

REGISTER AND NORTH CAROLINA GAZETTE.

"Ours are the plans of fair delightful peace-unwarped by party rage, to live like brothers."

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The Outlaw of Sherwood Forest.

The sun was fast sinking in the embrace of the western wave, and the sable clouds of night slowly spreading their gloom over the earth, when an archer, clad in Lincoln green, with a horn of silver suspended to his neck, was seen to approach the eastmost turret of Sherwood Castle.

The form of the archer was symmetrical, nay almost faultless; and although in these days of slender striplings, such shaped archers may be thought too robust to lay claim to the title of beautiful, yet in those times, when so much depended upon personal strength, he was accounted one of the *chef d'oeuvre* of nature. The stranger lifted the bugle to his lips and blew a blast; a fair form appeared at a window of the turret, and a white scarf fluttered in the air for a moment, and fell at the feet of the archer. A few words passed between the lovers; entreaty on the part of one, and half yielding refusal on the part of the other.

"One wind of this horn, fair lady, brings three score archers to my call; twice blown, and a hundred answer unto my summons. All pursuit would be in vain. Doubt not more, but away with me, love, to the merry green wood."

"The lady hesitated no more, but leaped from the small aperture, which might be used either as a window to admit the light and air, or as a position of defence, was soon seated on a swift-footed palfrey, and with one look to the home of her infancy, left it for a time, perhaps forever. The band, that had been concealed beneath some clustering thorn bushes, from which, in consequence of the color of their dress, they could scarcely be distinguished, now slowly disappeared, with the exception of a few who remained behind for the lady's escort. The deepening shades of the night began to close around, and Elgitha and her outlaw lover were soon lost to sight in the depths of the forest.

Great was the outcry on the following morning in the castle, when it was ascertained that the lady Elgitha had disappeared. The warder was questioned, but averred that the lady had not passed the gate. The butler, Ralph de Gurch, who had delighted his heart with Burgundy the night before, declared, on his oath of salvation, that he saw his mistress leap from the eastern turret into the arms of an angel, who carried her off in a flood of celestial light. The story, despite its improbability, gained credence with the vassals, and their faces betokened terror and dismay. The warder retired, in consequence of the red nose of relator, and his well known devotion to the bottle, to disbelieve the whole story, but was only pitted by the rest for his incredulity. As for the baron, her father, he was inconsolable. The sudden and mysterious disappearance of his child, affected him visibly, and he pined away gradually, yet surely, as does the oak of the forest when stricken by the bolt of heaven.

Richard I. had returned from Palestine, bringing with him, however, a small portion of the host he had left thither. The plague had made a sad havoc with the pride of England. Many of those whom the plague had spared, fell from the effects of the burning heat and thirst; whilst the major part of those who had escaped these evils, seemed spared, that they might fall before the lance of the Saracen.

On their arrival at home, Cœur de Lion found the affairs of his kingdom in almost inextricable confusion. Insurrections were common in every part of the realm; laws were evaded or set at open defiance, while robbery and murder were of every day occurrence. But this state of affairs could not daunt the soul of Richard, and he commenced reforming all abuses which had crept into the state during his absence, making new laws, and enforcing old ones, suppressing insurrections, and punishing murderers and thieves, and in such a prompt and vigorous manner as to present qualities to our admiration, not only as a soldier but as a civilian.

Amongst other outlaws whom the king's absence had caused to rise and flourish, Robin Hood, or the "Archer Outlaw," as he was sometimes called, stood pre-eminent. Skilful in the use of the long and the cross-bows, of immense strength and possessing the power to wield the minds of most desperate, these qualities conjoined with his handsome and commanding figure, procured him immense popularity. He had associated with him the most skilful archers of his time, the sureness of whose aim and whose desperate habits had not only become a by-word to all, but had so in-

timidated the hearts of their enemies that they reigned monarchs of the green-wood, without fear of molestation. They destroyed the deer in the king's forest as a means of support, the meat not only giving them food; but the sale of the choicest portions afforded them clothing from the neighboring yeomanry; nay even the barons, whose castles-edged on the forest, did not scruple to purchase a haunch of venison from the foresters, without enquiring as to the manner in which it was obtained.

