

The People's Press.

AND

WILMINGTON ADVERTISER.

NO 77.

WILMINGTON, N. C. WEDNESDAY JUNE 25, 1834.

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John Masefield Blakemore.

WHEREAS by an order of the high Court of Chancery in England bearing date at Westminster the 7th day of May, 1830, made in a certain cause there depending wherein John Masefield and others were plaintiffs and Sarah Masefield and others were defendants, it was referred to Francis Cross, Esquire, one of the Masters of the said Court, to enquire and state to the Court whether John Masefield Blakemore therein named were then living or dead; and in case the said Master should find that he was dead, then the said Master was to enquire and state to the Court who was or were the person or persons entitled to the said John Masefield Blakemore's share of the sum of £24,122 7 6 Bank 4 per cent annuities in the said order mentioned.

And whereas the said John Masefield Blakemore, during his legal personal representation as executor of the last Will and Testament of Richard Bradley, deceased, notice is hereby given, that all persons indebted to said Estate are required to make immediate payment, and all creditors of said Estate are requested to present their claims within the time prescribed by law, otherwise this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery.

Now therefore the said John Masefield Blakemore if living, or if dead then his legal personal representative or representatives of such person or persons as claim to be his next of kin, is and are hereby required to come in forthwith before the said Master at his Chambers, Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane, London, and establish his or their identity or representation of kinship, and in default of their so doing on or before the 5th day of November, 1834, he or they will be entirely excluded from the benefit of the said order, and from the receipt of the said shares of the said sum of £24,122 7 6.

The said John Masefield Blakemore, being the son of Edward Blakemore of Penkridge, in the County of Stafford, in the kingdom of England, yeoman, and of Lucy Biddle of the same place. He resided with Joseph Sawyer at Trenton, in the County of Kent, and about the year 1815 or 1816 at Havre in the kingdom of France, and it appears by letters received from him that in the year 1816 he left Havre for North America and soon afterwards arrived at the Town of Wilmington in North Carolina, from thence he proceeded to New Hanover County on the Blood River, North Carolina, and that in the month of October, 1816 he was residing at the House of Moses Larkins near Wilmington, aforesaid, but no intelligence has since been received of him.

Any person who can communicate intelligence of the decease of the said John Masefield Blakemore is earnestly requested to forward the same to the undersigned.

JOHN WICKHAM FLOWER, *Crown Court, Aldersgate Street, LONDON.*
OR TO JOHN COOK, *Chestnut Street, PHILADELPHIA.*
OR TO JOHN POWELL, *Leeville, Robeson County, N. C. } 76-3m*
June 1834.

Cotton Gins.

PERSONS disposed to purchase COTTON GINS, can be supplied, of my manufacture, by applying to Hall and Johnson of Fayetteville, at the same reduced prices of last year. A credit of six months is given, or a discount of 12 1/2 per cent per annum for cash. I also offer my PLANTATION of 1000 acres, in an excellent situation, it contains 2000 acres, of which 300 are cleared and under good fence, a Grist Mill, 2 Cotton Gins, new Press, Store Houses, Dwelling Houses, and Barns in good order. It is an excellent stand for a Store, and is now a Stage Stand on the Charleston Line. Persons desiring an active life would be well suited to this place. I will exchange it for Town Property, Slaves, or Western Lands.

JOHN W. POWELL, *Leeville, Robeson County, N. C. } 76-3m*
June 1834.

Notice.

THE Subscriber qualified at June Term 1834, of New Hanover County Court as Administrator on the Estate of Eliza Hancock. All persons having claims against said Estate are requested to present them within the time limited by law, otherwise they will be barred of recovery.

NATHL B HANCOCK, *Adm'r.*
New-Hanover Co June 18, 1834. 76-2ep.

Land For Sale.

THE Subscriber offers the following Lands for sale. The plantation where he now lives, in the county of Duplin, nine miles from Kenansville, containing more than 1000 acres of land in the Survey. This plantation is large and well improved, with a commodious Dwelling House, and other Buildings sufficient for a large family, with a Grist Mill and Cotton Machine. Also, another Survey of Land, five miles from the above plantation, containing 1000 acres, a large plantation on it well improved, and an excellent farm for raising Corn, &c. Three other tracts of land in the same neighborhood, good Tracture and privilege Land. All may be had low. Any person wishing to purchase, will do well to view the premises. Apply to the subscriber for terms, &c.

GIBSON LOAN, *Adm'r.*
Duplin County, June 18. 76-3t.

Notice.

ALL persons indebted to JOHN DAWSON, by note or account, are requested to call and settle the same on or before the 5th July next—On that day all remaining unsettled will be placed in the hands of an officer for collection.

