

# THE RALEIGH STAR AND NORTH CAROLINA GAZETTE.

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"NORTH CAROLINA:—POWERFUL IN MORAL, INTELLECTUAL AND PHYSICAL RESOURCES—THE LAND OF OUR BIRTH AND THE HOME OF OUR AFFECTIONS"

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## BRAVE BOBBY.

There was an American ship, called the "Washington," bound for China, filled with passengers on board this ship was an officer of the army and his wife, with their only child a little boy of five years of age, and a large Newfoundland dog, called "Bobby."

Bobby was a great favorite with all the people in the ship, because he was so brave, so good tempered, and so funny and playful. Sailors as well as passengers all liked brave Bobby. He would romp on the deck with any body that chose. Sometimes when the wind was calm, and the ship was calm, and the ship was going slow, he would jump overboard, and dash through the sea after a buisuit, or any thing else that might be thrown in for him.

But his most constant playmate was the little boy, the son of his master. This boy was a merry little fellow, and as fond of Bobby as Bobby was fond of him. They used to make a fine noise in their droll games of play, rolling over and over each other like a couple of young porpoises. And though the little boy was sometimes rather rough in his frolics with Bobby, and hit him on the head and back, yet Bobby was always gentle as a lamb to him.

The voyage had been very safe and pleasant until within three days' sail of the Cape of Good Hope. Evening was coming on—the sun was setting in dark clouds, so that the deck had commenced unusually early. The night watch of the ship had been set, and the wind had risen so that the ship was sailing very fast. The boy and the dog were romping together, tugging each other, when on a sudden the ship gave a heavy roll, and the child fell overboard, splash into the deep sea!

It had by this time become so dark that objects could not be distinguished many yards distant. A general cry of "A land over!" was made by the men on deck who saw the boy fall. Two or three men ran leaping down lines, and a stray coop that was found lying near the capstan, while the officer of the watch sung out, "Bring the ship to—bring the ship to, or the boy is lost!"

This order was scarcely given when Bobby, now for the first time missing the child, gave a loud bark, and seeming to guess what had happened, cleared the taffrail like a shot; and the captain and boy's parents, with the other passengers, who had come on deck to learn the cause of the outcry and bustle, saw the dog swimming away like a mad creature in the direction of the stern.

It was too dark to see him distinctly; however, he was dimly perceived to dive, and then dimly appear again above water, and so on until he was seen to be sure that it was he really saw. The dog was now out of sight, and nothing was visible but the surface of the water. The mother covered her eyes with her hand, and not daring to look out, fearful lest she should see the corpse of her darling child floating on the waves; while the father, equally unhappy, jumped into the jolly-boat, which the men in all haste had been getting ready, that he might spare no effort to recover his beloved son.

It was many minutes before the jolly-boat could be lowered and manned; when the men rowed with all their might in the direction they had seen the dog take at first. The darkness had so much increased that the sailors could hardly see, and began to give the child up as lost.

The father, in great misery, sat at the head of the boat, trying to see through the surrounding gloom, and listening anxiously to every sound. "I hear a splash—I hear a splash on the larboard quarter," cried he, starting up; "pull on, be quick! it must be my child!"

The helmsman turned the tiller, the men pulled with redoubled force, and in a moment the faithful Bobby, with the child in his mouth, was alongside! Poor creatures! they were nearly spent when they were hoisted into the boat. The father took the child into his arms, and the faithful Bobby sank down to the bottom of the boat, panting, and almost lifeless.

The men then rowed back to the ship. Great indeed was the mother's joy when she saw her child that she thought was gone for ever to the arms of his father, and good news also. "They all got safe on board again, and the father, thanking the sailors, and giving them a reward, went down to the cabin with the mother, child, and dog. Every remedy was used that the doctor of the ship advised, to make the child recover well again.