Richard had set about the matter zealously, and after selecting the choicest of his knights and bowmen, journeyed down to Sherwood Forest, to find and, if possible, to drive away these rude and hardy outlaws. This was more easily conceived than put into execution; some time had passed, and Richard and his band had lingered till weary in the forest, without encountering aught save the green oaks and a few wild deer.

It was about noon, and one of those sultry loitering days, that Richard was roaming about the forest, with no companion save the good Gothic war-sword which he had buckled to his side, and a whizzing noise attracted his attention, and he raised his head in time to behold an arrow enter the body of a buck, which was bounding lightly past him at the distance of a few paces. The noble animal gave a leap, one bound, and as the blood gushed in torrents from his breast, staggered and fell. Full of rage at this encroachment on his prerogative, for the right of killing deer in the royal forests belonged exclusively to the monarch, he cast his eyes around him in search of the offender. He beheld a knave clad in simple garb of green, advancing with a loosened bow. He, he doubted not, was the aggressor, and he was accosted accordingly by the monarch.

"How now, fellow, durst ye kill the deer in the royal forest? By whose authority do you act?"

"By that of Robin Hood, the merry monarch of the green wood," replied the varlet, restraining his bow.

Richard would have seized the outlaw, but he, as if aware of the prodigious strength of his antagonist eluded the grasp, fitted an arrow to his bow, and directed his aim at the monarch. Neither the light breast-plate of the king, nor the steel-linked coat of mail which he had habitually worn, would have saved his life, had not at that moment a tall figure sprang forward, and dashed the half-bended bow from the hands of the archer.

The new comer was also clad in a suit of green, which wore an air of coolness by no means discernible in that of the varlet, who, at a motion made by the other, gathered up his bow and arrows and retired. The hair of the intruder was jetty black, and fell over his neck and shoulders in unbounded ringlets, contrasting strangely with his fair complexion, and eyes of the most intense azure. A silver bugle horn which hung from his belt, and a sword buckled to his side, together with a highly ornamented bow and quiver, proclaimed him to be a person of rank among the outlaws.

There was a moment's pause, and each gazed for a time in admiration on the vigorous form of the other.

"Thou seemest well built for manly sport, friend," said Richard, "and by the ornaments lavished on thy weapons, art doubtless skilful in archery. Canst try about with me?"

"If it pleases you," replied the other, as he drew the bow and quiver from his back, and gave them to the monarch.

The Lion-hearted was skilful in all the war-like sports of the day, but especially in that of archery. Fitting an arrow to the bow he shot at a twig of oak a great distance off, which the arrow struck and nailed to the trunk of the tree. Elated at his feat, he returned the weapon to the archer, who smiled gravely, and placing an arrow aright, he drew the string to the length of the bark. The string gave a shrill twang, and the arrow, whistling as it flew, struck in the extremity of the preceding one which it split in fragments. Richard was astonished at the skill shown by the archer, and requested his name.

The outlaw gave no reply, but lifting his horn to his lips, blew a blast that sounded shrilly through the forest. Scarcely had the lingering echoes died on the air, when a hundred archers, arrayed in green, with quivers filled and bows bended, were seen to gather around.

"These," said the commander, "are my merry men, the archers of the forest, and I am Robin Hood. And now, I prithee, gentle knight, what name dost thou bear," at the same time he waved his hand, and the band disappeared behind the oak and linden of the wood.

"Richard of England," was the reply. At the announcement of that name, the outlaw bent his knee to his sovereign, and cried,

"A boon, your majesty."

"Name it, and be it what it may, the king will grant it to the man who has surpassed him in archery. Arise and name it."

"This mercy for myself and followers."

"Thou hast it. But tell me, truly, art thou not of gentle blood? Rumors are rife that once the OUTLAW, Robin Hood, graced a lordly hall. Then tell me, are they true or false?"

The outlaw dashed the false tresses from his brow, and uttered the name of "Charles of Huntington."

There was a feasting and revelry in the lofty halls of Richard, and many a lady bright was there, and many a courtly dame; but the fairest gem in all the glittering array of beauty, and the brightest star in the galaxy of loveliness, was she whom an outlaw had won for his bride, ELGITHA, COUNTRESS OF HUNTINGTON.

