



THE "FREE PRESS,"

By George Howard,

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DOMESTIC.

From the National Advocate.

Commodore Stewart.—Several reports unfavorable to the character and principles of Commodore Stewart have been for some time past in circulation, one of which was that he had concealed a royalist General on board the Franklin, and permitted him to land to the evident injury of the republican cause in South America—others that he had been trading in merchandize, &c. &c. We have given no currency to these rumours, because we hold it to be due to justice and generosity never to condemn a public officer without a hearing, and fully aware that we are too prone to censure those who are not immediately prepared to defend themselves. This however we may be permitted to say, we cannot believe that any American, much less a gallant officer who has done the state some service, would by any act aid the cause of royalty in a country struggling to be free. Without further remarks we publish the following letter from a friend, a public officer, who has the opportunities of knowing the facts of the case:—

Washington, Aug. 6th, 1824.

My Dear Sir—The absent are always the wrong, and "he who attacks an absent friend, or who does not defend him when spoken ill of by another, is a black character; do you Romans (said Horace) beware of him." I am glad to find by your letter of the 30th ult. that you are desirous of seeing the reputation of our estimable friends, Commodore and Mrs. Stewart, defended against those infamous calumnies, which our speculating fellow citizens in foreign countries so readily set on float against all the officers of our government, who will not lend their aid to forward those avaricious schemes for which we are so notorious abroad. What you have stated is an old story we had months ago, or at least that the government had, but now they are new varnished, and sent forth by envy, hatred and malice. The very worst construction that can be put upon it is this:

A Royalist Officer, pursued by his enemy, was it is said secreted on board the Franklin to save his life, without the knowledge of Com. Stewart, who was enraged when he discovered him; and arrested his First Lieutenant, who also it is said knew nothing of it. It was then said Mrs. Stewart had secreted him in some part of the ship, and sent him things to subsist on from the cabin. If she did this it was from humane motives and no other—there could exist no other in her bo-

some.—Some say she took the blame of it to screen a young officer from punishment, which I can readily believe, knowing the purity and generosity of her heart. Others more wicked, say she did it to get her husband out of the scrape, who hid the officer himself. It is a trifling incident, of no moment—a humane act to save the life of an individual; what our Consul did so often, and so much to his disadvantage in 1815 in Bordeaux, when the royalists were in pursuit of distinguished imperialists—he could not stand by and see such eminent men butchered when he had the power to save them, and the very men who then censured him now approve his conduct—But the enemies of Com. Stuart and his superior wife, who has been of infinite use to her countrymen in the Pacific, from her perfect knowledge of the language and her charming manners, which caused her to be beloved in all South America, made a story out of this noble act, which I am astonished any respectable or sensible person should listen to. You know what our countrymen are abroad—other nations cling together and support one another in foreign countries like a Scotch clan, but our people seem to take delight in calumniating each other. There are a number worthy respectable Americans in South America, but generally speaking, our country never before sent so many wretched adventurers as have thronged there. They cannot (conscious of their own iniquity) respect themselves, and measuring other peoples wheat by their own bushel, they respect no one, and use unblushingly the vilest means to reduce innocence, virtue and valour to their own level—*homo homini lupus.*

The Franklin is daily expected, when the whole affair will die away; all I am afraid of is that Stewart will get hold of some one who has been busy in circulating these wicked reports, and some quarrels will ensue. The story was first printed *slily* in an obscure paper in the little town of —, and reprinted in that sink of obloquy —, and thus circulated. It is perfectly understood here; all our distinguished officers are enraged at it; no one credits it; you will see our worthy sec'y of the navy while on his tour of inspection, question him on the subject, and he will satisfy you. Like a snow ball as it travelled north it has increased in magnitude, no man of honor, or woman of feeling, ought to suffer it to be told in their presence. I expect the government has been in full possession of this affair, and of all other complaints made against Com. Stewart, by the contending parties in South America, and by his factious countrymen, and they are satisfied he has done nothing dishonorable to himself or to the government. Let me beg you will say so, and quote me on all occasions when these calumnies so disgraceful to our morality are uttered in your presence by male or female, knave or fool."

Warm Work.—The doors of the Police were opened at day-break yesterday, when in rushed upwards of twenty

Blacks, male and female—sailors and sweeps, who had been actively engaged the night previous, in dancing, rioting, and other disorderly practices. The Watchmen found them in a house in Crosby street—shrieking, screaming and cutting antic capers—the thermometer at that period, being near 85, and the atmosphere rather strong and smoky. The brave watchmen, however, broke in upon them, and lodged them safe in the Watch House. They were celebrating "Almanacks in the East," or "life in Hell," as Tom and Jerry did, and before the supper was served, the darkies were all caught. They were severally examined and committed when Dinah Dingy came up crying to the bar—protesting her innocence and good character; and the magistrate believing her story, permitted her to go, with suitable admonitions.—Dinah, however, had scarcely passed the railings of the court, when she set up a shriek and howl—jumped inordinately high—clapped hands, gave such proofs that she belonged to the Bob Logic school, that orders were given to bring her back. She cleared out, with the watchmen after her, and having chased her up Broadway, Dinah was caught, brought back, and gallanted to Bridewell, as an admonition to all others, not to exhibit proofs of agility in the purlieus of the court. One half of the party in Crosby street escaped.—*New-York Adv.*

Harrodsburg, Ky. July 17.

