

# The People's Press.

AND

## WILMINGTON ADVERTISER.

NO 37.

WILMINGTON, N. C. WEDNESDAY SEPTEMBER 18, 1833.

VOL. 1.

Published every Wednesday Morning, by  
**THOMAS LORING.**

**TERMS.**  
Three Dollars per Annum, in Advance.  
**ADVERTISEMENTS.**  
Not exceeding a Square inserted at ONE DOLLAR  
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FROM THE LADY'S BOOK.  
**IRENE.**

Thou fairest flower,  
Why dost thou fling thyself across my path;  
My tiger spring must crush thee in its way,  
But cannot pause to pity thee.—*Malvina.*

**MAHOMET** the Second, surnamed, the Great, was the seventh sultan of the Turks. He was brave, ambitious, and cruel, and possessed all the energy and decision of character necessary to a great conqueror.

He delighted in music, sculpture, and the polite arts in general, and was as remarkable for his beauty of aspect as for his manifold acquirements.

Had Mahomet possessed a compassionate heart, with some other qualities which distinguished him, his name and achievements would have been blazoned forth with those of Richard Coeur de Lion, and like the lion-hearted king he would have shone a conspicuous hero in the pages of history and romance.

Cruelty was a prominent feature in Mahomet's character,—as the cloud that obscures the sun, it threw a shade over his brightest actions. This execrable propensity appeared to be a constitutional defect, and not the result of circumstances;—it had evinced itself in early youth, and some of his juvenile pranks were marked by a refinement in cruelty that (had he existed in the reign of the Inquisition) would have qualified him for an exalted station in that body.

With all his faults, and they were many, Mahomet was not entirely destitute of every thing bearing the appellation of humanity—his generosity and munificence knew no bounds—his friendship, though obtained with difficulty, was unalterable and clung to its object as the needle to the pole—these, with a love for moral truth and freedom from simulation, were the redeeming points in Mahomet's character.

His fierce and intractable spirit was unsusceptible of the powers of love—certainly he had never known the genial influence of this passion. He was a veritable Mahometan; and regarded the finer part of creation with sentiments peculiar to the race of Islam. He anticipated and waited patiently for perfect happiness in the society of the beautiful girls of paradise, called for their large dark eyes, Hur al oyan; these celestial beings recline in the shade of the tree Tuba—they say that the boughs of this tree will spontaneously bend down to the hand of the person who would gather of its fruits, and that it will supply the faithful not only with food, but also with silken garments, and beasts to ride upon already saddled and bridled and adorned with rich trappings, which will burst forth from its fruit. This tree is so large that a person mounted on the fleetest horse would not be able to gallop from one end of its shade to the other in one hundred years. As plenty of water is a great addition to the pleasantness of any place, the Koran often speaks of the rivers of paradise as a great ornament. Some of these rivers, they say, flow with water, some with milk, some with wine, and others with honey, all taking their rise from the root of the tree Tuba.

The winning graces and enticements of the resplendent beauties who composed Mahomet's retinue were lost on one who had ever gazed with apathy on those assemblages of charms which are fascinating to the eye alone. Regularity of feature, unless illuminated with the rays of genius and intelligence, were to him objects of indifference rather than love. It is little wonder that Mahomet with these sentiments avoided the society of his illiterate and insipid countrywomen. The conquest of his proud heart (if admiration without affection deserves the name of love) was reserved for the beautiful and unfortunate Irene.

At the capture of Istampol by the Turks, in 1453, Irene became the captive of Mahomet. Her extraordinary beauty and accomplishments had been the prolific theme of many a Grecian bard, and had reserved her for a fate more dreadful than death. She was the antithesis of the Turkish ladies in every thing but beauty, and in this and love, she shone the peerless queen. Her form is described as a perfect model of symmetry—there was the lofty brow of her race, the beautiful casket that told of the transcendent gem within; the eyes of life and light which, as the rays of Cynthia, hallowed every thing they shone upon. She was the Venus de Medici, animated by the fire of Prometheus.

Her cheek all purple, with the beam of youth mounting at times to a transparent glow, As if her veins ran lightning.