THE VOW.—A NORTHERN TALE. FROM THE GERMAN.

In an ancient heathen era of the Saxons, there happened once a great war with the Danes. Adalbero, Duke of Saxony, who had counselled it, now, in the hour of earnest conflict, stood at the head of his people. There flew the arrows and the javelins; there glanced many valiant blades on both sides; and there shone many a bright gold shield through the dark fight. But the Saxons, at every attack, were repulsed, and were already so far driven back, that the storming of a steep height could deliver the army and the country, disperse the enemy, and change a ruinous and destructive flight into a decisive victory.

Adalbero conducted the attack. But in vain he forced his fiery charger before the squadron; in vain he shouted through the field, the sacred words, "Freedom and Fatherland!" in vain screamed his blood, for the blood of his foe, over his resplendent armour. The ponderous mass gave way; and the enemy, secure on the height, rejoiced in their decided victory. Again, rushed Adalbero on with a few gallant warriors; again the faint hearted fell behind; & again the enemy rejoiced.

"It is yet time," said Adalbero; and again he shouted, "Forward! and if we conquer, I vow to the gods, to set fire to the four corners of my castle, and it shall blaze forth one bright funeral pile, in honor of our victory and of our deliverance."

Again the attack was renewed, but again the Saxons fled, and the enemy sent forth shouts of joy.

Then cried Adalbero aloud before the whole army, "If we return victorious from this charge, ye Gods, I devote myself to you as a solemn sacrifice!"

Shuddering, the warriors hastened after him; but fortune was still against them; the boldest fell—the bravest fled. Then Adalbero, in deep affliction, rallied the scattered band; and all that remained of the great nobles collected around him, and spoke thus:—

"Thou art our ruin; for thou has counselled this war."

Adalbero replied, "My castle and myself I have devoted to the gods of victory and what can I more?"

The sad multitude called only the more to him "thou art our ruin; for thou hast counselled this war."

Then Adalbero tore open his bosom, and implored the Mighty God of Thunder to pierce it with a thunderbolt, or to give the victory to his army. But there came no bolt from Heaven, and the squadron stood timid, and followed not the call.

In boundless despair, Adalbero at last said, "There remains only that which is most dear to me. Wife and child I offer to thee, thou God of armies, for victory. My beautiful blooming wife, my only heart-loved child,—they belong to thee, Great Ruler in Asgard; with my own hand will I sacrifice them to thee, but I implore thee, give me the victory!"

Scarcely were these words uttered, when fearful thunderings rolled over the field of battle, and clouds gathered round the combatants; and the Saxons, with fearful cries, shouted as with one voice, "The Gods are with us!" With invincible courage forward rushed the host;—the height was carried by storm, and Adalbero, with sudden shudder, saw the enemy flying through the field.

The conqueror returned home in triumph; and in all parts of delivered Saxony, came wives and children forth, and with outstretched arms greeted their husbands and fathers. But Adalbero knew what awaited him; and every smile of an affectionate wife, pierced, as with a poisoned dart, his anguished heart. At last they came before his magnificent castle. He was notable to look up, as the beautiful Similde met him at the gate, with her daughter in her hand, while the little one always leaped and cried, "Father, father! beloved father!"

Adalbero looked round on his people, in order to strengthen himself; even there he met quivering eyelids and bitter tears; for among his warriors, many had heard his horrible vow. He dismissed them to their families, feeling what happy men, he, the most unhappy, was sending to their homes; then rode into the castle, and sending the domestics away, under various pretences, sprung from his horse, closed the gates with a thundering sound, securing them carefully, and pressed his beloved wife and child to his heart, shedding over them a current of tears.

"What is the matter, husband?" said the astonished Similde.

"Why do you weep, father?" stammered the little one.

"We will first prepare an offering to the Gods," replied Adalbero, "and then I shall relate every thing to you. Come to me soon to the hearth."

"I will kindle the flame, and fetch, in the meantime, the implements for sacrifice," said the sweet Similde; and the little one cried out clapping her hands.

"I also will help; I also will be there," and skipped away with her mother.

