

# Warrenton (NORTH-CAROLINA) Reporter.

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FRIDAY, 2ND MARCH 1827.

[VOLUME III—NUMBER XIX

Published every Friday afternoon, at \$ Dollars per Annum, payable in Advance — Advertisements not exceeding a square, inserted 3 times for \$1, and 25 Cents for each continuance—Letters addressed to the Publisher, must be post paid—Subscribers cannot withdraw their patronage, until arrearages are fully settled.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### STRANGE ADVENTURES.

Although the following little tale may apparently carry with it much of the air of fiction yet it is all substantially correct, & is but the bare recital of events that have actually transpired, near the close of last century. Captain S. a native of New England, who in an early age was entrusted with the command of a mercantile vessel, made a voyage, to one of the West India islands. Having reached his destined port, disposed of his cargo, and made the preparatory arrangements for his return, one day as he was walking the streets of the large and flourishing port at which his vessel was anchored, he observed a well dressed female walking near him in the same direction. Her features, though bearing the evident marks of sorrow and dejection, were beautiful, & her whole appearance uncommonly interesting. Struck with her beauty and her prepossessing and dignified demeanor, Captain S. politely enquired whether she might be walking far in his direction, acquainting her at the same time with the house of his lodgings, to which he was then repairing. She assured him she was going directly to the same house he had mentioned. Captain S. then proffered his service in conveying a basket of considerable size, which she carried in her hand. She thanked him in a soft and tremulous tone of voice, and timidly delivered him the basket. Capt. S. took the little burthen wholly unconscious of what it contained; and little dreaming what to his future life would be the consequences of that action. He observed however as he took the basket, that there was a singular hesitation in her manner, & that her cheeks were crimsoned with a deep blush, but imputing it to no other cause than that of maiden timidity, he walked on in silence. The lady soon remarked that she must make a call at the house then at hand, for a few moments, and if he would convey the basket to his lodgings, she would soon be there to take charge of it herself; and throwing an anxious look on Captain S. and his charge she immediately disappeared.— Captain S. then proceeded to his boarding house, and deposited the basket in the hall. He seated himself at the dinner table, and jovially related his adventure with the fair unknown. His host, better acquainted with the manners of the town, and the impositions which had sometimes been played off on strangers, smiled and rallied him on the possibility of his basket containing something more than a dead weight, as he had humorously termed his burden. At this moment the cries of an infant were heard in the direction of the basket. Captain S. was astonished, and not a little chagrined at this sudden proof of what his host had suggested.— Unmoved however, by the laugh which was now turned merrily upon him, he proceeded to the basket, and found it contained not a dead weight, but a living healthy, and handsome looking female infant. No mother appeared to claim or offer it protection, Captain S. although incensed at the trick, and highly vexed with that credulous and honest simplicity in himself which had thus rendered him the dupe of female artifice, was notwithstanding, endued with too much philanthropy, and too much humanity of feeling to suffer his charge to be neglected. He procured a nurse for the present, and before he left the Island, made ample provision for the support of the child. He now returned home, and did not visit the place until some years after, when he found his former helpless ward had become an interesting little prattler. He soon became much attached to her, and no longer regretted the incident which gave him, as he termed her, his adopted daughter. During the following twelve months Captain S. frequently visited the island and always provided liberal for the support and education of the child that was thrown on his benevolence, without any of that regret, that drawback of feeling, which so often attends the ostensive generosity of the generous, and destroys the merit of her charities. His heart was warmed by generous impulses, and required not the aid of arithmetical calculation to assure the bounds of its munificence. Always manifested toward her the affection and tenderness of a parent, & a parent's interest in her welfare. She had now arrived at the age of seven—an age, which in that soft