It is not surprising that the unrivalled beauty of Irene, whose countenance beamed with love and innocence, should,

when contrasted with the inanimate features of the Turkish ladies, inspire Mahomet with admiration. He regarded the mind as the standard of superiority, and with this criterion he viewed Irene as the only terrestrial being that could bear a comparison with the black-eyed hours of paradise.

The seraglio at Constantinople, at the time we write, was delightfully situated between the Archipelago and Black Sea; it extended out on the promontory Chrysoceros; and commanded a magnificent view of one of the finest harbors in the world. Its form was triangular, and, comprising the gardens attached to it, covered a surface of three miles in circumference. Although within the city it was remarkable for its exclusiveness. Externally, the seraglio was a jumble of various orders of architecture, without any regard to method or arrangement; consequently it had an irregular and unpleasant appearance to a classic eye. The Turks, however, viewed it as a paragon of architectural beauty.

The apartments were capacious, and adorned with oriental sumptuousness; the drapery of the walls was composed of the most splendid and costly materials; silks of gold and purple pending in the most profuse and exuberant folds; couches of down, whose voluptuous appearance invited to repose, were disposed throughout the apartments; carpets of gorgeous dyes, on whose buoyant surface a steed might vault without waking an echo in the canopied ceiling; even the light of heaven was mellowed and softened before it found admission into this fairy abode; it beamed through lattices of stained glass, shedding a glow around, which gave the place the appearance of enchantment rather than that of sober reality.

Then the view—on one side the expanse of ocean studded with innumerable islands; the barks, seeming like things of life, gliding over the undulating waves; opposed to this—the gardens of the seraglio, filled with colossal trees that had been ages in attaining their towering altitude; whilst indigenous flowers of every hue and fragrance delighted the eye and loaded the air with odorous sweets. As if Flora had been niggard of her fairy gifts in this sunny clime; and that nothing should be defective, Mahomet had augmented the train of Flora with exotics from every land. Flowers were transplanted from the wilderness, and blossomed as freshly in their new abode as if they had never known the officious care of man. Birds of gorgeous plumage warbled forth their intrusive melody from many an orange bough, and in the gushing fountains the Lydian bird,

With arched neck  
Between her white wings fluttering, proudly  
row'd  
Her state with oary feet.

The pellucid rill, murmuring soft music o'er its pebbly bed—the solitude—the balmy air surcharged with fragrance from a thousand incense-breathing flowers—all contributed to render the gardens of Istampol a fairy spot on earth, and a meet resort for the Fays and Naiades with which oriental superstition had invested them.

On a coach of cygnet's down, sat, or rather reclined the undisputed lord of the enchanted palace and gardens of Istampol. He was roused from the reverie into which he had fallen by the presence of his trusted slave, who stood before him in an attitude of the deepest humility.

"If one of the humblest of thy slaves," said he, "be permitted to speak and live in the presence of the commander of the fa—"

"Speak, and let thy words be brief," exclaimed Mahomet, suddenly interrupting his follower's ceremonious address. Thus reprimanded, the slave stated as concisely as possible, that the Grecian whom he had preserved from the swords of his soldiers, and had ordered to be conveyed to the seraglio, awaited this pleasure.

"Ha," cried Mahomet, rising from his recumbent posture, "conduct her hither without delay—my fair Greek, how could I forget the vision of beauty that moved as an angel of paradise amidst the carnage and slaughter which surrounded her!"

Mahomet gazed with tumultuous delight on the beautiful being who bent her knee before him in all the majesty of youth and loveliness—in a voice whose every accent was music, she supplicated his protection.

"Arise, fair being," said Mahomet; "you petition where it shall be your impunity to command. Give me the light of thy countenance, and Mahomet will be proud to execute thy behests."

"Alas! sire, you add irony to misfortune—restore me to my friends and my unceasing orisons shall attend you."

"You do me great injustice, fair Greek; when Mahomet says aught to injure one so fair and pure as thou, may the tongue that gives utterance to the foul detraction be mute forever. You may confide in one whose actions have ever been conformable to his words."

"I may trust in thy kindly faith," replied the too confiding Irene. "Something tells me that thy noble nature would disdain to trample on one whom adverse

fortune has reduced to wretchedness!—Deal with me, great Sultan, as if misfortune and myself may be acquainted."

