quaking, quivering, fear-haunted, cowardly and weeping despondency, in which all fortitude was utterly prostrated. The excitement had worn out my very soul. A coarse rising out of a cold clammy grave could not have been more woe-begone, spiritless, bloodless. Every thing was seen in its absolutely dreadful reality. I was a castaway—no hope of rescue. It was broad daylight, & the storm had ceased; but clouds lay round the horizon, and no land was to be seen. What dreadful clouds! Some black as pitch, and charged with thunder;—others like cliffs of fire; and here and

there all streamed over with blood. It was indeed a sullen, wrathful, despairing sky.

The sun itself was a dull brazen orb, cold, dead, and beamless. I beheld three ships afar off, but all their heads were turned away from me. For whole hours they would adhere motionless to the sea, while I drifted away from them; and then a rushing wind would carry them one by one into the darkness of the stormy distance. Many birds came close to me as if to flap me with their large spreading wings, screamed round and round me, and then flew away in their strength, and beauty, and happiness.

I now felt myself indeed dying. A calm came over me. I prayed devoutly for forgiveness of my sins, for all my friends on earth. A ringing was in my ears, and I remember only the hollow fluctuations of the sea with which I seemed blendid, and a sinking down and down an unfathomable depth which I thought was Death, and into the kingdom of the eternal future.

I awoke from insensibility and oblivion with a hideous racking pain in my head and loins, and in a place of utter darkness. I heard a voice say "Praise the Lord." My agony was dreadful and I cried aloud. Wan, glimmering, melancholy lights kept moving to and fro. A hideous din was overhead, and around me the fierce dashing of the waves. I was lying in the cabin of a ship, and kindly tended by a humane and skilful man.—I had been picked up apparently dead and cold. The hand of God was there.—

North-Carolina Lottery, FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE OXFORD ACADEMY.

SECOND CLASS.

To be drawn positively in November next, and completed in a few Minutes.

J. B. YATES & A. M'INTYRE, MANAGERS.

SCHEME.

1 Prize \$20,000 is	\$20,000
1	10,000
2	5,000
2	1,990
18	1,000
18	500
18	100
186	50
186	25
1488	10
13950	5

15,870 Prizes, \$171,360
26,970 Blanks,

42,840 Tickets \$171,360

This is a Lottery formed by the ternary combination and permutation of 36 numbers. To determine the prizes therein, the 36 numbers will be severally placed in a wheel on the day of the drawing, and 5 of them be drawn out; and that ticket having on it the 1st, 2d and 3d. draw Nos. in the order in which drawn, will be entitled to the prize of 20,000 dollars; and those five other tickets which shall have on them the same Nos. in the following order, shall be entitled to the prizes affixed to them, respectively, viz:

The 1st, 3d and 2d to \$10,000
2d, 1st and 3d to 5,000
2d, 3d and 1st to 5,000
3d, 1st and 2d to 1,990
3d, 2d and 1st to 1,990

The 18 other tickets which shall have on them three of the draw Nos. and those three the 2d, 3d and 5th, the 2d, 4th and 5th, or the 3d, 4th and 5th, in some one of their several orders of combination or permutation, will each be entitled to a prize of 1,000 dollars.

Those 18 other tickets which shall have on them three of the draw Nos. and those three the 1st, 2d and 4th, the 1st, 2d and 5th, or the 1st, 3d and 4th, in some one of their several orders of combination or permutation, will each be entitled to a prize of 500 dollars.

Those 186 tickets which shall have 2 of the draw Nos. on them, and those two the 2d, and 4th, in either order, will each be entitled to a prize of 50 dollars.

Those 186 tickets which shall have 2 of the draw Nos. on them and those two the 3d and 4th, in either order, will each be entitled to a prize of 25 dollars.

All others, being 1488, having two of the draw Nos. on them, will each be entitled to a prize of 10 dollars.

And all those 13,950 tickets, having but one of the draw Nos. on them, will each be entitled to a prize of 5 dollars.

No ticket which shall have drawn a prize of a superior denomination, can be entitled to an inferior prize.

Prizes payable 30 days after the drawing, and subject to the usual deduction of 15 per cent.