These words, "I also will help; I also will be there," he stood by the flaming pile, with his drawn sword in his trembling hand. He lamented aloud over the joyful innocent child, and the grateful obedient wife, who brought the bowl and pitcher, perfuming pan and taper used in sacrifices. Then it passed through his mind that his vow could not valid; for such sorrow could not find a place in the heart of a man.

But the answer was given in dreadful peals of thunder down from the heavens.

"I know said he, sighing heavily, your thunder has assisted us, and now your thunder calls on your devoted believer for the performance of his vow."

Similde began to tremble as the frightful truth burst upon her; and, with soft tears, she said, "Ah! hast thou made a vow? Ah! husband I see no victim!—shall human blood!"

Adalbero covered his eyes with his hands, and sobbed so terribly, that it echoed through the hall, and the little one, terrified, shrunk together.

Similde knew well such vows, in ancient times. She looked entreatingly to her lord, and said, "Remove the child."

Both, both!—"I must!" then murmured Adalbero; and Similde, with a violent effort, forcing back her tears, said to the little one, "Quick child, and bind this handkerchief on thine eyes, thy father has brought a present for thee, and will now give it thee."

"My father looks not as if he would give me a present," sighed the child.

"Thou shalt see; thou shalt see presently," said Similde hurriedly; and as she placed the bandage over the child, she could no longer restrain her tears, but they fell so softly, that the little one knew it not.

The affectionate mother now tore the drapery from her snow white bosom, and kneeling before her sacrifice, beckoned that she might be the first victim.

"Quick, only quick," whispered she softly to the lingerer, "else will the poor child be so terrified."

Adalbero raised the dreadful steel.—Then roared the thunder, and flashed the lightning through the building. Speechless sank the three to the earth.

As the evening breeze rushed through the broken windows, the little one raised her head from where the bandage had fallen, and said, "Mother, what present has my father brought to me?" The sweet voice awakened both the parents. All lived, and nothing was destroyed but Adalbero's sword, which was melted by the avenging flash of Heaven.

"The Gods have spoken!" cried the pardoned father; and with a gush of unutterable love, the three delivered ones wept in each other's arms.

Far distant, over the southern mountains roared the tempest, where many years afterwards, St. Boniface converted unbelievers to the true faith.

COMMUNICATIONS. FOR THE REGISTER.

DEAR CHARLES: To correspond with distant friends through the ordinary channel of communication, has been to me a source of much pleasure, some of whom have been punctual in their engagements, others negligent and careless in complying with their promises. In looking over my list of correspondents, and comparing the punctuality of one class, with the negligence and inattention of the other, I discover you are a defaulter, and am reluctantly compelled to place your name among the latter, and am apprehensive the large debt which appears in bold relief against you for *unanswered letters* will not be soon cancelled. Are you willing to bear this reproach, and the imputation of forfeiting an acknowledged friendship which has had a being for more than twenty years? Have days of absence obliterated all recollection of pastimes, and changed a warm and devoted friend into a cold hearted acquaintance? If you will not accuse me of inquisitiveness, or a disposition to search into your private affairs, I wish to propound a few more questions, which I assure you are for the purpose of gratifying a friendly curiosity. I would be glad to know what strange thing has happened to, or befallen you? Have you been the subject of disease, or have the multifarious concerns of life engrossed your time and thoughts, to the neglect of other duties equally imperative? Or have you like Rip Van Winkle of renowned memory, been indulging yourself in a long and undisturbed nap? If such is the fact I advise you to awake up, and attend to the dozen or more of *unanswered letters* received from your friends and correspondents.

Punctuality in discharging any duty or obligation, however small or trifling in itself it may be, is an important consideration with men of reflection and prudence.

Never make a promise unless you have the means and ability to comply. It has been correctly remarked that *ready promisors are not unfrequently slow performers*, which I have found literally true, and much to my detriment.