"By the living waters of heaven!" exclaimed the impassioned Mahomet, who was completely charmed with the trusting temper of his fair captive, "thy confidence shall not be betrayed; transcendent Irene, thou art dearer to my eyes than light; ambition and renown are as nothing compared with thy love;—say that I am not hateful to thine eyes, and I will praise and adore thee. You shall be to me the crescent moon; no clouds shall dim thy radiance; you shall ever be the soft and tender shrine at which I worship."

Mahomet's fine countenance was lighted up with a glow of enthusiasm which much enhanced his striking appearance; he was irresistibly fascinated with the beautiful Irene. Although astounded at this unexpected burst of feeling, Irene was not insensible to the handsome form and commanding mind of the ardent Sultan. The various reports that she had once given credence to, of Mahomet's austere and inhuman temperament, she now fully discredited. Love had usurped the place of reason, and in her prejudiced view, the infuriated Irene saw nothing to execrate; and every thing to admire in the avowed and relentless enemy of her race.

Irene was happy in the favor of the Sultan, and Mahomet was blessed with the undivided and boundless love of his willing captive. War, ambition, and conquests were thrown aside; shut up in the depths of the seraglio, he consumed his time in efficiency and uxoriousness; his closest and most disinterested adherents were denied access, although affairs of vital importance to his safety demanded his attention.

Joyous and free, their lives were one untripped chain of enjoyment; the bird of night sang them to repose, and they awoke but to quaff again the cup of joy replete with bliss. Aurora's crimson blush, and Cynthia's silvery rays beamed for them; the flowers bloomed; the rill murmured; the birds carolled—but for them alone.

They rose at one instant, played, eat together, and wherever they went, like Juno's swans, still they went coupled and inseparable.

Alas! alas! pleasure never comes sincere to man, but lent, by heaven, upon hard usury. Like a rain-bow's hues, when brightest, it is still the fleetest—just as the flower had bloomed, and all its fragrance felt, a biggiting storm arose and crushed it in its zenith.

The soldiers of Mahomet at length began to murmur at the inglorious inactivity into which their once martial leader had plunged. This indolence was attributed to the agency of the Greek slave, Irene, who was said to be a sorceress, and had by magical spells and incantations, involved their general in her accursed toils. What gave plausibility to this opinion was, that Mahomet had not been visible to his followers since his first interview with Irene. They were incensed beyond measure at the innocent cause of the Sultan's seclusion. From discontent and insubordination they began to exhibit evident symptoms of a general revolt. To such a phrenzy had the excitement arisen, that it became apparent that nothing but the life of the fated Irene would pacify the multitude.

Nothing could equal the infatuation of Mahomet—the sedition of his followers acted as a chain to bind him still closer to his fascinating slave; but the chord had been strained to its greatest tension; it at length broke, and ruin and desolation followed its division.

It was one of those mellow evenings peculiar to tropical climates—the softened sun, shorn of its fiery beams, shed a golden shower over tower, wave, and grove; not a cloud was in the emethystine arch of heaven; not a zephyr undulated the placid bosom of the Archipelago, which lay like a sheet of fluid gold in the mellowed blaze of the setting sun—deceitful wave, as the breast of man, its very calmness is the treacherous precursor of evil. A nightingale had perched upon an orange bough, and made the grove resound with his enchanting melody.

"See," said Mahomet, to his ever-present Irene, "the bulb has commenced his premature song. By heaven, he mistakes thy glowing lips for his vesper blooming Sultana!"

"There is the last we shall behold of the glorious sun," exclaimed Irene, unheeding the flattering compliment; "but to-morrow," continued she, "the god of day shall shine anew, with bright effulgence, reviving with his crimson blush each drowsy bird and languid flower.—But whence comes that dreadful sound; it is borne on the tranquil air like the wailings of an angry spirit—the gods are just; may these prophetic sounds presage no evil."

A low, rushing noise was now apparent; it sounded like the gale blowing rudely over the boisterous sea.

"This must be the evening breeze sweeping over the Archipelago," said Mahomet, approaching the lattice which commanded a full view of the ocean. "Tis strange," continued he, "that not a single

wave or falling leaf gives token of its near approach."