Bobby, after he had shaken the water from his thick shaggy coat, could not be persuaded to leave the child's side. There he stood, and licked one of his little hands, and the child became so much better as to be able to stroke and hug him as usual. "Brave Bobby," cried the mother, "I am so glad to see you so happy as my body, when the father and mother hugged and praised you too. And when the boy could speak, he made a happy party in the cabin, where before all had been so sad.

After this circumstance of saving the child's life in so brave a manner, there was not a man on board that did not love the dog as if he loved his child, and well did Bobby deserve it.

At the Cape of Good Hope some of the passengers were to be landed, and, among others, the master of Bobby, with his wife and child. All those who remained in the ship were very sorry to part with good Bobby.

gers and the luggage. All those who were to leave had got into the boats, the little boy was in his mother's lap, and Bobby, whom the sailors were holding to pat, and take a kind leave of, was just going to leap into the boat after his master, when the officer stood up, and told the sailors to hold him tight by the collar until the boats should have rowed some way towards the shore. "You will see what a strong swimmer Bobby is," said he; "let us start before him, and he will soon overtake us; when I hold up my handkerchief let him go."

"Ay! ay!" cried the sailors, and two of them held Bobby tight by the collar. Poor fellow! he thought he was to be left behind, and he did not like it. He tugged, and hauled, and yelled, and barked, to get to his friends, but it was of no use. The boat put off without him.

All the people in the boats, as well as those on board the ship, were eyeing Bobby with delight; and he had just reached midway between the ship and the boats, when the creature set up a loud shrill howl, and threw himself half out of the water. "Every body thought he had got the crab; but, O, no! the flash of white that glanced like lightning close against him the next minute, told the truth; and 'a shark,' a shark!" sounded from boats to ship, and from ship to boats, in one loud cry. All stood trembling, with their eyes fixed upon the unfortunate dog. The boats stayed still for an instant, the men resting upon their oars, as if panic struck. But again, in another instant, one of the boats was to be seen putting back, the men rowing with all their might.

Poor Bobby! he kept swimming away right and left, now diving, and now doubling, as if he knew his danger, while every now and then he gave a short fierce howl, and showed his grinders, never giving the vile shark time to turn on its back, which it must do before it can give the deadly bite.

The poor dog swam and dodged with skill and speed, and maintained the unequal contest in a manner that surprised every body; but it was evident that his strength was nearly exhausted, when the boat which had put back came sufficiently near for him to hear himself called, and encouraged to hold out longer. In this boat were his master and the little boy, whose life the poor dog had saved three days before. They could now plainly perceive the great black fins and back of the shark, as he rose every minute to the surface of the water, pursuing and trying to gripe the dog. The poor dog swam with all his might towards the boat that was coming to save him.

Just as he nearly reached the boat, and could see and hear his master calling out, "Here, Bob! here," the shark turned on his back, and opened his horrid jaws—"Poor Bobby! dear Bobby!" shrieked the little boy; and a lad who stood at the head of the boat, hoping to save the dog, threw a hand-spike at the monster. But the lad was in such a flurry, from terror and anxiety, that he missed the shark, and the spike fell into the water.

At this failure the child screamed aloud with agony of fright and sorrow, "O! save poor Bobby! save my dear, dear Bobby!" and every body thought poor Bobby was gone; when the father of the child, who, ever since the boat had come within gun-shot of the shark, had been watching for the proper opportunity to save the faithful dog, fired. The gun was leveled with so true an aim, that he shot the cruel shark through the head, and splintered those horrid jaws that were open, ready to devour poor Bobby. The shark sank, the sea became tinged with blood, and the officer, throwing down the gun, stretched out his arms, and pulled the dog, exhausted with fatigue and terror, into the boat, before the shark, who was not quite dead, could again rise to the surface of the water. The child threw his arms round the poor dog's neck; the sailors in the ship, who were all intently on the watch, and the men in the boats, set up one loud shout of joy, "Hurra! hurra! Bobby is safe—the shark is killed: hurra! hurra!"