Tickets and Shares in the above scheme for sale at the Manager's Office in Raleigh.
Whole Tickets, \$5.
Half do. 2 50
Quarter do. 1 25

Packages of 12 tickets, embracing the 36 Numbers of the Lottery, which must of necessity draw at least \$21 25 nett, with so many chances for capitals; or shares of packages may be had at the same rate, viz:

Packages of whole, \$60,
Of Halves, 30,
Of Quarters, 15.

Washington City Canal Lottery.

Class No. I, for 1825.

To be drawn on the 17th of August next, and finished in a few minutes.
60 numbers—8 ballots to be drawn.

Scheme.

1 Prize of \$25,000 is	\$25,000
1	10,000
1	5,000
2	2,500
1	2,360
20	500
30	250
52	50
156	25
1,248	10
10,608	5

12,120 Prizes 34,220 tickets, \$136,880
22,100 Blanks

Whole Tickets, \$5
Halves, 2.50
Quarters, 1.25

Union Canal Lottery of Pennsylvania.

Eighteenth Class—New Series.

To be drawn on the 7th September next, and finished in a few minutes.
66 numbers—9 ballots to be drawn.

Scheme.

1 Prize of \$25,000 is	\$25,000
1	12,500
1	5,660
1	5,000
10	1,000
20	500
50	200
57	100
114	50
285	20
1,596	10
14,364	5

16,500 Prizes 183,040
29,260 Blanks

45,760 Tickets,
Whole Tickets, \$5
Halves, 2.50
Quarters, 1.25

Tickets in all of the above schemes will advance in price very soon, and adventurers would do well in applying soon, as the sales have been very rapid, there will be few if any remaining unsold on the day of drawing. Prizes in any of the Lotteries of New-York, New-Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, and Washington City, will be received in payment.

Orders enclosing the cash or prizes (paid) for tickets or shares in any of the above Lotteries, will receive prompt attention, if addressed to

YATES & M'INTYRE,
Raleigh, N. C.

Raleigh, July 9, 1825.

Notice.

I HAVE lost the Certificates of five shares of the Capital Stock of the Bank of Cape-Fear, viz: Nos. 111, 112, 113, 114, & 115—And I shall, at the expiration of 3 months, from the date of this notice, apply for new Certificates of said Stock. All persons pretending to have any claim to said Certificates are hereby notified to make known their claim.

LUCY CUTLER
Wilmington, June 15, 1825. 7-3m w

Committed

TO the Jail of Orange county, N. C. on the 14th inst. as Runaways, two Negroes, to wit, a man by the name of Essex and a woman by the name of Moriah. They say that they belong to Richardson Finch, of Davidson county. The owner is requested to come forward and prove his property, according to law; and take them away.

JAMES CLANCY, Jailor.
July 21. 76 3r

Valuable Real Estate

FOR SALE:
IN pursuance of powers vested in me by the last will and testament of William Twitty, dec. I offer for sale all that valuable Tract of Land in Warren county, on which said William lived at the time of his death, containing thirty-two hundred and sixteen acres. On it is a valuable Grist & Saw Mill, both lately repaired—and a large and commodious two story dwelling-house with the necessary out-houses, which with some repairs may be made a comfortable reception for a numerous family. There is a large body of Low Grounds on the waters of Fishing Creek, and a considerable quantity of good wood land attached to this tract. Eight hundred acres of this land are subject to a life estate, which interest I have good reasons to believe can be purchased at a fair price.—The balance of the land is also subject to the dower of the widow; which I can confidentially say may also be purchased. This land would be sold privately on very accommodating terms, for a great part of the money; the purchaser paying the interest annually & giving good & satisfactory security for the performance of his contract. If this land should not be disposed of before the 22d day of August next (it being the 2d day of Warren Court) on that day it will be offered at public sale at the Market-House in the town of Warren-ton. The Executor reserves to himself the privilege of a bid.

It is thought unnecessary to give a minute description of this land, as those who may wish to purchase will view it and judge for themselves.

ROB. PARK,
the surviving Executor.

Warren county, N. C. June 9. 65 5w