JAMES DAWSON,
June 18. 76-3t.

Notice.

IS here given, that in future all persons are forbidden putting Cattle and Hogs on the Island known as the Sloop Island Banks, or making use of any part of said Island for a Fishery. The subscriber is desirous of disposing of it and will sell at a price suitable to the times. As a place for rearing Stock of every description it has been highly estimated, but more particularly valued for the extent of Live Oak and Cedar Timber on it. Persons wishing to buy can communicate with Mr. James Nixon or the subscriber.

JOHN BRADLEY,
June 18. 76-3t.

HAY.

50 BUNDLES good Hay, just received from New York, and for sale by BARRY & BRYANT,
June 18th. 76-3t.

Executors Notice.

JOHN HILL, having qualified as Executor to the last Will and Testament of Richard Bradley, deceased, notice is hereby given, that all persons indebted to said Estate are required to make immediate payment, and all creditors of said Estate are requested to present their claims within the time prescribed by law, otherwise this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery.

JOHN HILL, *Ex'r.*
Wilmington, N. C. 16th June, 1834. 76-2v.

Notice.

THE Subscriber having at June Term of the Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions for the County of New Hanover, obtained Letters of Administration on the Estate of Mary Tipler, dec'd. requests all those indebted to said Estate to make immediate payment, and all persons having claims against the same to present them legally authenticated within the time prescribed by Law, otherwise this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery.

D. COLLINS, *Adm'r.*
Wilmington June 13, 1834. 76-3t.

SCHOOL.

MRS HOOPER'S SCHOOL will re-commence on the first of July,
June 18, 1834. 76-2w.

NEW YORK POLICE—INTERESTING NARRATIVE.

Katherine Salyear, an interesting and genteelly dressed girl, aged only 16, was brought up for an assault and battery on Emma Whitehouse. It appeared in evidence, that Kate had lent Emma the play of *Romeo and Juliet* to read, and that on seeing it announced for last evening at the Park Theatre, she had applied for her book, when it was returned to her in a torn and tattered condition, in consequence of which she threatened to reduce one of Emma's silk dresses to the same predicament, when high words arose, and eventually Kate "clinched" Emma and boxed her ears; for this she was bound over to keep the peace.

[The history of this little girl is such a perfect romance in real life, that we here subjoin it. She was born near Cleveland, in the state of Ohio, of respectable parents, and was the only child her father had by his first wife. Her mother dying soon after her birth, her father married a woman who treated Kate in the most cruel and brutal manner. About eighteen months back, a young merchant who had lost his way in the woods, was found by her father nearly perished in the snow, and taken by him to his farm house close by. The stranger, who was a Frenchman, and gave no other name but that of Henry, stated that he had a store at Washington, (D. C.) and had been travelling for his health and to see the country.—While staying at Mr. Salyear's, he was confined to his bed by a violent fever, and the wife deputed Kate to wait on him as a nurse; and she ultimately became so much attached to him, (he being the only human being that had ever manifested any interest in her welfare,) that on his departure, she

— "Lost all her breath—" for short, young as she then was, she had fallen violently in love with him; and the loss of her accustomed activity induced her step mother to beat her, and increase her before unmerited harshness towards her. One day (the father being from home,) after being very severely beaten Kate turned on her step-mother, wrenched the cane out of her hand, and being a good sized girl of her age, fought her with her own weapons: dreading the effects of her father's resentment, she threw on her bonnet, and ran a distance of seven miles to Cleveland, which she reached just as the steamboat was putting off. She got on board without having a cent of money; and when she reached Buffalo, she told the captain that her parents lived at Washington, and that she had run away from an uncle who threatened her life. A gentleman (a friend of the captain's) going to Philadelphia, undertook the care of her, and paid her expenses. On reaching Philadelphia, he basely attempted to seduce her, but was indignantly repulsed. She then went on to Washington, under the care of an old Quaker, who procured her an excellent situation as a seamstress. Here, with no other clue to discover the object of her affections than the name of Henry, she made diligent search for him and ultimately recognized him in the well-known proprietor of a museum. Having found him, she surrendered her earthly all to his keeping, and

— "Never heaved a sigh for change." Thus far, her story, in its principal features, bore a striking resemblance to that of the mother of Sir Thomas a Beckett, but differs widely in its unhappy sequel. Her lover married another—her love turned to hatred—she came to New York—became a prey to the designing—took lodgings at 106 Duane street—and made her first bow before the Magistrate as stated above. Under what circumstances her last may be made, it is painful to conjecture.]