**Roam navigation.**—Arrival of the iron Steamer Pilot. The new Iron Steamer Pilot, Capt. Dow—Mate Sparks and Crew, arrived at Halifax, on Monday. Many of our citizens (among them ourselves) went down to see her, and were politely invited by the Capt. to go on board. After remaining on deck a few minutes, we were taken into the Cabin, and treated to Champagne. Capt. Dow comes to our country with a view of offering greater facilities to our Farmers and Merchants in getting their supplies to and from a Market. He is Agent for the Pilot and her mate boat, the Iron Steamer Phoenix; now on her way here, and his Vessel is admirably adapted to our waters. She is quite a curiosity, all of her machinery, or running works which are very compact, are under deck. She is about 80 feet long and draws only 2 or 2½ feet water.

It is the intention of this Company to run these boats regularly every week between Halifax and Norfolk.

As the freight charged by these boats will be so much less than that charged by the Rail Roads, we feel no hesitation in saying that our Farmers and Merchants will give them the preference.

We would further remark that these boats are prepared to carry passengers to and from Norfolk—being supplied with good comfortable berths.—Halifax Rep.

**IMPORTANT REMEDY FOR CANCERS.**—Colonel Usery, of the parish of

DeSoto, informs the editor of the Caddo Gazette that he has fully tested a remedy for this troublesome disease, recommended to him by a Spanish woman, a native of the country. It is salt and yolk of an egg.

**THE MURDERER ON STATEN ISLAND.**  
The excitement aroused by the murder by Mrs. Houseman and her child, and the firing of her dwelling upon Staten Island, continues unabated. The bodies were found almost altogether burnt up; but medical testimony proves that violence was done to them previous to firing the building, and that they were placed by the murderers under the bed, where they were found. The body of Mrs. H. was recognized by portions of her dress not altogether consumed, and round her right wrist—a black silk neckkerchief was found very tight, in a sailor's knot. Suspicion has, it is said, fallen upon some persons, whose movements are being closely watched.

The murderers obtained fourteen silver tea-spoons, a gold watch and chain, and a number of trinkets, consisting of ear rings, finger rings, &c. Captain Houseman, before leaving home for Virginia, had received \$1000, to obtain which it is supposed, was the principal cause of the murders. This sum Captain H. found secreted in the wood house. He offers it as a reward for the conviction of the murderers. The public excitement in New York is very general and strong. A public meeting on the subject was called for Saturday night.

That Rev. F. L. Hawks has arrived at Holly Springs, Miss., where, it has been stated, he intends locating himself as an instructor of youth.

There is a Judge at Carlisle, Pa., who flourishes under the cognomen of Donkey! "What is in a name?"

We hasten to communicate to our readers the important intelligence, which we observe, is announced with great certainty by our exchange papers generally, that the old year 1843, has "gone to fission parts," never to return again; that he left behind him a promising infant, which, tho somewhat whimsical—given to alternate weeping and laughing, cold piercing glances and warm and affectionate embraces—is thought to be a founding, a real prodigy, worthy of the greatest care and attention that can be bestowed upon it; and as it necessarily becomes a public charge, every one will be alike interested in nursing and bringing it up with a sacred regard to all its claims and highest improvement. There will be wisdom as well as goodness in a faithful discharge of this obligation; for the child, which bears the exact likeness of its parent, who always favored those most who used him best, it is hinted will have an immense estate at his disposal, enough to make every one who may render him proper and sincere respect, free from flattery and hypocritical pretensions, wealthy and happy beyond description. Young as he is, the doctors declare that there is already a preternatural brightness in his eye and a hectic flush on his cheek, which are sure presages of a premature death; and most impressively admonish those who intend to profit by his acquaintance, that they have no time to lose!

**FATAL ACCIDENT.**  
We regret to learn that Mrs. Stevens, of this county, widow of the late Mr. E. Stevens, was thrown from her gig on the morning of the 3d instant, while the horse was running away, and so severely wounded, that she died in the evening of the same day.

Messrs. Graham and Hoke have accepted their nominations.

