

FREE PRESS.



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VOL. I.

THE "FREE PRESS,"

By George Howard,

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Advertisements inserted at fifty cents per square, or less, for the first insertion, and twenty-five cents each continuance.

Letters addressed to the Editor must be *post paid*.

Advertisements.

Forty Dollars Reward,

FOR GEORGE and ISAAC. George ran away the first September last; about 5 feet 10 inches high; tolerable black; spare made; thin visage; some teeth out before; about 20 years of age. He has a wife at Speercofield's quarter, on Fishing creek, and is well known as a rascal to the citizens in the neighborhood he visits. He was caught at Speercofield's quarter when brought home last, and no doubt is lurking and harbored in the neighborhood. I will give *Twenty Dollars* for his delivery to me, or I will give *FORTY DOLLARS* for his head, and no questions asked.

ISAAC went off the 12th instant; is about 5 feet 4 inches high; of a pumpkin black color; well made; active and lively; expert in wrestling, running and jumping; about 23 years of age; has a wife at Mrs. Appiewhite's, and I am confident is in that neighborhood. The said negroes I purchased at Sheriff's Sale of the estate of Wm. Lowry, deceased. I will give *Twenty Dollars* for Isaac, delivered to me, or fifteen if confined in jail so that I get him.

Hilliard Fort.

July 23, 1824. 19-tf

Mrs. SNEDER,

HAS the pleasure of informing the inhabitants of Halifax and the adjoining counties, that she has opened a fashionable assortment of **MILLINERY**, in the house opposite Messrs. J. Halliday & Co.'s store—consisting of Leghorn and Straw Bonnets, of the newest patterns—artificial flowers, wreaths, and bunches—gimps, black, white, and colored—curls, caps, turbans, &c. &c.

Mantua-making done in the most fashionable style.

Halifax, June 9, 1824. 12-tf

NOTICE THIS.

ON the 3d Monday in August next, at the Court-House in Halifax town, will be exposed to public sale, nineteen likely **NEGROES**, to which unquestionable titles can be made. Terms of sale made known on the day.

Jas. C. Faucett,

Adm'r of Sally Barnes.

19th July, 1824. 18-4t

NOTICE.

HAVING qualified, at Halifax February session, 1824, as Executor to the last will and testament of the late **JOHN WILKES**, deceased, this is hereby to notify all persons who have any claims or demands against the estate of the said John Wilkes, that they present them duly authenticated for payment, within the time prescribed by law, otherwise this notice will be plead in barr of their recovery. Those who are indebted will make payment without delay, as the estate will not admit of indulgence.

Henry Wilkes,

Ex'r of John Wilkes, dec'd.

Halifax, 30th April, 1824.—7tf

Blank Warrants for sale
AT THIS OFFICE.

Printing neatly executed
AT THIS OFFICE.

GEN. JACKSON IN LOUISIANA.

From the New-Orleans Advertiser, June 7.

At a meeting of the friends of **GEN. ANDREW JACKSON**, convened by public notice, at Davis' ball room, New-Orleans, on the evening of the 5th June, **N. GIROD**, Esq. was called to the chair as President, and **ALFRED HENNE**, Esq. Secretary.

The meeting was opened with eloquent and appropriate addresses by **S. H. Harper**, Esq. **A. Davezac**, Esq. and **Gen. Ripley**; after which the following **ADDRESS**, reported by **I. T. Peterson**, Esq. chairman of the committee appointed for that purpose, was unanimously adopted and ordered to be printed:

Citizens of Louisiana:—The time has arrived when we are called upon to think seriously on the choice of a Chief Magistrate. The choice of a Chief Magistrate! transcendent privilege. Americans! the time has passed away when kings, as stupid as their original clay, were born to rule you, or prone by nature to every vice, and instinctively averse to every virtue. Alfred, of England, was a great and good king; but look through the long list of his successors for ten centuries, and which of the Edwards, the Richards, the Henrys, or the Georges, was a great and good king? Louisianians! you were once ruled by the race of Bourbons. Liberty abhors that name; it has dyed France, Spain and Italy with the blood and whitened those fair countries with the bones of patriots. It was a necessary result; because your kings were born in the courts of vice and corruption and extravagance. They saw nothing but the thoughtless, useless waste of the lives and substance of their subjects. They were taught tyranny alone, because to learn the prerogative of the king constitutes the sole education of the heir apparent.

