

RALEIGH REGISTER

AND NORTH CAROLINA GAZETTE.

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

VOL. XXXIX.

MONDAY, AUGUST 13, 1838.

NO. 41.

JOSEPH GALES & SON,
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

TERMS.

Subscription, three dollars per annum—one half in advance.
Persons residing without the State will be required to pay the whole amount of the year's subscription in advance.

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LETTERS to the Editors must be post-paid.

SERGEANT JASPER.

The following account of this dauntless patriot soldier, we copy from the "Charleston Mercury." The deed of noble daring recorded below has long been familiar to us. On the anniversaries of the 28th of June, and on the 4th of July, the sons of Carolina, in their flowing cups, ever freshly remembered him. An attempt is going to be made to get a pension for his daughter, who is living, and in want. For the honor of our country, let it not prove unsuccessful.
Cin. Exp. Post.

William Jasper emigrated at an early age from Ireland, and settled and married in one of the interior districts of South Carolina, previous to the revolution. Imbued with a national hatred of tyrants, he naturally embraced with ardor the cause of the Revolution, and was among the first who took up arms and joined the troops which Carolina marshalled at Fort Moultrie for the defence of the harbor of Charleston. Upon the memorable 28th of June, 1776, and when the fire upon the fort was the hottest, the flag-staff was struck down by a cannon ball, and the colors precipitated with it over the walls of the fort. Dismay struck consternation into the hearts of the assembled citizens, who, from the wharves of the city, witnessed the fight, for they thought for a moment it was lost; but the gallant Jasper was seen rushing over the ramparts—he recovered the colors—he mounts the perilous height—he turns—waves the colors in the face of the enemy, and hurraing and shouting "GOD SAVE LIBERTY AND MY COUNTRY!" fixed them in their position and resumed his place at the guns.

Heroism like this excited a corresponding enthusiasm; the next day Governor Rutledge visited the slaughter pen; called for Jasper and offered him a commission—"No, sir, I am more at home, and can be more useful as I am." "Noble Jasper! accept then this sword," and his excellency presented him his own. Often did he make it drink the best blood of the enemy. He was a powerful, strong, active, intelligent, of the most fearless courage; eminent in partisan warfare ever hovering around the skirts of royalists, he struck them many a terrible blow, and carried off many a precious prize. Implicit confidence was placed in him by the American officers, and he was allowed to pick a few daring spirits like his own, and go and come when and where he pleased. Scarcely was a battle fought in the South '76 and '79 without the aid of the Sergeant, and many acts as daring as that of the celebrated "Rescue," are told by fond tradition. Thus he went on, proving the wisdom of those institutions that have made America the terror of the oppressors, as well as the asylum of the oppressed, until the period of the disastrous attack of the combined French and American arms to dislodge the British from Savannah, on the 9th of October, 1779. It was unsuccessful. The colors of the regiment to which Jasper belonged were presented to it, with a special charge from the noble donor, Mr. Elliot, to Jasper, to "guard them well." Those colors were successively borne by Lieutenants Bashe & Hume upon that fatal day, and both were killed. Jasper was resolved that they should not fall into the hands of the enemy, and made a prodigious effort to carry them off. In that desperate act he was mortally wounded, and there closed his brilliant career. Thus has this gallant soldier, though serving in the ranks, gained a renown and a historical name, which campaigns and the possession of empire have failed to give generals and Kings. The name of Jasper is in the mouths of our people, with those of Marion and Sumpter, and Laurens and Rutledge.—They remember it at their festivals, and women and children speak of it with benediction. History has embalmed his name among those things she holds most precious, and poetry has married it to vernal verse. The genius of painting has evoked his happiest efforts to illustrate his actions, and our own townsman, Mr. White in his painting of the "Rescue," has proved the glorious power of the noble art. In short, Jasper has been made illustrious by his own deeds, and by the tribute of genius.

And yet the child of this man pines in neglect, and as yet has received no aid from the laws. She is a native of our city. Is this proper—is it just—that the country for which the father died, should suffer his offspring to sink beneath the power of want? Where is the pay that was due to him?—Where is the warrant of bounty lands to which he and his representatives are virtually entitled by the tender of commission from Governor Rutledge?