A little daughter of Mr. Lamar, of Maysville, Ky., was choked to death the other day, in attempting to swallow a chestnut.

**FANCIFUL.**  
Two of the papers in Iowa are disputing about who shall be Speaker of the Council. The Bloomington Herald says of one of the personages—"There is no more comparison between the two, in any admirable quality, than there is between a fancy pacing pony and a jackass with a blind bridle on."

**NEWSPAPER LAW.**  
In case of a suit for fraud, the Georgia courts have decided that refusing to take a newspaper from the office, or going away and leaving it uncalled for, until all arrears are paid, is prima facie evidence of intentional fraud. We go in for this strong.

The Tarboro Press has been transferred to Mr. Geo. Howard, Jr. son of the late worthy Editor. No change in politics.

**SILK.**  
There are two silk factories in operation in Richmond, Ind., which manufacture the

best silk for ladies' dresses, gentlemen's vests, handkerchiefs, &c. Another meritorious fact, in connection with this thriving town, is, that it does not contain any establishment for the vending of ardent spirits by retail.

**A PUN.**  
Some one says, that although the Rev. Sidney Smith writes himself the "Mino Canon of St. Pauls," he explodes very much like a great gun.

**LOTTERIES.**  
The Philadelphia North American has been informed that upwards of \$30,000 have been raised in that city for the purpose of effecting the passage of a law at the ensuing session of the Legislature, to legalize lotteries—the professed object being to enable the Commonwealth to liquidate its debt.

We stopped a friend, yesterday morning, says the editor of the U. S. Gazette, to inquire what he thought of Ole Bull's performance the night previous.

"Think?"  
"Yes—what do you think of his performance on the violin?"  
"Why, sir, I do not think anything of it. I have not begun to think; it will take one, two or three days, at least, to be able to think."

It has been satisfactorily ascertained says some newspaper, by actual experiment, that by mixing lard with butter, sand with sugar, water with milk, and stones or brickbats with cotton, they will go much farther!

The Georgia Legislature adjourned sine die on the 23d ult. after being in session 10 days.

**GEN. JACKSON.**

The N. York Post has received a letter from Nashville, from a gentleman who has been paying a recent visit to Gen. Jackson. He speaks as follows of the feeble health of that distinguished man. Gen. Jackson, I regret to say, is in very infirm health. He never leaves his room and is emaciated to mere skin and bone. He has a severe cough and pain in the back and side, but his voice and intellect appear unaffected, and the lightning fire of former years yet flashes in his eye.

Bustles were originally invented by a travelling organ grinder to accommodate her monkey with a place to ride.

**REMEDY FOR BEDBUGS.**  
Set up in bed all night with a lamp in your hand, and when you see one of these midnight marauders crawling up the blanket, burn his smellers for him.

Reader, art thou in prosperity? be grateful to Him from whom all earthly good proceeds. Are you in adversity? remember that He who rules the thunder is all powerful to cast from thee the bitter cup.

Mad. Bohain, a beautiful woman, and wife of the editor of the Courier of Europe a paper which occasionally is sent to the United States, has eloped from her husband with a young Frenchman, her husband's intimate friend.

The labor of an editor's life, is not so much what he has to write, as what he has to read.

Bad men are never completely happy, although possessed of every thing that this world can bestow; and good men are never completely miserable, although deprived of every thing that the world can take away.

He was a jolly fellow who said, "Whenever you attack your neighbor's character do it behind his back so as not to wound his feelings."

**CHANGE OF FORTUNE.**  
Prince Christophe, brother to the late King of Hayti, applied to the Lord Mayor of London for relief, stating that himself and family were in a state of great destitution.

Spurious twenty dollar notes on the Commercial Bank of Columbia, S. C. printed from an old plate of the Commercial Bank of Macon, Georgia, are in circulation long since extinct, are in circulation in Charleston.