The following amusing circumstance occurred a few days since with a parson, who was visiting a family in the neighborhood. "What is the future state?" said the clergyman, to a sprightly little girl. "Illinois." "No, no," said the preacher, "I mean what is the future condition of men and women?" "Why," replied the girl hesitatingly, "I suppose they are to be married!"—*Salt Riv. Jon.*

MCPHERSON AND GRANT, OR HELL'S BRIDGE.

He parted frowning from me, as if ruin Leap'd from his eyes; so looks the chafed lion Upon the daring huntsman that has galled him; Then makes him nothing.

SHAKESPEARE.

Many deadly feuds have subsisted from time immemorial between the families of McPherson and Grant, and Grant of Cairn, and were handed down unpaired even to the close of the last century. In earlier times the warlike chiefs of these names found frequent opportunities of testifying their mutual animosity; and few inheritors of the fatal quarrel left the world without having moistened it with the blood of some of their hereditary enemies. But in our own day the progress of civilization which had reached even these wild countries—the heart of the North Highlands—although it could not extinguish entirely the transmitted spirit of revenge, at least kept it within safe bounds; and the feud of McPherson and Grant, threatened in the course of another half century to die entirely away, or at least to exist only in some vexatious law suit, fostered by the petty jealousies of two men of hostile tempers and contiguous property. It was not, however, without some ebullitions of ancient fierceness, that the flame which had burned for so many centuries seemed about to expire. Once, at a meeting of the country gentlemen, on a question of privilege arising, Bendearg took occasion to throw out some taunts aimed at his hereditary foe, which the fiery Grant immediately received as the signal of defiance, and a challenge was the consequence. The sheriff of the county, however, having got intimation of the affair, put both parties under arrest; till at length, by the persuasion of their friends—not friends by blood—and the representations of the magistrate, they shook hands, and each pledged his honor to forget—at least never again to remember in speech, or action the ancient feud of his family. This occurrence, at the time, was the object of much interest in the country side; the rather as it seemed to give the lie to those prophecies of which every Highland family has an ample stock in its traditionary chronicles, and which expressly predicted that the enmity of Cairn and Bendearg should not be quenched but in blood; and on this seemingly cross-grained circumstance, some of the young men who had begun already to be tainted with the heresies of the lowlands, were seen to shake their heads as they reflected on the tales and the faith of their ancestors: but the grey-headed seers shook their still more wisely, and answered with the motto of a noble house, "I bide my time."

There is a narrow pass between the mountains in the neighborhood of Bendearg, well known to the traveller who adventures into these wilds in quest of the savage subtlimities of nature. At a little distance it has the appearance of an artificial bridge thrown over a tremendous cavern; but on a nearer approach is seen to be a wall of nature's own masonry, formed of vast and rugged bodies of solid rock, piled on each other as if in giant sport of architecture. Its sides are in some places covered with trees of a considerable size; and the passenger who has a head steady enough to look down the precipice, may see the eyes of birds of prey beneath his feet. The path across is so narrow that it cannot admit of two persons passing alongside; and indeed none but natives accustomed to the scene from infancy would attempt the dangerous route at all, though it saves three miles. Yet it sometimes happens that two travellers meet in the middle, owing to the curve formed by the pass preventing a view from either side; and when this is the case, one is obliged to lie down, while the other crawls over his body.

One day, shortly after the incident we have mentioned, a Highlander was walking fearlessly along the pass; sometimes bending over to watch the flight of the wild birds that built below, and sometimes detaching a fragment from the top, to see it dashed against the uneven sides, and bounding from rock to rock, while his sound echoed like a human voice, and died in faint and hollow murmurs at the bottom. When he had gained the highest part of the arch, he observed another coming leisurely up on the opposite side: he being himself of the patrician order, called out to him to halt and lie down; the person, however, disregarded the command, and the Highlanders met face to face on the summit. They were Cairn and Bendearg! These two hereditary enemies, who would have rejoiced in mortal strife with each other on a hillside, turned deadly pale at the fatal rencontre. "I was first at the top," said Bendearg, "and called out first; he down that I may pass over in peace." "When the Grant prostrates himself before a McPherson," answered the other, "it must be with a sword driven through his body." "Turn back then," said Bendearg, "and repass as you came." "Go back yourself, if you like it," replied Grant, "I will not be the first of my name to turn before the McPherson." This was their short conference, and the result was exactly as each had anticipated.