To choose your chief magistrate, then, is a transcendent privilege. How did we conquer that privilege? It is half a century since the standard of liberty was raised in America.—Kings and nobles, and wealth and power, would have hewed it down, and destroyed all who sought its protection. It was not the "summer soldier nor the sunshine patriot" who rallied in the cause of freedom against such mighty odds. It was a little band, with **WASHINGTON** at their head, without clothes to their backs or shoes to their feet, whom the victorious army of despotism tracked by their blood through the snows of New-Jersey. It was the brave peasantry of the Carolinas, who, rather than wear the yoke of despotism, abandoned their wives and children to heaven, and their homes to the enemy, and fled to the mountains or slept in the swamps.—But "the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong." The God of Liberty, that animated the patriot hearts of our fathers at Saratoga and Eutaw Springs, united the heroes of the north and south at Yorktown, and there terminated the struggle of freemen in the triumph of freedom, amidst the blaze of victory and glory. A grateful country has bestowed all its honors on the heroes and statesmen of those "times that tried the souls of men." Is there one left on whom we can pour out the swelling tide of our gratitude, and wash from the page of history the slander that republics are ungrateful? There is one; but, melancholy reflection, **GEN. JACKSON** is the last. The blood of his very childhood was mingled with that of the heroes who began the political emancipation of the world. Sacred drops! each one spilt in the holy warfare exceeds the pretensions of all the other candidates for the Presidency.

Since the Revolution, Gen. Jackson has devoted to the service of his country a life of ardent, energetic and incorruptible integrity. He was among the hardy pioneers of the west, who with the rifle in one hand defended themselves against the savage, and with the axe in the other felled the forest. He assisted in forming the Constitution of the state he had assisted in creating, administered her justice from her highest tribunal, and represented her in the Senate of the United States. There he was no time-server of the powers that be, but sacrificed himself to truth, to virtue, to republicanism.

In 1806, when treason gathered in the west, and Louisiana was its destined victim, Jackson was among the first to warn the Executive of the danger, and animate us to exertion. He denounced the traitors, prepared his brave volunteers to march at a moment's warning, and placed at their head a corps of revolutionary invincibles.

In the commencement of the late war, his unobtrusive merits were unknown to the government; but his towering genius and restless patriotism did not remain inactive. As a volunteer, he threw himself between the war-whoop of the savage and our defenceless frontier. He conquered their peace and security by sleepless nights, by toilsome marches, by the dreadful battles of Tallushatches, Talladega, Emuckfau and the Horse Shoe. In these campaigns, his agonizing difficulties would have broken an ordinary heart, and the sufferings of his brave volunteers could not have been supported in any other than the cause of mothers and infants exposed to the tomakawk. Danger and death are fronted on such plains as Chippewa and Niagara, because victory is crowned with laurel; but self-sacrificing patriotism alone can animate the hero to rush on greater danger in savage warfare.

In 1814, the enemy invaded the heart of our country, and marched against the capital. The whole union looked with confidence to the patriotism and valor of its defenders. None doubted that our triumph would be signal, and that even if the numbers of the enemy should prevail, the brave men charged with the deposits of the nation, the sacred tomb of Washington, would at least unsheathe their swords, throw away their scabbards, and die gloriously at their posts. It was not so: all was