climate, confers all the maturity of womanhood, and more perfectly, perhaps than at any other period, opens the blossom of female beauty. She was esteemed as possessing an uncommon share of beauty and vivacity. And such was Captain S's attachment that it was generally believed that his was other than a parental affection, and it soon became rumoured in town that he was about to lead her to the nuptial altar. Capt. S. was at this time preparing to return to New England. One day as he stood on the wharf on which his vessel was moored, a billet was put in his hands by a person who immediately disappeared. He perused and found it a polite request of attendance to dine at a house in the city, which was particularized in the billet. The house and family who occupied it were to him perfectly unknown, and so singular were all the circumstances attending the invitation, that he, for some time hesitated, whether it would be expedient to accept it. Curiosity however soon conquered his doubts, and he resolved to attend. At the appointed hour he arrived at the house, and was ushered into an elegant apartment by a lady, who called him by name and introduced herself by the name of Miss W. assuring him at the same time, that the cause of this invitation should be the subject of a future explanation.— Captain S. thought he had seen the countenance of the fair entertainer before; but he was unable to call to mind when, or where, it might have happened; and the hour which succeeded, was spent in lively conversation on the leading topics of the day, but bro' nothing with it to assist his memory or allay his curiosity; and yet it brought along with it an increased gratification, a pleasing interest which he had never before experienced. A happy dream of uncertainty, if the expression be allowed, were floating over his mind, and sensations were awakened in his bosom which he was conscious he had before on some occasion or other, felt, and he knew that these sensations had been happy ones, yet his memory was unable to identify them.

Dinner was announced, and he was soon seated at a table loaded with all the delicacies that the climate afforded, served up with the utmost taste and elegance. The hour of dinner was past with the same pleasure on the part of Captain S. and with the same ease and sprightliness on the part of his fascinating hostess. The company soon withdrew, and left Captain S. and the lady alone. "And now Captain S." said she addressing him with confidence, which was inspired, by the consciousness of a favorable impression which she had made—"and now for our promised explanation, which permit me to commence, by enquiring how fares your adopted daughter?"—Well madam, very well I believe, replied Captain S. somewhat surprised at the question—"And it is rumoured sir," said the lady, "that you are about to change the name of father, for one of a different nature."—"Rumor often speaks vaguely," replied Captain S. still uncertain whether his remarks tended.—"Nobody could be better entitled to that privilege Sir," continued she,—"but what grade, alas! what grade in the scale of your censures, have assigned to her unseemingly unnatural mother?"—"Of that madam," replied Captain S. "I am but ill qualified to judge."—"Perhaps that mother, might have had reasons to justify her conduct—and without knowing the circumstances under which she acted, I could never feel to condemn her, who in the short moment I beheld her, awakened so extraordinary an interest in my bosom."—"Yes Sir," rejoined the lady, in melancholy and touching tones, "that mother had reasons for her conduct—conduct, which she knew the world would, and had a right to condemn as base and unnatural; but think you, she parted with the infant of her bosom without a pang? without one tear of motherly affection? Oh! could you have known the anguish of that moment—that distraction of feeling which rent her bleeding bosom, when she relinquished the object of her affection, the only object on earth for which she breathed a wish to live, or even endured her then nated existence, every feeling of remorse would have been lost in commiseration for her sufferings. One year before, and all that heart could wish was hers; all the advantages that rank and opulence could confer, all that is splendid and dazzling in the eyes of the world, and gives distinction in social life, was courting her acceptance;

but her heart was not there; she had formed an attachment for a young officer, poor indeed, but honorable, and who she knew would never be recognized as her suitor by her proud parents, who viewed wealth as the only ground of distinction in society. She was induced therefore to contract a clandestine marriage.