Let that justice whose demands have been too long neglected, answer. Let those who are moved by a spirit of compassion inquire. We opine, however, that the case has not been made known to Mr. Legare. We feel assured that when he does come to know it he will endeavor to have justice done to one of the bravest and most faithful soldiers of South Carolina.

LEO.

DISCOVERY OF MISSISSIPPI.

BY MANN BUTLER, ESQ.

On the 27th March, 1512, fourteen years after the discovery by Columbus of the main land of America, Ponce de Leon discovered Florida in his romantic search for the fountain of youth. This was a spring, which was extensively believed at that day, to possess the virtue of renewing the wasted powers of life. Notwithstanding this charmed power in the waters of Florida, the discoverer died mortally wounded in a contest with the warlike natives. He was soon followed by various adventurers, British and Spanish. But Pamphilo de Narvaez and Herando de Soto were the most distinguished. The former is supposed to have landed on the 12th of April 1529, near the bay now called Apalachee. After passing six months in exploring Florida, he coasted the Southern margin of this State, and the whole party, except four, were shipwrecked near the mouth of the Mississippi. The survivors, after years of captivity and hardship among the Indians, reached the city of Mexico. De Soto, whose fame you so well commemorate in one of the Northern counties of the State, possibly in the path of his ancient exploration, next followed. This most remarkable adventurer, even at a time and in a nation of unsurpassed enterprise, as if destined, to realize the wildest visions of romance, had participated with Pizarro in the conquest of Peru. He had realized, in that fair work, every thing it might well be supposed, that love of fame or wealth desired.—Still this favorite of fortune, the pride of the knights of Old Castle, panted to intertwine his heroic and wayward fate with the stately forests of Mississippi. His keen passion for adventure kindled at the news brought to Spain by the surviving associates of Narvaez; and he easily obtained from the partiality and confidence of Charles V. then Emperor of Germany and King of Spain and the Indies, the government of Cuba and of Florida.

In May, 1539, all but 300 years ago, the Adelantado of Florida, landed at the Bay of Espiritu Santo, the Tampa Bay of our modern topography. Here, after establishing a depot at the bay of Achucsis, the modern Pensacola, and concerting communications with his noble wife, whom he had left in charge of his government at Havana, he proceeded into the interior. Without expatiating on the desperate and gallant contests between the native sons of the forest, (most probably the ancestors of the Seminoles,) and their warlike invaders. I will barely select a few of the most prominent and interesting points, which have been identified in this boldest of the European explorations of Alabama, Mississippi and Arkansas. Tuscaloosa, or Tuscaloosa, as it is now written is first presented. He was, says the Peruvian historian, "one of the most politic, proud and warlike of the native chieftains of the south." He has left his name indelibly stamped on a river, and the capital of the neighboring State of Alabama. His territories must have comprised a great part of what are now the States of Alabama and Mississippi.

The Spaniards entered his town of Mauvila (evidently the origin of Mobile,) which is supposed to have stood about the junction of the Tombecbee with the Alabama river. Here was the scene of one of the bloodiest battles between the natives and their invaders. The ruins of this town, sacked and burned by the Spaniards, became the tomb of the heroic chief of Tuscaloosa, and several thousand of his subjects. The plain around the town was strewn with more than 2,500 bodies. Within the walls the streets were blocked up by the dead. "In one building a thousand perished in the flames, a greater part of them females." It is some compensation for this demoniac havoc; that its authors did not entirely escape from the calamities they had brought upon these distant shores. Eighty-two Spaniards, cased as they were in armor of steel, perished, and forty-two Spanish horses were killed by the Indians, and mourned says the same historian, "as if they had been so many fellow-soldiers." The baggage and stores of the Spaniards were consumed in the flames of the town. The next point reached by the expedition, of immediate interest to us, is the province and town of Chicaza or Chickasaw. This is supposed to have been in the upper part of this State, on the Western bank of the Zazoo, about 240 miles north-west of Mobile. Here the Spaniards experienced a desperate night attack from the Indians, losing many of their men, and more of their horses, than unknown in America, and so precious to their invaders.