In the promises of such men I place no confidence, and if in their transactions with their fellow-creatures, they *intentionally* or by *accident* fulfil one, or more promises, it is not, in my view of the matter, done from any *moral incitement or binding principle*, but from selfish considerations alone. Among men of *highmindedness*, a mere promise is as binding as any obligation they might enter into, and it is to be lamented that all were not of this highminded class who fulfil promises when made; and look upon the hypocrite's pledge and smiles with a dignified contempt. Can it be possible that our friend and relative J. W. has become sceptical in his religious views? Has *unbelief* so far gained an ascendancy over his intelligent and cultivated mind as to influence it to doubt the truth of Revelation as we find it in the Bible? It must not, it cannot be. In reading the history of the deliverance of the Israelites from Egyptian bondage, their safe passage through the Red Sea, and the miracles which were wrought for their preservation in the wilderness, I am filled with astonishment that they should have rebelled against God, doubted his power, goodness, and mercy, to save, protect and defend them.

We may with much truth convert our cry against this people into bitter complaints against ourselves, and condemn our unbelieving hearts, that can, in the midst of such an accumulation of mercies and favors, cry out in the tone of unbelief, "There is no balm in Gilead, there is no Physician to heal and restore to health," we must forever perish. There is no sin more hateful to God, and hurtful to our souls, than *UNBELIEF*; it sits in the face of every gospel promise, views the Bible as a fable or idle tale, and saps the foundation of future happiness. As the prayer of *faith* on the one hand opens heaven from whence every blessing we need descends, so unbelief on the other, shuts it up, and the heart is thereby made sullen, obstinate and unyielding. It starves the soul, while a bountiful table is spread to which it is invited to partake without money and without price; it disturbs the tranquility of the mind in health, and when death approaches, the *brave* man is changed into the *coward*.

God says have faith in me and you shall have life everlasting; but unbelief says, thou hast forgotten to be gracious, and in thy wrath hast shut up thy bowels of mercy, giving by this assertion the direct lie to God, and insulting his spirit. How can you or I, or any other accountable being, harbor such a monster in our breasts, or give admittance for a moment to such a fiend, which distracts, and throws the soul in confusion? How absurd, how stupidly foolish, for a finite mind to limit the Holy One, or circumscribe his grace and mercy? Shall I, a worm of the dust, dispute with God on the vicarious atonement of his Son, and deny that there is any virtue in his blood? Shall I be afraid that his arm is too short to save, or his ear too heavy to hear when I pray to him aright? Most assuredly not.

Now as the Creator is infinitely superior to the creature, so the Saviour, who is Emanuel and God with us, is above the sinner, and can save from wrath every soul who will approach the Father through him; he pleads for sinners, and the Father for his sake delays another and another year, ere he cuts the brittle thread and dooms the rebel to eternal torments. Scepticism is another name for Deism; therefore if we deny him in any garb, he will deny us, if we shall keep the arm of rebellion raised against him he will forsake us in the hour of dissolution, and if we die in *unbelief*, we shall perish everlastingly. As you have frequent opportunities of conversing with our sceptical relative, do not forget to introduce the important subject of *Religion*; his mind was once open to conviction, and I hope it is so now; put that valuable work *Simpson's Plea* for Religion in his hands, request him as you love his soul to give it an attentive perusal, and if he reads it with a desire to be benefited, God peradventure may bring him to a sense of his danger, give him a knowledge of himself as a sinner, and *convert his soul*.

I will hazard the opinion, that if any infidel were to reflect seriously and calmly on God and his works, particularly *himself*, he would be convinced of the truth of the vine revelation and embrace it; he would see the fallacy, absurdity and stupidity of *coining* a doctrine hostile to that which the bible teaches; he would acknowledge his inability to do any thing good of himself, and say with the Prodigal Son, father I have sinned against heaven and thee, forgive my sins and make me as one of thy hired servants. If I could hear of our friend's conversion from that moth to the soul, *infidelity*, to the pure and unalloyed doctrines of Christianity, it would gladden my heart beyond expression; my soul would rejoice, and my prayer would ever be for a faithful performance of his religious duties. I have not heard from Douglass nor J. F. in some months; I hope however their march is onward, and if I have any wish to gratify with regard to them, spiritually, it is, that they may live holy lives, and die triumphantly.

On ordinary subjects, I might be persuaded to bring this communication to a close, but as the one I am now addressing my friend Charles upon, is of an important character, I flatter myself he will bear with me a few moments longer.