ignominiously lost.—The capital was nothing; but patriotism and honor were blotted from the page of American virtues. Nothing but a triumph so transcendently glorious, if possible, than our disgrace was infamous, could save us from the last of evils, self-destruction. That triumph was reserved for Gen. Jackson. Intoxicated with their success, the conquerors of Europe, their numbers and preparations doubled, directed their mightiest efforts against this weak and extreme part of the union. Even hope for our safety was extinguished. Our destruction was recorded in the public journals. No calculating man could believe it possible for three thousand new and undisciplined militia to resist fourteen thousand of the best troops the world ever saw; and the soldier, while laboring at our feeble breast-work, if he paused to think, must have reflected that he was digging his own grave. But the ardent soul of Jackson dissipated such reflections. He encouraged the fearful, inflamed the brave to madness, inspired all with confidence, and when the roar of artillery and the columns of moving arms announced the combat, no cheek blanched with fear, but the eager hearts of all panted for the contest. And there was achieved a victory unparalleled in history. The pass of Thermopylae was the grave of patriots, but on the plains of Bienvenue equal virtue achieved virtue's reward, and proved more signally than it was ever demonstrated before, that freemen defending their soil, their firesides, and their families, against despotism, are invincible. The deepest detractors of Jackson admit that no other man in America could have effected this great result, and the pious believe that a superintending God raised him up for our special preservation.

Compared with Jackson's services, what are those, great as they are, of the other candidates for the Presidency? In warm quarters, blessed with every comfort, with powerful minds stored with ancient and modern knowledge, and warmed by patriotism, they have deeply studied and developed the interests of their country. Delightful occupation! it carries with it more than its own reward. But look at one moment of Jackson's life, the opposing, the unequal armies were in motion; the prize for which they contended in view; it was our beauty and our booty. At one point they met, and, relinquishing the idle warfare of powder and ball, crossed their bayonets in direful contest—All depended on the single soul of Jackson; if he could have thought of himself for a moment, it would have been that this moment was his last. He thought only of his country and victory. You saw him in that scene. You saw him who, the slanderers say, cannot control his passions, in those circumstances, where events occurred not to excite passion only, but despairing rage; you saw him as cool, as unmoved, as calculating, as if he had been directing the pieces on a chessboard. That single moment of his life exhibited more self-devoted patriotism, and conquered greater advantages to ourselves and posterity, than all the other candidates. If Louisiana had been conquered, heaven only knows what part of our happy Union would have been severed with it. If the war had terminated with the disgrace of this capital, our people would have disowned their own country; but the victory of New-Orleans is a letter of credit to Americans, which bravery and virtue will honor in every quarter of the globe.

They say he is not only passionate, but ambitious. You saw him in the midst of a greater triumph than ever fell to the lot of any other man. But in the midst of all his glory, when ambition would have spurred him to the capital, and vain glory demanded a crown, you saw the mighty conqueror, the humble Jackson, fall before the altar of our church, and in prayer and thanksgiving acknowledge that Almighty God, in whose hands he was but the humble instrument to save his country. That was not ambition. They say he is a tyrant, and tramples on the Constitution and laws of our country. You saw in him the victim of those laws, on that day when he could have looked the very temple of justice into atoms. But he restrained the popular rage with his eyes, and revered even the abuse of justice. Would to heaven we had more such tyrants!

They accuse him of inhumanity, and affect to sympathize with Arbutnot and Ambrister, the miscreants who lived by instigating savages and negroes to scalp weeping women and beseeching children, blacker with guilt and cruelty than if they had been dragged from the bottomless pit. Curse on the affectionate, for political purposes, of sympathy with such incarnate fiends.

And from the representations of some as to the private character of our candidate, one would expect to meet a ferocious tiger, terrible to all around him. But on becoming acquainted with Jackson, we are first struck with the humility, the simplicity, and child-like innocence of all his actions. Many men in elevated stations affect this; he is incapable of affectation, and the dullest eye discovers the thoughtless sincerity of every look, every word, every action of his life. Hence no man commands so strongly the affections of all around him. He is the best husband, the kindest relation and neighbor, the father of the orphan and the friend of the helpless.

The friends of General Jackson have studied every act of his life. In the great and trying situations in which he has been placed, they know of no act which they do not deliberately approve and believe approved by his conscience and his God.

He may have erred; but even his enemies agree that his errors were the excess of love for his country and zeal in her cause. They should be merged in his splendid merits. If he had been our enemy, they would have been forgiven and forgotten; but he is our best friend, and has shed more lustre on the American name and rendered greater services to the republic than any

(continued on our last page.)