They then threw their bonnets over the precipice, and advanced with a slow and

cautious pace closer to each other. They were both unarmed. Stretching their limbs like men preparing for a desperate struggle, they planted their feet firmly on the ground, compressed their lips, knit their dark brows, and fixing fierce and watchful eyes on each other, stood thus prepared for the onset. They both grappled at the same moment; but being of equal strength, were unable for some time to shift each other's position—standing fixed on a rock, with suppressed breath, and muscles strained to the top of their bent, like statues carved out of solid stone. At length McPherson, suddenly removing his right foot so as to give him greater purchase, stooped his body, and bent his enemy down with him by main strength, till they both leaned over the precipice, falling downward into the terrible abyss. The contest was as yet doubtful, for Grant had placed his foot firmly on an elevation at the brink, and had equal command of his enemy; but at this moment McPherson sunk slowly and firmly on his knee, and while Grant started suddenly back, stooping to take the supposed advantage, whirled him over his head into the gulf—McPherson himself fell backwards, his body hanging partly over the rock—a fragment gave way beneath him, and he sank farther, till, catching with a desperate effort at the solid stone above, he regained his footing. There was a pause of deathlike stillness, and the bold heart of McPherson felt sunk and faint; at length, as if compelled unwillingly by some mysterious feeling, he looked down over the precipice. Grant had caught with a death gripe by the rugged point of a rock—his enemy was yet almost within his reach!—His face was turned upwards, and there were in it horror and despair—but he uttered no word or cry. The next moment he loosened his hold—and the next his brains were dashed out before the eyes of his hereditary foe; the mangled body disappeared among the trees, and its last heavy and hollow sound arose from the bottom. McPherson returned home an altered man—He purchased a commission in the army, and fell bravely in the wars of the Peninsula.—This Gaelic name for the place where this tragedy was acted, signifies Hell's Bridge.

"Boo—oo! murder! boo—o—ooo!" squalled the children up stairs.

By turnings and windings I had got my feet into another room, and backing in, I found myself upon the battle-field. Just then my friend came in by another door.

"Father, who's atop?" he shouted. "No answer came, but a straining, a pulling and hauling, knees bumped on the floor and garments tearing, alone told of struggle. The son slapped his cane fiercely upon the heap, and, "Take care, Bill!" roared his father as the blow fell on a then prominent part.

"He's under, Bill—punch him—punch him!" But before Bill could level his stick, there was a reversion in the order of affairs, and he punched his father pretty severely. By this time I had arrived, and having felt all over the heap, I secured one pair of arms while my friend did the same, and we lay a passive bunch until a light was brought—then what a spectacle! We had the robber safe, but Mr. W's shirt was ruined to all intents and purposes; it might possibly have made patches for a rifle.

We handed the culprit over to "the hired-man," but the rascal managed to "escape before morning. He must have been only an apprentice in the business, as he very unwisely commenced his operations so early in the night, and shut down the window after he had made his entrance; thus cutting off an avenue of retreat, which would have been carefully left free by an older rogue.

I have thought that the fellow might be an Editor, tired of the Deposites, (not the Man of the Constellation,) and in want of an accident or occurrence to enlighten his subscribers. The reader can judge,—I pulled searching in his pocket for pistols, I pulled out the following odd article, which he doubtless intended should appear in his next paper:

"TRIBUTE TO DEPARTED WORTH. Departed this pocket, an American too, shilling piece with a hole in it. UNCLE SAM—1830—from one you can't see. SIC TRANSIT GLORIA Money!"

ALGIERS. The influence of the Turks has long been declining in Algeria. But there are few Moorish families not connected in marriage with the public functionaries since, thither from time to time from Constantinople. Their descendants are denominated Coulougis; and have always enjoyed particular privileges. The families connected with them have been enriched; but the source of wealth which consisted in piracies upon the coast of Spain and Italy, has been stopped during many years; and Lord Exmouth put an end to Christian slavery in 1816, while various treaties with Europe decidedly checked the former irregular warfare, and weakened the Turks. In this state of things we found the Moors ready to receive us as liberators. Our manners and refined habits were more pleasing to them than those of the Turkish soldiery. They have not forgotten Spain and its enchantments. Their countenances and gestures, and their whole demeanour, are strikingly Spanish. One of them, Sidi Dou Dharba, told me one day that by his mother's side he was descended from the Moors of Grenada. I have often played at whist or ecarte with these pretended barbarians, and found myself in enlightened discussion upon the comparative merits of European and Moslem manners. Their dwellings are fitted up with great luxury. At the country house of Sidi Hamedan, whose eldest son was educated at Paris, are to be seen all the resources of a man of taste, a library, and a garden laid out in the English style. Polygamy is almost unknown at Algiers. The women have much more freedom than in other Mohammedan countries.—They have the exclusive management of the house, & pay much attention to the education of their children. The Algerines are fond of music, and offered to contribute towards the expense of a theatre. Many of them speak French, Italian, Spanish, and English. And what seems decisive as to the civilization of the Moors, they possess a great number of schools conducted upon the Lancaster and Bell systems of mutual instruction; and primary instruction is more general than in France. It is a very great error

to suppose them hostile to our enlightened views.