After many similar adventures, all testifying to the undaunted bravery and persevering fortitude of the natives, the Spanish party came in sight of the Mississippi, on the Rio Grande, as they called it. Below

the lowest Chickasaw Bluff, the present site of Memphis, just ten miles above the northern limits of this State, is an ancient and convenient passage over the Mississippi river. Here De Soto is supposed to have crossed the Mississippi, and left the territory of our State. It does not comport with the purpose of this discourse to follow this gallant, but unfortunate wanderer beyond the limits of the Mississippi. I will barely mention, that, after penetrating to the highlands of White river, 200 miles from the Mississippi, to Little Prairie, the Salines and Hot Springs of Washita, the Spanish Captain reached the country about the mouth of Red River. Here he sent out a party to explore the country farther to the south. The frequent bayous, the impassable canebrakes, and the dense woods, permitted them to proceed but 40 miles in eight days; thus obstructed, the party returned with the disheartening intelligence they had procured. This disappointment added to the sorrows of his whole career in these regions, so different from his fate on the golden coast of Peru, and a defiance sent him by a tribe of Indians near Natchez, completed the work of melancholy, and broke the heart of De Soto. He fell a prey to a mortal disorder, and to conceal the body of the dauntless associate of Pizarro, the governor of Cuba and the first explorer of these south-western regions, the corpse, wrapped in a mantle and in the stillness of midnight, was silently sunk in the Mississippi. Thus the discoverer of the Mississippi slept beneath its waters. "He had crossed the continent in search of gold," says the eloquent and most learned Bancroft, "and had found nothing so remarkable as his burial place." Three hundred, out of one thousand, who had embarked with De Soto, alone lived to return to Mexico and his heart-broken wife, the noble maladilla.

THE POISONED NOSEGAY.

On the eve of the fete of St. Louis, a poor laborer arrived out of breath, at the Hotel of the Lieutenant of the Police, in Paris, and asked to speak with the Chief Magistrate, the celebrated M. Bernin de Bellisle; but it was one o'clock, the usual dinner hour, at the period, and the elegantly dressed valets would not disturb their master for a "shabby looking workman." The man insisted—they laughed at him—he entreated—they ordered him out, and at length, provoked at his importunity, they took him by the shoulders and attempted to force him into the street. While struggling with them, he exclaimed—"I have particular business with the Magistrate—the King's life is in danger!" At these words the menials desisted—and an officer who was present, struck with the honest countenance of the man, informed M. de Bellisle of the circumstance, who immediately ordered him to be conducted to his private room, where he soon joined him.—The Magistrate had frequently been deceived by persons who, in the hope of reward, had rumped up some story of alarming danger to the King or the Government, so that he listened to the workman's narrative with a stern and distrustful countenance.

It seems that while the poor fellow was doing some repairs in one of the pleasure houses with which Paris abounds, he overheard, through a chink in the partition, a conversation carried on in an under tone between two personages of the court; the name of the King was frequently uttered and the details he learned were of the most terrible importance. Among the nosegays which were to be presented to his Majesty on the occasion of his fete one was to be impregnated with a poison, so that it would cause the instant death of any one who should smell it. Master if so portentous a secret, the *frotteur* has left his work unfinished, and without time to change his working clothes, he had hastened to the Hotel of the Police to reveal the dreadful plot that was preparing. Bellisle sifted him closely on the various points of his story, but found him perfectly consistent, and was at length convinced by his earnestness, particularly as he offered to submit to the torture to testify the truth of his words. He took him in his carriage to Versailles, where he had him placed under the surveillance of the guard, while he went to the King's apartment by a private staircase, in order not to excite the fears of the conspirators. At eight o'clock on the same evening Louis XV. went to the grand saloon of reception where he sat with a smiling countenance in the chair of State at the bottom of the room. Before him was the splendid round table of mosaic, which had been presented to Louis XIV. by the Republic of Venice, and was destined to receive the brilliant nosegays which were to be offered to his Majesty on the present joyful occasion. Louis exchanged smiling glances with madam de Pompadour, and with his hand caressed his favorite spaniel, placed on a stool at his feet. The ceremony at length commenced. The King received one by one the various *bouquets* offered him, and under the pretext of playing with his dog, whose indiscreet vivacity seemed greatly to amuse him, he held each bunch of flowers to the animal's nose, and then laid it on the table. The members of the diplomatic body first paid their homage to

his Majesty—then came the Royal Family who had courteously yielded to them the precedence. On Smelling the first nosegay presented by them the dog fell dead. Madame Pompadour turned pale, and was about to scream out, when her Royal lover whispered to her—"be not alarmed—the danger is passed. Hide the poor spaniel in a fold of your robe—he died to justify the saying—brother, and father of the King, and never the King himself."