The intercourse which followed was soon discovered; her husband was snatched from life by an unexpected casualty; her increased parents would listen to no extenuation; at the best her transgression was considered unpardonable, & she was driven from home in their resentment, with a limited pecuniary allowance, and told to seek protection where she could find it; she was now thrown on the world a helpless wanderer, without a friend or protector; she, who never dreamed that the world was made for aught but her and happiness; she came to this city for a shelter, and here remained in obscurity till that period which made her a mother had exhausted her small resources; she was then compelled to go forth helpless, penniless, with, as she thought no other alternative before her but suicide or beggary; at this crisis she met with you; your character was known, the thought occurred to tax your benevolence with the charge of her offspring. Her opinion of you was not ill founded; she had the pleasure to behold her infant child in the hands of a generous benefactor; and she had the pleasure too, to behold his goodness and protection continue to that daughter, who was perhaps as you may justly deem, so meanly thrown on your generosity."—Such, replied Captain S. were never my feelings; I thought not so; & I am amply repaid for the protection by the grateful feelings and interesting society of the lovely girl I protected."—"And there is another, sir, replied she who is by no means ungrateful to you; and who now stands ready to remunerate you for your benevolence to the amount of whatever you may please to accept."—"I shall accept of none," said Capt. S. "Should a remuneration of another kind be acceptable sir," replied she, "perhaps you will allow me authorised to ward it, report says you intend marrying the daughter—I will give you even a greater liberty—I will you the choice of marrying either mother or daughter."—"Suffice it to say, that long before this, Capt. S. had discovered with whom he was conversing, and that he was not a little gratified and interested in the conference. A few days brought him to the conclusion that he would accept one of these offers. The daughter had always looked on him as a father, and now more than ever he looked on her as a daughter; he was not displeased, more over, as it appears, with the mother; and on enquiry he found, in addition to what she had already told him, that whatever status had once been thought to sully her character, they had been removed, and that her parents, though now dead, had forgiven and bequeathed her a competence; on these grounds, together with his prepossessions in her favour, Captain S. in a few days, married Miss W. and with his adopted daughter set sail for New England, in one of the smiling villages of which he settled, and now lives with his family, in the bosom of contentment and social happiness.

### CAPTAIN MORGAN.

The mystery and excitement as to the fate of this man, who it is proper to inform our readers was charged with having betrayed the secrets of the freemasons, seem to increase in an astonishing degree. Meetings have been held in various counties of the state of N. Y. and grand committees of investigation appointed. That he was kidnapped all agree—where he was carried, and what has become of him, are the enquiries now on foot. The investigation, says the

Albany paper, at present, seems to lead to these results:

Firstly—That the unhappy Morgan was taken to Newark, U. C. gagged, bound and blind-folded.

Secondly—That he was there offered to the British masons of that place, with a request that they should get him on board of a British man of war, or turn him over to Brant the Indian chief, and a mason, to be executed with savage cruelty.

Thirdly—That the Newark lodge assembled on this proposition, and sent for Brant who came accordingly.

Fourthly—Brant proved himself too much a noble of nature, to have any thing to do with so cowardly, inhuman, and wicked a transaction.—The savage hero disdained to do that which cowardly white monsters urged him to do.

Fifthly—The Newark Masons, thus rebuked by savage justice and magnanimity, refused likewise to take charge of the miserable victim.

Sixthly—The diabolical wretches who had him in custody, brought him back as far as the Fort of Niagara— & there murdered him in cold blood, cutting his throat from ear to ear; cutting out his tongue, and burying it in the sand, and concluding the hellish rites by sinking his body in the lake!

The intimation that these dreadful outrages occurred under the sanction and authority of the Grand Chapter of New-York is peremptorily denied—we hope, for the honor of human nature and the reputation of the society, truly denied.

Sir Peregrine Maitland, Lieut. Governor of Upper Canada, has issued a proclamation, offering a reward of £50 for any information concerning Morgan, who, the proclamation says, according to a communication from the Governor of N. York, "is supposed to be forcibly detained in some part of the province." The interest concerning Morgan's fate increases with the mystery attending it.

The Waterloo Patriot contains the following:

Poor Morgan.—A friend informed us yesterday that his brother rode on Saturday with a gentleman of veracity from Black Rock, who assured him that a joint committee from Buffalo and Batavia had at length discovered the dead body of Morgan, with his throat cut from ear to ear and his heart torn out just hanging by the roots, in the clefts of the cataract of Niagara!

The brevity of *olden Times*.—In 1715, on the meeting of the Legislature of New Jersey, the Governor thus addressed the two Houses:

"I am heartily glad to meet you here after so long an absence; and believe you are not sorry to meet me in so good company."

REPLY.

"It is with the greatest satisfaction we meet your Excellency in such good company now, and hope we shall be favored with it often."