Speaking of sheriffs reminds the Christian Freeman of a very white friend who once aspired to be sheriff of a county. An original was in the county jail awaiting his trial for murder with a reasonable prospect of conviction. The candidate for the sher-

iffally called one day to see him, when the prisoner, wishing to compliment his visitor, said to him: "If I should be condemned to be hanged, I know of no one by whom I would rather be hung than by you." The visitor, acknowledging the bow, with one of his blindest smiles, replied: "And should I be elected sheriff, I know of no one I would rather hang than you."

**DISTRESSING WEATHER.**

In a suit before the United States Circuit Court at Boston, lately, by the owners of a whale ship against the Merchants' Insurance Company, the Boston Post says, Captain Wood, of New Bedford, was a witness for the Insurance Company, and could not be brought to admit very distinctly that the weather described in the deposition was distressing. Judge Story finally put to him the question—"What do you call distressing weather, Captain Wood?"

Captain—I call it distressing weather when the sea breaks over the vessel and beats in the deck.

Judge—Well, I should call that distressing weather, too.

This very decided definition of distressing weather, recalls to the recollection of some brother editor the answer of a witness in a Police Court some ten years ago. He undertook to make out that his friend on trial was not drunk on a certain occasion, and the Judge said to him—"when do you consider a man to be drunk?"

Witness—Please your honor, I should say a man was drunk when he can't lie on the floor without holding on."

**ITEMS FROM ENGLISH PAPERS.**

It is said the Hon. Mrs. Noron, daughter of the celebrated Brinsley Sheridan, is about to emigrate to America.

There are upwards of 500 journals in China consecrated exclusively to the musical art, and almost all the considerable capitals contain two or more theatres for operas.

A Mr. Swinburn, of Ardeer, has contrived a table fitted with a peculiar disposition of vice, which will enable shoe-makers to work with great facility in a standing position.

A shocking occurrence lately took place at the town of Rimini, in Italy. A pretty young woman obtained permission to visit her husband, who was confined in a lunatic asylum, but who was thought to be recovering. He was overjoyed to see her, and they were left alone when one of his fits of fury coming on he seized a metal spoon and forced out both her eyes. The poor young creature died next day.

**AN EXPLOSION.**

The Baltimore Sun states that quite a startling event took place in a private party in town on Christmas day, that is, if any thing can be called starting now-a-days. A gentleman visiting some friends, and designing to afford them some amusement in the torpedo line, supplied himself with about a pound, and put them into his coat pocket. On entering his friend's house, he was politely requested to take a chair, and so very thoughtless of the consequences, for no sooner was he seated than an explosion took place not unlike a Colt's pistol, with variations, bringing the gentleman to an erect position with the effect of a galvanic battery and prostrating two or three ladies half fainting upon the floor. Upon inspecting damages, it was found that the coat tail and pantaloons had both suffered."

**FRANCIS XAVIER MARTIN.**

Passing down Royal street, a day or two ago, we met a small, infirm old man. There was but little flesh on his bones, and no light in his eyes; his hair was short and grey, and his cheeks were hollow. He wore a threadbare surcoat and an old shapeless hat, which covered almost half his shrivelled face. He was led along by a lazy looking, ragged negro boy, on whose shoulder his hand rested—the boy thus answered the double purpose of a guide and a support.

"Who is that person passing?" said a stranger who stood at the entrance to the reading Room speaking to a resident citizen.

"That," said the latter, "is Francis Xavier Martin, who is now, and has been for more than a quarter of a century, the presiding judge of the Supreme Court of the State. Though tottering, as he seems to be on the brink of the grave, he is still a close attendant on his judicial duties; though broken down in body, he is unimpaired in mind. Some of his physical functions—his sight, for instance—has failed him; but his mental qualities are perfect and unbroken, and his opinions are even now looked up to, not only by his associates on the bench, but by the whole Louisiana bar, as models of sound legal doctrine and wise jurisprudence; and shab-

by as he looks, leaning on the shoulder of that negro boy, he is said to be a millionaire in the way of wealth. Such is Francis Xavier Martin, President of the Supreme Court of Louisiana and Historian of the State. That he should attract the notice of a stranger who would see him passing to or from the court is not a matter of surprise.