The ceremony was soon afterwards concluded, and Louis returned to his private apartment, where he sent for the Lieutenant of Police. "You were well informed, M. de Bellisle," said he, "last year, the poniard of Damiens—a nosegay this time—and all from the same source! But in this case I cannot punish as I should. You will please keep silent on this dreadful mystery. As to the man who has saved me, I wish to see him—present him to me."—The Magistrate made some excuses about the *frotteur's* humble dress and appearance, but was interrupted by the good natured Monarch with—"So much the better!—The working dress is the people's dress of glory! Bring your *frotteur* here—I will treat him better than a prince!" Bellisle went out—and soon returned holding by the hand his protegee, trembling, and not daring to lift up his eyes. Louis XV. advanced to him; "embrace your King, worthy man," said he, "let that be your first reward."—"Ah, sir!" exclaimed the man, trying to throw himself at his feet, "am I worthy of such excess of honor and goodness!" The King drew him to his bosom, warmly embraced him, and kissed him on the forehead. Louis asked him in what way he could serve him? "Well then, sire, (he answered) I should be happy to live near your Majesty, here in the neighboring park. If you will permit me to see you sometimes, I will always be happy."—"Is that all," said Louis—"in fifteen days a house shall be built for you, my worthy friend—and every morning you will bring me a nosegay—which will make me remember that I have owed my life to your loyalty and affection." The King kept his promise—a beautiful cottage was built for his humble friend near Trianon—a pension of 120 louis a year was settled upon him, and he lived in uninterrupted happiness till the end of his days.

ECCENTRIC HOSPITALITY.

During the late American war, a soldier who had been wounded and honorably discharged, being destitute and benighted, knocked at the door of an Irish farmer, when the following dialogue ensued:

Patrick. And who the devil are you, now? Soldier. My name is John Wilson. Pat. And where in the devil are you going from, John Wilson? Sol. From the American army at Erie, sir. Pat. And what in the devil do you want here? Sol. I want shelter to-night, will you permit me to spread my blanket on your floor and sleep to-night? Pat. Devil take me if I do, John Wilson, that's flat. Sol. On your kitchen floor, sir? Pat. Not I, by the Hill o' Howth, that's flat. Sol. In you Stable, then? Pat. I'm d—d if I do that either, that's flat. Sol. I'm dying with hunger: give me but a bone and crust: I ask no more. Pat. Devil blow me if I do, sir, that's flat. Sol. Give me some water to quench my thirst, I beg of you. Pat. Beg and be hanged, I'll do no such thing that's flat. Sol. Sir, I have been fighting to secure the blessings you enjoy: I have assisted in contributing to the glory and welfare of the country which has hospitably received you, and can you so inhospitably reject me from your house?

Pat. Reject you? who in the devil talked a word about rejecting you? May be I am not the scurvy spalpeen you take me to be, John Wilson. You asked me to let you lie on my floor, my kitchen floor, or in my stable; now by the powers, d'ye think I'd let a perfect stranger do that when I have a half a dozen feather beds all empty? No, by the Hill o' Howth, John, that's flat. In the second place you told me you were dying with hunger, and wanted a bone and a crust to eat; now honey, d'ye think I'll feed a hungry man on bones and crust, when my yard is full of fat pullets, and turkeys, and pigs? No, by the powers, not I, that's flat. In the third place, you asked me for some simple water to quench your thirst; now as my water is none of the best, I never give it to a poor traveller without mixing it with plenty of wine, brandy, whiskey, or something else wholesome and cooling. Come into my house, my honey; devil blow me, but you shall sleep in the best feather bed I have; you shall have the best supper and breakfast that my farm can supply, which, thank the Lord, is none of the worst: you shall drink as much water as you choose, provided you mix it with plenty of good wine, or spirits, and provided also you prefer it. Come in my hearty, come in, and feel yourself at home. It shall never be said, that

Patrick O'Flaherty treated a man scurvily who has been fighting for the dear country which gives him protection—that's flat.