The sound still increased, yet the broad expanse of wave lay as placid as if bound by the icy chains of winter. Not a zephyr moved the foliage in the grove.

Mahomet, for the first time, felt some forebodings of evil; he had a presentiment that the unaccountable sounds without would terminate in a manner disastrous to himself. He had just taken a retrospect of the impolitic course he had pursued, when his thoughts were disturbed by the sounds of horses' hoofs. A single rider was now seen approaching with the speed of light, as he neared the seraglio, Mahomet at once recognized the features of his general; in another moment he was in his presence.

"Speak," vociferated Mahomet, in evident excitement; "whence proceeds this tumult? Have the Greeks collected their scattered forces and surprised the city; or, has the breath of hell, the accursed Simoon blown desolation over us?"

"May Allah protect thee, sire," replied the general. "The soldiers of the prophet have rebelled, and now approach the seraglio in countless numbers. They seek the blood of the enchantress who has bound the commander of the faithful in her toils."

"Ha!" exclaimed Mahomet, "are the knives dissatisfied with their furlough?—I've held the reins too slack of late. Let them look to this,—by heaven they hold their lives of small account thus to thrust themselves on danger!"

Irene trembled at the altered mien of the Sultan, whose every feature was flashing with passion. Mahomet gazed at her with tenderness and pity. By a sudden and powerful effort he succeeded in bursting the silken chord that had bound him in the toils of love—in an instant the soft and effeminate lover was changed to the cold, calculating, and politic soldier. The tumult without had now increased to a perfect din; the seraglio was surrounded with the infuriated multitude, whose clamorous outcries rose with deafening violence on the still night.

"This must end," said Mahomet, conducting the unresisting Irene forth into the midst of the enraged throng. She looked in vain for the expression of tenderness and love that had ever played round his countenance. In its place was a callous and fixed expression which chilled her to the soul—to whom was she to look for sympathy? The veil was raised, and oh! how passing fair was that sweet face! She was too fair for earth; she breathed an angel of light among the dark and fearful forms who encompassed her; there was an awe in the homage which she drew; the multitude shrunk back at the sight of so much beauty and innocence.

"Here," shrieked Mahomet, "there is your victim! take her, and let her life's blood quell this tumult!"

One of the soldiers, more daring than the rest, with scymeter unsheathed, drew near the spot where stood the hapless Irene; he was in the act of seizing her—

"Perdition seize the wretch!" cried Mahomet, "approach another step, and thy foul soul shall wing its way to eblis." And then, addressing Irene, "sweet flower," said he, "I may not save thee; my cruelty to thee will be a blessing; thy pure and faithful spirit shall find its way to paradise. Ah! why dost thou thus soothe me with forgiveness; would that thou hated me, the separation then would be less painful."

The soldiers, resenting the defeat of their comrade, now rushed en-masse upon their victim. The forked lightning flies not quicker from the clouds than the scymeter of Mahomet from its sheath; it glittered an instant in the air, and then descended upon the helpless form of Irene. The veins spouted their rich crimson on the arid soil; the eye closed calmly on that countenance, beautiful even in death, and the spirit left the precious clay without a pang.

**THE HON. CHARLES NAPIER, LATE CAPTAIN IN THE BRITISH NAVY.**

We have been favored by Capt. B. (now a resident of this city) with a sketch of some of the early exploits of Capt. Napier in the British navy. Our correspondent it appears, was an eye-witness of what he details, being at the time a junior officer on board the vessel which Napier commanded,—as he informs us.

New York, Aug. 27, 1833.

Messrs. Davies and Pickering—As the attention of the world is drawn to that Gallant Man (Napier) who has done so much for Donna Maria, and, if his life is spared, likely to do so much more—I hand you an account of some of his transactions in the West Indies in his younger days, for your Paper, as it may be gratifying to your Readers.

Yours sincerely,  
AN OLD RECRUIT.