How stands the case with you; are you

with many other professing christians, dull, cold, and inert in religion? If so, with an honest heart, I advise you as I do all in a similar situation, to arouse from your lethargy, gird on the armour of gospel truth and simplicity anew, and regain the ground you have lost. To effect this, prayers and invocations must ascend to God by Ministers and members of the general church for revivals; then, and not till then will our languishing Zion appear in the brightness of the morn, the clearness of the Sun, and the beauty and loveliness of the bride, the Lamb's wife. The work will commence to God's praise, and to his glory, if professors in the different branches of the church will unite in accomplishing an object so desirable. We lie down and rise up as children, with an apparent unconsciousness of the great responsibility we are under to God to do his *will*, which is for Ministers to preach to, and pray for, the Sinner, and members to persuade, exhort and encourage him to flee the wrath of a sin avenging God. As we know our duty, we must not shrink from discharging it, but as faithful and unflinching soldiers be always at our posts to perform any service he may require of us. I have heard of a minister, who after preaching for some fifteen or twenty years, candidly acknowledged, that if he had been instrumental in awakening and converting one soul, he was ignorant of it. Alas! for such ministers; methinks they will have an awful account to render at the bar of infinite Justice. My feelings tell me I have written enough, perhaps I have; and in closing, will inform you for your comfort and gratification that Miss E. P. is yet *UNMARRIED*; her father's estate has been finally closed, and I understand her share of it will be considerable. "A word to the wise is sufficient."

Our numerous friends in P. are blessed with good health; some are prospering in both spiritual and temporal matters, others only in the latter, but I hope they will be brought to bow the knee of humility, and obtain pardon for their sins. It would afford me much pleasure to receive letters from you when you have leisure and inclination to write. When you see T. W. and W. T. B., I wish you to inform them of the reception of their favors of the 6th and 15th ult. I am peculiarly pleased to learn that the latter is blessed with a large share of happiness with his young and beautiful wife. I sincerely wish he may long enjoy it without the least mixture of alloy. I must and will close.

I am, dear Charles,
Your friend sincerely,
SUMMERFIELD.

For the Register.

Messrs. Editors:—I have been visited by the indignation of "Hera," and must trespass on your good nature to allow me to be heard in my own defence: I am mortified to find my sentiments so perverted, and my opinions so totally misunderstood. It is true, I spoke of the practice of "Snuff Dipping," with great horror. It was a feeling I could not repress. But I commenced at the onset, by stating that I had heard "that a few even genteel ladies" were addicted to this loathsome vice. So that as far as *fact* is concerned, "Hera" and myself do not differ, unless she will say that not a single genteel female does *dip Snuff*. I have no knowledge however, of the prevalence of this custom, but from the evidence of others, nor have I any personal knowledge of the Mint Julips which follow. I know, however, that the constant use of any powerful stimulant, will be seen to create a desire for other and stronger stimulants.

"Hera" must recollect, that I did not call myself the "devoted friend of these wretched drunken creatures." No, I call myself the devoted friend of *Woman*, as she ought to be, and as many are, a bright creation which has changed the wilderness of earth into a garden? Yes: the Chevalier Bayard was but a boy to me, in my devotion to the Fair sex. The very sight of a piece of riband makes my heart flutter from association of ideas. I would mount the "imminent deadly beach," I would rush "even in the Cannon's mouth" to win a smile from a pretty mouth, (undefiled by Snuff.) It is my very admiration and love of the Ladies, that makes me so anxious to cure them of a practice which detracts so much from their charms and their influence in society.

One word more about *facts*. I have it from authority, entitled to unbounded credit, that Ladies are sometimes made absolutely drunk by the use of Snuff. I can also give a strong proof that even the moderate use of Snuff, this vile stuff, is injurious.

I would join "Hera" very cordially in preaching against the filthy practice of the men. I would rejoice to see the Ladies unite to repress the same, but I have too exalted an opinion of the fair sex, to be willing to defend them, by placing them in the same footing with coarse men; to try to excuse Ladies for their directions from cleanliness, by saying that gentlemen are guilty of the same practice.

I will conclude, Messrs. Editors, by once more expressing the hope, that the few Ladies who have fallen into this habit, may at once see how vulgar and unbecoming it is, and that they may resolve from this moment, to give it up.

LOUISBURG N. C., July 12th 1838.