From the Microcosm.

DUEL EXTRAORDINARY!

DEAR SIR: A duel extraordinary occurred here this morning, which has excited much interest in the social circle. Two colored young gentlemen quarrelled—the cause as usual a trifle. One claimed 50 cents of the other—the other as resolutely denied the justness of the claim. At last, such insults were passed between them as no gentleman of true honor could or would tolerate.—What? (you say with surprise,) kill a man who refuses to pay you fifty cents! But the insult, my dear sir! Well, you exclaim, what was it?—a mere breath—a man's breath—a negro's breath!—a puff of malignant passion! I see, my dear sir, you don't understand the rules of honor. They must fight. What will the black and yellow wench say? Coward! Think of it, sir! "None but the brave deserve the fair." Their first meeting with pistols was prevented by the interference of civil authority. But men whose honor has been insulted are restless—they vowed revenge and resolved to have satisfaction. The masters met and consulted upon it, and arranged a code, which I venture to recommend to all future combatants, whose honor is so sensitive and so fugitive as to need mercurious satisfaction, to glut their devilish pride with malignity. Yes, from the member of Congress down to the most outcast profligate; for we read that all men lay claim to honor.

Well, sir, they met—coats off—these honorable black heroes. The masters stood seconds. They had each a cowhide placed in their hands, and were then ordered to listen to the rules of *cowbat*. 1. "If you strike my negro in the face, I'll knock you down with this cane, and if my negro strikes you in the face, your master will knock him down. 2. You will strike each other five blows at once—then stop, and say whether you are satisfied—if not, go on till you are. Are you ready? One, two, three, four, five." And they poured it into each other so hard that you could not distinguish between the crack of the cowhides. They were not satisfied, and the word was again given. From the way these negroes fought, you would have thought they had been practised to it from their youth. They kept up their honorable *itching* for revenge till they had each received 39 lashes, laid on as hard as honor insisted could inflict—equal you see, sir, to seven shots and four-fifths! By this time their anger was cooled down to the very zero of satisfaction—their courage approved and the debt settled. Of one of the combatants, I cannot speak of my own knowledge, but I know the other was so little disabled, that he waited at our dinner table, in seeming good health and spirits. Indeed, I thought him decidedly improved by the discipline of the *cowbat*.

LAM LASH.

Raleigh, August 1.

"Cowbat, from "cow," and "battere," French, to cow-beat.

NEW WAY TO DETECT A THIEF.

The father of the great American statesman (Mr. Webster) was a very humorous jocosse personage. Innumerable are the anecdotes that are related of him. As he was once journeying in Massachusetts, and far from his native town, he stopped rather late one night at an inn in the village of—. In the bar room were about twenty different persons, who as he entered, called out for him to discover a thief. "One of the company it appeared, had a watch taken from his pocket, and he knew the offender must be in the room with them." "Come Mr. Almanac maker, you know the signs of the times, the hidden things of the season; tell who is the thief!" "Fasten all the doors of the room, and let no one leave it; and here landlord go and bring your wife's brass kettle." "Wh—ew! want to know! my stars! my wife's—wh—ew!" quoth boniface. "Why you wouldn't be more struck up, if I told you to get a pbt." Boniface did as commanded. The great brass kettle was placed in the middle of the floor, its bottom up—as black, sooty, and smoky as a chimney back? The landlord got into his bar and looked on with eyes as big as saucers. "You don't want any hot water or nothing, to take off the brides of no critter, do you squire? said the landlord, the preparations lookin' a little too much like hog killing—the old woman's gone to bed, and the well's dry." "Now go into the barn and bring the biggest cockfowl you've got." "Why!—you won't bite him, will you? he's a tough one. I can swear, squire, he did not steal the watch. The old rooster knows when to crow without looking at a watch!" "Go along, or I won't detect the thief." Boniface went to the barn, and soon returned with a tremendous great rooster, cackling all the while like mad. "Now put him under the kettle, and blow the light out." "Now gentlemen, I don't suppose the

thief is in the company, but if he is, the old rooster will crow when the offender touches the bottom of the kettle with his hands. Walk round in a circle, and the cock will make known the watch stealer. The innocent need not be afraid you know." The company then, to humor him, and carry out the joke, walked around the kettle in the dark for three or four minutes.