This intrepid Man, now an Admiral in the service of Donna Maria of Portugal, signally distinguished himself in the West Indies in 1808 and 1809, when in command of the British Sloop-of-War the RECRUIT, mounting 16 thirty two lb. Carronades, and 2 long sixes. She was one of the squadron blockading the Saints; at which time there were three French Line of Battle Ships at anchor—the British having a large force in the neighborhood, the French started in the night, but

not unobserved by Napier, who made signals to the squadron, and guided them in the pursuit with Rockets and Blue Lights the whole of the night. At daylight in the morning, Napier annoyed the enemy most seriously by running under their sterns (the RECRUIT being a very fast sailer,) rounding to occasionally, and giving them his broadsides, making sad havoc among their flying kites.

The British Admiral had the RECRUIT's signal of recall flying the whole of the day, but it was entirely unheeded by Napier, who, like his gallant prototype Nelson, could be blind occasionally! This desperate conduct caused great surprise to the British squadron, for had the French ships rounded to and given the RECRUIT a single broadside, her fragments might have been put into a hand basket. Either the Frenchmen were too generous, or they feared that by so doing they would give the British Squadron an opportunity of closing with them. They, however, kept their stern chasers constantly firing on the RECRUIT, riddling her sails and lofty spars, but astonishing to say, the RECRUIT had only one man wounded, the Sergeant of Marines, and that was by a shot striking one of the hanks of the Jib.

At three o'clock in the afternoon, knowing that to be the French Captain's dinner hour, to the astonishment of the officers and crew, Napier declared that he would spoil the Frenchman's soup maigre—all sail was made on the RECRUIT, it appeared as if Napier was determined to pass within hail of the sternmost, he nearly did so, rounded to, gave her his broadsides, throwing the dinner table into great confusion, killing two officers and wounding another, as was afterwards learnt on her capture.

This chase was kept up till late at night—the Frenchmen then separated, Napier made the signal to the squadron—"The enemy have separated!"—he declaring to his crew, that he must spoil the Frenchman's supper as well as his dinner. At dawn the following morning, the only Frenchman in sight was the Haultpault, an 80 gun ship. Napier, of course, was obliged to give her a wide berth, still keeping her in view, and ranging about to find British Vessels of War. As it cleared, the Pompey, 80, and Castor Frigate hove in sight. He guided them to the Frenchman, and after a hard-fought action, the Haultpault struck, and Napier had the honor to receive the Captain's sword, and was posted on board the RECRUIT into her—a most unusual thing—but his bravery deserved the reward. She was commissioned, and her name changed to the Abercrombie.

Sailors invariably have a nickname for their Captain, and from that time, Napier's was "Mad Charley."

Sometime prior to this action, Napier at daylight fell in with a corvette. She was so disguised that no one had any suspicion of her being an enemy, but thought her a Letter of Marque from some of the English West Indian Islands, as she had British colors flying.—It is usual on board of a British Man of War to muster at divisions at nine in the morning, to see that the crew are clean and neat. Thursdays and Sundays are grand feasts; then it is expected that every man appears at Muster with clean linen on and shaved. In this instance Napier was completely surprised, the crew were all shaving and dressing preparatory to Muster, not a gun cast adrift. Napier remarked as he was leaving the breakfast table that he should be able to impress a few hands from him; we ranged up alongside of her, Napier standing on the gangway with the trumpet in his hand to hail.

The Corvette struck the British flag and displayed the tri-colored, firing a broadside at the same time, severely wounding Napier. He fell from the gangway into the Waist. From this wound he has I believe never recovered, at least he had not for years afterwards, as he used to walk lame. The confusion that ensued may be more easily conceived than described the Crew rushing up from below to Quarters,—some naked, others nearly so, some half shaved, in a few minutes the RECRUIT was ready—and Napier coolly giving his orders, though his wound at that time was supposed to be mortal.

After the action had continued about one and a half hours, the mainmast went by the board, the colors going with it. The Frenchman ranged up alongside hailing in English, "Is that a British Man of War?" This roused Napier's dormant energy, he was then faint from loss of blood—he made an attempt to jump on the Capstan calling out "help me up, youngster—quick, quick." The hail was repeated. With a stentorian voice Napier answered—"Yes—I will be d—d if I do not let you know it." The action raged with fury for another hour, Napier was obliged to be carried below,—after some time he recovered. He implored the Master, the only surviving officer (except the Master's Mate, and a youngster about 12 years old) never to strike, but to blow the RECRUIT up, rather than she should fall into the Enemy's hands. Indeed I am confident Napier would have done it himself, as the Cabin of a Sloop-of-War used as a Cock-pit during action, is very near the Magazine.