Breach of Promise.—On Wednesday last, a verdict of two thousand dollars in damages, was recovered, in a suit, in favor of Sophia Richardson, against Garland Withers, for a breach of marriage contract. The defendant plead *non assumpsit*, and *non assumpsit* within 5 years, which pleas were tried and relied upon, and after every latitude of indulgence in support of his pleas, as well as to traduce the character of the plaintiff, and her father and mother, the effort recoiled upon the defendant, in the just indignation and sense of the jury, by the outrage, that may serve as a lesson, not only to the defendant, but to others, how they sport with female credulity and virtue. The jury had retired but a few minutes until they returned with their verdict. A motion was then made in arrest of judgment, in consequence of some alleged irregularity, in making the issue upon the plea of the statute of limitation; but the court, in furtherance of its acknowledged regard for justice, and the cause having been tried, as upon regular issues to defendant's two pleas, overruled the motion for a new trial,

Beware of Swindlers.—Two men, one named James Dench, and the other Mordicai Lyons, have been for some time in this place exhibiting their Fire Works, where they received considerable sums of money; and where they almost invariably swindled every person who suffered them to get in their debt. They left here on Tuesday morning the 3d instant, for Plymouth, after being imprison-

ed for several days for their tavern bill, when they plead (as they did with others who trusted them) their inability to pay. Charity for their situation induced many of the citizens to contribute to their relief. But behold, after they left here, (as was believed by many) they were found to be in funds. We understand they are in the habit of bilking the public wherever they go. At Norfolk and Elizabeth-City, they played off the same game they have upon the citizens of this place: and as they appear to be bending their course to the South, it is expected that Editors of Newspapers generally, will give this a place, in order that the public may be on their guard against two such unprincipled and ungrateful villains. Dench appears to be the principal in the farce; but Lyons, we believe, is the most arch fellow of the two, as he receives the money, keeps the accounts, & pays off the bills with insufferable effrontery. Dench is a coarse, rough-hewed Englishman, with a countenance that cannot betray him; and Lyons we are told is an American, and born in Philadelphia. He has the countenance of a Jew, and appears to possess all the accomplishments requisite for a first rate swindler. *Edenton Ga.*

Roads.—A subscription has been opened under an act of the Legislature of North Carolina, for stock in a Company to make a Turnpike Road from Ashville, by the Warm Springs, to the Tennessee line. It is computed that, even now, not less than forty thousand head of hogs, five thousand head of horses and mules, and a proportionate number of horned cattle, are annually driven this road to the Southern markets.

Death of Mr. Rodney.—By an arrival at Baltimore from Buenos Ayres, papers of that place to the 1st July are received, containing the melancholy intelligence, that the Hon. C. A. RODNEY, our minister at Buenos Ayres, died suddenly on the 10th June, at six o'clock in the morning, and was buried with appropriate marks of respect on the following day. His family were to take passage for Philadelphia on board the brig America, captain Neal, to sail in a few days after the Noble, which brought the papers containing the intelligence to Baltimore. The Buenos Ayres *Mercantil*, which announced the death of Mr. R. was clothed in the emblems of mourning.

Senor Bernadina Rivadini, ex-minister of foreign affairs, embarked on the 26th of June on board of a British packet for England, on a private mission for the republic of Buenos Ayres.—The article of flour was quoted at \$9, on board, when the Noble sailed. The French expedition, under captain Duperre, had made some important discoveries of islands in the Pacific Ocean.

New-York, Aug. 12.

Horrid Suicide.—A tragic event occurred yesterday afternoon, at a respectable boarding house in this city. While the boarders were at dinner, Mr.

Seaman, deputy sheriff, called with a writ for two young men of the name of HART, brothers, who had just returned from an excursion to the Springs. They expressed their readiness to attend the sheriff, and asked permission to go to their lodging room, for their hats. This was granted, but having remained longer than was expected, the sheriff requested the landlord to ascertain if they had really gone to their room. He knocked at their door, when immediately he heard the report of a pistol, which was followed in a few seconds by another. On entering the room, it was found that both the young men had destroyed themselves, having apparently each placed a pistol in his mouth, and literally blown to atoms, the upper parts of their heads. We learn that the young men were natives of the Island of St. Thomas, named Ralph and John Hart, aged 24 and 26 years. They had transacted business at Mayaguez, Porto Rico, under the firm of I. & R. Hart. From this place, it is said they absconded some months since in a vessel which they had purchased and loaded on credit; and after visiting Curacao, Havana, and Jamaica, and disposing of the vessel and cargo, arrived in this city a few weeks since. They returned from the Springs yesterday morning.

A cure for an incurable disease.—Baron Cramar, a celebrated German, has found out a method of making the most confirmed tippler have the greatest loathing and repugnance to all sorts of spirits and strong liquor. Take one tea-spoonful of tincture of calamba, one tea-spoonful of the tincture of cascarrilla, one tea-spoonful of the compound tincture of gentain, a wine glassful of the infusion of quassia, and twenty drops of elixir vitriol; mix, and take twice or thrice a day, and have a jug of cold water dashed over the head every morning coming out of bed, and the feet bathed in warm water every night. Continue this for six or eight weeks. Dr. Roth, of Swinemunde, has succeeded with this remedy in curing many poor creatures, both men and women, who were killing themselves by continual tipping and drunkenness.

Nathaniel Floyd, of Louisville, Kentucky, was killed on the 20th inst. by Robert R. Moore. The parties had quarrelled on Sunday, and meeting each other on Monday, some abusive words passed. Floyd was on horseback, drew out his knife, and appeared to be about dismounting, on seeing which Moore observed, "if you are for that, I am ready for you," and stepped into the house for his gun, and shot Floyd while he was sitting on his horse.

Scolding.—I never knew a scolding person that was able to govern a family. What makes people scold? Because they cannot govern themselves. How then can they govern others? Those who govern well are generally calm. They are prompt and resolute, but steady and mild.