"All done gentlemen?" "All done!" was the cry—"where's your crowing, we heard no cockadooleo!" "Bring us a light." "A light was brought as ordered." "Now hold up your hands good folks." "One held up his hands after another.—They were of course black, from coming in contact with the soot of the kettle." "All up?" "All up?" was the response. "All black?" "A—ll—Don't know, here's one fellow who has'nt held up his hand!" "Ah, ha, my old boy: let's take a peep at your paws!" They were examined, and were not black like those of the rest of the company. "You'll find your watch about him—now search."

And so it proved. This fellow not being aware any more than the rest, of the trap that was set for the discovery of the thief, had kept aloof from the kettle, lest when he touched it, the crowing of the rooster should proclaim him as the thief. As the hands of all the rest were blackened, the whiteness of one showed of course that he dared not touch the old brass kettle, and that he was the offender. He jumped out of the frying pan into the fire, and was soon lodged in as uncomfortable a place as either, to-wit, the jail.

DEATH OF SAILORS.

How affecting, how appalling the statement, that "for every sixteen sailors who died of all diseases, eleven died by drowning, or in wrecks."

It appears, by a report of a committee of Parliament on the extent of loss of property and lives at sea, that between 1833 and 1835, inclusive, there were 1573 vessels stranded or wrecked, and during the same period there were 120 vessels missing or lost, making a total of 1720 vessels wrecked and missing in the period of 3 years.—The amount of property in those vessels was believed to be £8,510,000, while 2682 lives were lost at the same time.

On our own coast, it appears by the Sailor's Magazine, for January, 1837, that 316 vessels and 829 lives were lost in 1836. Now estimate the value of each vessel an cargo at \$20,000, we have the amount of \$6,320,000 lost the last year by ship-wrecks.

Well indeed, might an ancient philosopher enquire, when distributing the human race into the two classes of the living and the dead, "who can determine in which class we are to enter the names of those on the sea?" At this moment, perhaps, while the reader is quietly perusing these lines, the sea in some parts, is lashed into fury. Deep is calling into deep. A vessel is staggering and plunging from the mountain waves down into roaring caverns. Death is raging around it, seeking for its prey—moment longer a nail starts, and the masts plunge over the side, and the vessel disappears, and emphatically true is it of the sea, that there is but a step between him and death!

How affecting to think that a great majority of those who have perished at sea, were cut off suddenly in the prime of life. The earth is the grave of infantine weakness, of deceased emancipation, of worn-out age, but the ocean is the tomb of the young, the vigorous, the brave. While they were full of heart and hope, buoyant as the bark in which they had careered over, the lightning smote them, or the boom struck them overboard; they fell from aloft, or the restless wave washed them from the deck; the ship sprung a leak, or stranded or struck; the boat sunk, or the tempest gathered, burst and overwhelmed them. "Thou didst blow with thy wind, the sea cover them, they sank like lead in the mighty waters." Under circumstances the most unfavorable reflection or prayer "in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye," they passed into the presence of their Judge!

"How affecting to anticipate the day when 'the sea shall give up the dead which were in it,' when—

"From out their watery beds, the Ocean's dead, Renewed, shall, on the unstirring billows, stand, From pole to pole; thick covering all the sea."

How appalling to reflect, that of the countless hosts which the sea shall then surrender up—more numerous than its waves—the great mass perished suddenly, "went down quick," and oh! what ground there is to fear that they died unprepared—died in anger with death, and "gave no sign," but that of impotence—died, and offered no prayer but that of horrid imprecation—died amidst noise and tumult, hostile to salutary reflection!

And shall we wait till the sea give up its dead, before we awake to a sense of our responsibility? Shall we delay till we are then standing for judgment, before we begin to weigh their claims, or to consider the consequences of our guilty neglect? Shall the host of those who will then arise, unprepared, go on augmenting, and we make no combined effort to prevent it.