The Frenchman now passed under the stern, hailed again to know if we had struck. The master jumped up on the Capstan and thundered out "No—and I will see you d—d first before I do." Napier from this inquiry supposed that there could be no colors flying. He was laying on a White St. George's Ensign covered with his blood,—he rolled himself off it,—sent one of the hands handing up Powder, I believe his name was Pearson, to the Master's Mate, (Tucker) to hoist it forward and to nail it there. It was at that time incomprehensible to the whole of us why the Frenchman should have lost the opportunity of raking us. She made off, leaving us only 37, all told, fit for service.—Several of those slightly wounded.

From that time Napier was a father to his crew—prior to this action he was known in the service as a very great Tartar. The Corvette returned into Port so much damaged that she never went to sea afterwards, and Napier had the pleasure of having possession of her when he assisted at the capture of Martinique or Guadalupe.

At cutting out, storming forts, or any desperate service Napier was always foremost. I venture to anticipate the next arrival from Europe will bring an account of his storming Belom Castle at the entrance of the Tagus, or at all events he will render it untenable for Don Miguel—(Miguel) the name already given to him by the sailors under the command of Napier.

By the late British Papers I see Napier is struck off the British Navy List. When this was announced to the House of Lords by Lord Grey, and to the Commons by Lord Althorpe, the announcement was received by both houses with enthusiastic cheers. Not that Napier was discharged from the British Navy,—but from the eulogium heaped on him in the legislature by the British Ministers. To be consistent, they could not allow him to hold rank in the British Navy. Sartorius and others were dismissed before him. This is certain, that the reformed British Ministry will never lose sight of one of the noblest, one of the bravest of Scotland's Sons.

I am gratified to find that already a public meeting is called in England, the Duke of Sussex to preside, to consider what reward shall be given to the man who has acted so nobly—and to compensate him by an expression of public opinion for his temporary deprivation of rank in the British Naval service.

AN OLD RECRUIT.

• Is our correspondent right in spelling the name.

FROM THE GENESEE FARMER  
ON DRAINING.

Draining constitutes an important operation in husbandry, and one in which we are lamentably deficient. Our wet grounds abound in the food of plants, and constitute some of our best lands when discretely husband'd. But in their natural state they will not produce healthy vegetation. The cultivated crops which we attempt to raise upon them, are inferior and sickly, and as mere pasture, the grasses are coarse, sedge, and indifferent. Infertility is caused by the exclusion from the soil of air and heat, the essential agents in decomposing the food, and in stimulating the growth of plants. Hence the accumulation of vegetable matter in swamps. Draining operates in several ways to induce fertility. By carrying off the water, the soil becomes looser and warm; the food of plants is thereby rendered soluble; stagnant air and stagnant water, alike deleterious to vegetable and animal vitality, are got rid of, and a salutary and necessary circulation is afforded to air and water in the soil.

Grounds are rendered wet and unproductive either by the accumulation or retention of surface waters, or by the supplies of springs, which rise from below the soil. The first are remedied by a main open drain, carried through the lowest part of the ground, and by lateral ones, cut diagonally or at right angles with the main one, in sufficient numbers to drain the ground. The width should correspond with the depth; and the latter should be in no case be less than two or three feet, and if practicable, should terminate in the hard or subsoil. A drain three feet deep, four feet broad at top and one at bottom, exhibits good proportions. Lateral drains may be somewhat smaller. The earth taken, from the drains should be thrown back and spread, or carted off, that the surface water may freely pass into them. If the earth is heavy, or what is turned muck, it affords an excellent dressing for uplands. It is soon converted into food for plants by its admixture with earths, particularly with sands. Care must be observed to keep the drains open, and to remove obstructions to the free passage of the water. An economical method of keeping drains in order is to practice what is called scourging. It is performed in the summer months, when showers have produced an abundant flow of water by men commencing, with hoes and spades, at the upper end, and passing down the drain, loosening or throwing out in the way, the earth and other obstructions which have accumulated there. The current, then, great