Dr. O. F. Paddock, a respectable physician of Fort Covington, Franklin county N. Y. gives in the *Franklin Telegraph*, an account of an extraordinary birth of five children at one time, from the same mother—three daughters and two sons. Four of them were born alive, but lived only a short time. The birth was premature by about three months; but they were perfectly formed and well shaped. The average weight was about two pounds, and there was not much difference in their size. Their parents lately emigrated from Ireland, and arrived in this country in August last. This is considered more remarkable by the fact, that the mother of these five, was delivered of two children on the 20th of last February—making in the whole seven children in less than 9 months.—These last were born on the 25th November, 1826.

Mammoth of Mammoths.—There was exhibited, a few weeks ago, in a boat at the market landing place, Steubenville, the bones of a nondescript animal, one of which is 20 feet in length, eight in width, and weighed upwards of 12 hundred pounds. The back bone is 16 inches in diameter, and the ribs are 9 feet in length. It is calculated from the size of the bones, that the animal, when living, must have been about 50 feet in length, 20 to 25 feet in width, and about 20 feet in height; and must have weighed at least 20 tons. These bones were found near the Mississippi River, in, we believe, Louisiana, and from the greatest natural curiosity that we ever beheld. This animal must have as far transcended the mammoth in size, as the mammoth a common dog.

*Columbus Ohio paper.*

Leather Stocking.—Died suddenly on Monday week, the 5th ult. in the vicinity of Pottsville, Mountain Carbon, Joe Webb, the Natty Pump of the Schuylkill Mountains. Joe was a hunter. His language, his manners, his hunting shirt, his rifle, & his faithful hound, to which he was much attached, almost led one to believe he sat to the author of the *Pioneers* for the interesting picture of the Leather Stocking. Joe inhabited, for many years, a rude Cabin in the wild and romantic dale, formed by the Sharp and Second Mountains, remote from the habitation of the rest of his species. There he lived and there he died.— Though rough in his language, and uncouth in his exterior, he possessed much of the milk of human kindness in his composition; and will be remembered.

*Miner's Journal.*

BRITISH ROYAL FAMILY.

The following view of the Royal Family and succession of G. Britain, may not be without interest for the American reader:

From the advanced age of all the present Royal Family, there is every probability of an early Regency, which will be of considerable duration. The health of the king, though at present good, is at best precarious. He is now sixty-four years of age, or three score years and four, and that habit of body which seldom reaches the scriptural period of "three score years and ten." The King is not quite one year older than the Duke of York, whose constitution though acted upon by more temperate habits, appears to be breaking up, as Doctors say. The Duke of Clarence is two years younger than the Duke of York (within 5 days), and therefore less than three years younger than the King.

It is remarkable that the three first sons of the late King, were all born in August; the Duke of York being within four days of the King, and the Duke of Clarence being within five days of the Duke of York. In case of the demise of the Duke of York, the Duke of Clarence will be the Heir Presumptive to the Throne. Of the Duke of Clarence we have heard little since the trial of the late Queen, on which occasion he will not be remembered to much advantage. He is understood to be an anti-Catholic, and as a kind of sleeping partner in the Court anti-Catholic Club. He is perhaps most known as having been kept by the late celebrated Mrs. Jordan. He has abundant issue, but it cannot be expected in these days of Legitimacy that any branch of his old connexions can lay in even the most distant claim to Royalty. The Duke of Clarence was sixty-one years of age in August 21st, last past. He is therefore creeping gradually to three score and ten. We have then, supposing the Duke of Clarence to die without legitimate issue, to look towards a regency in the accession to the Throne, of the daughter of the late Duke of Kent. This may or may not, prove favorable to the Catholics. At any rate, however, they may safely look forward to this epoch as affording them much chance of final success. If the nation should experience a second loss in the person of an Heiress Presumptive, we recur then to the Duke of Cumberland and his line. The Duke of Cumberland was fifty-five in June 5, last past. His brother of the King is supposed to be anti-Catholic. We will not dwell on his history, nor on his haunts. The next in succession