N. O. Paper.

The following dialogue, upon the plan of that in Hudibras, between the best leader and echo, is very well executed:

**LINE BAGATELLE.**  
From the MUSE of the late Dr. Harvey.  
**ECHO AND THE LOVER.**  
Lover—Of what you're made and what you are—  
Echo—Mysterious nymph, declare!  
Lover—'Mid airy cliffs and places high,  
Sweet echo! listening, love, you lie!  
Echo—You lie!  
Lover—Thru' lost renouciate dead sounds,  
Hark! how my voice revives, rebound!  
Echo—Zounds!  
Lover—Till question thee before I go—  
Come, answer me more apropos  
Echo—Faint polt  
Lover—Till my fair nymph, if e'er you saw  
So sweet a girl as Phoebe Shaw!  
Echo—Phaw!  
Lover—Say, what will turn the frisking coney  
Into the toils of matrimony!  
Echo—Money!  
Lover—Has Phoebe not a heavenly brow?  
Is it not white as pearl—as snow?  
Echo—Ass! not  
Lover—Her eyes was ever such a pair!  
Are the stars brighter than they are?  
Echo—They are!  
Lover—Echo, thou liest, but can't deceive me;  
Her eyes eclipse the stars, believe me.  
Echo—Leave me!  
Lover—But comas sou money, pert romancer,  
Who is father as Phoebe! answer.  
Echo—Ann.!



## AGRICULTURAL.

From the Southern Cultivator.  
**CURING SWEET POTATOES.**

In looking over the Cultivator, I see something said of curing sweet potatoes; which should interest a Georgian as much as does the Irish potatoe a Northern, for I have long been of opinion that one acre well planted and cultivated in potatoes would profit a family more than any cultivation we could give it, and although it is generally admitted, it is frequently neglected from the idea that they will not keep sound and good through the winter. This is all a notion, and in too many instances to be attributed to carelessness and a dependence on servants, who too frequently are reckless of the interest of their masters. I was brought up on a plantation, and of course partly raised on potatoes; for my father was always successful in raising and saving them, and his manner of planting and cultivating was somewhat similar to Mr. McKinley's, for I do not recollect of ever seeing a potatoe hill on his plantation. I now have the same in possession, and have endeavored to pursue the same course of making and curing up to this moment, and have had no reason to complain of rotten potatoes at any season of the year.

My mode of putting them up is simply this: I dig so soon as I find the vines have been killed or bitten by the frost (cotton or no cotton in the field.) I then select my seed from the eating ones, being careful to have no cut or broken ones thrown with them. I then have them carried and put in a potatoe house, built expressly for the purpose. It is built of small logs, and left rather open, except the end where I pack up the potatoes. The house is long and narrow, and should be built according to the quantity a person is in the habit of making. Before digging I am particular to have the house perfectly dry, and dry sand to cover the potatoes with. The ground is scraped off until it is hard and smooth. I then have the potatoes deposited and as they continue to rise on the sides of the house I place with a shovel, the dry sand a few inches thick between the wall and potatoes, which is two sides and one end. I then leave them in this situation until I find a change in the weather, which gives them a change for airing and drying. If sharp frosts should come along, I throw light straw or grass over them, and remove it when the weather becomes warm; but so soon as I find it cold enough for freezing, I then throw my dry sand over the naked potatoes until they are completely covered; and in this and no other way have I saved them until late in the spring.

It may appear to some that this preparation may be rather troublesome, but they should recollect when it is once effected, it is but little trouble, for the same house and sand will last a life time.

Should any doubt my plan and assertions, all I have to say is for them to try it, and they will have cause for talking of rotten potatoes, let them call on me the 24th of May of each and every year, and they shall prove a potatoe dinner.

**A PLANTER.**

**JOB PRINTING**  
Neatly executed at this Office.