The Jews are in a state of great degradation. Three centuries of oppression have reduced them to extreme baseness of character; although among them too, individuals are to be found of much merit.

"The Bedouins or Arabs, are a tractable race; but if oppressed they will speedily escape to the desert. Their active and well-armed cavalry did us much damage during the campaign." "The Cabyles are the ancient inhabitants of the country, who now possess the mountains, where they have resisted with extraordinary success the conquerors of Africa for 2,000 years. Carthaginians, Romans, Vandals, Arabs, and Turks, have equally failed to subdue them, altho' often benefited by their alliance.

They raise more grain than they consume, and want neighbors to receive the superfluity. They furnish the regency, with almost all its oil. They can make gunpowder and fire-arms; and they manufacture a great quantity of cloth, either from wool or camel's hair. Their desire for wealth is a constant engine of communication with them; and their industry is celebrated. For many years the European consuls have been allowed to hire their domestic servants from this race of people; and their activity, attachment, and fidelity are universally praised." *Royalist p 20-40.*

M. Pichon states the whole population of the town of Algiers to have been on the 1st of June 1832, as follows:—Moors, 14,000; Jews, 5,400; Turks, 120; Europeans, 4,021, of whom 421 were British subjects, chiefly from Malta; 1,327 French; 1,052 Spaniards; 234 Germans; 105 Italians. (p 113.) The French army amounts to more than 20,000 men throughout the regency. At the invasion it amounted to 37,000 men of whom 3,000 were killed by the enemy; and sickness had once reduced the remainder to 18,000. (*Royalist p 116*) The population of the interior is estimated at various amounts from 800,000 to 3,000,000 souls.—*Id. p 85.*

Liberty and Religion.—A soldier who had been clapped in Newgate for a robbery and manslaughter seeing one of his comrades in the street going by, called to him through the grate of a prison asking him what news? "Why," answered the other, "there's a rebellion broke out in Scotland." "God preserve us!" cried the fettered soldier, "should those rascals get the upper hand, farewell to the Liberty of Old England!"—"Aye," replied the other, swearing a tremendous oath, "and what will become of the protestant religion?"

The Western Methodist, edited by the Rev. John N. Maifit, states that a gentleman distinguished for his liberal enterprises and extensive charities, has recently paid one hundred dollars in advance for forty year's subscription to that weekly paper.

How TO MAKE A RUSSIAN OF A SCOT. In looking over a memoir of Peter the Great, we find a somewhat curious derivation of a name celebrated in Russian history. There was a Scotchman, by the name of Best, a lieutenant in the army of Peter. The word *best*, it seems, signifies, in the Russian language, *best*, which so annoyed the honest Scot, that he complained of it to the Czar, who told him he would soon put him at ease on that score. "You shall be called *Bestrucher*," said he, "and then you will be as good a Russian as myself." The son of this lieutenant was the celebrated Alexis Bestuchef, grand chancellor of the Empress Elizabeth.

E. PLURIBUS UNUM.—A few years since the Captain of a Militia Company in a certain town in New Hampshire, who felt all the importance of the high station to which he had been lately elevated, resolved to have a *basin drum*, added to the drum and file ordinarily used in his company. He accordingly visited the town of Portsmouth for the purpose of making the necessary arrangements, and with some difficulty at length succeeded in finding a person, who had a bass drum, of which he was willing to dispose, and a bargain was soon struck. But the Captain was somewhat puzzled with the phrase "E Pluribus Unum," which was carried in the back of the American Eagle, and painted on the drum. He demanded an explanation—and was told by the way, that was the name of the Captain of the Company to which the drum formerly belonged. "Then it must be altered!"—"Certainly!" The drum was accordingly taken to a painter, and the objectionable words, *E Pluribus Unum*, were erased, and other words substituted in their place. For many years this drum was carried at the head of the Company—the eagle proudly bearing in his beak the scroll, to which was attached the name of the brave and well-meaning E Jonathan Pillsbury!

PEOPLE OF IMPORTANCE.—Nobody likes to be nobody, but every body is pleased to think himself somebody; and every body is somebody; but the worst of the matter is, that when any body thinks himself to be somebody, he is too much inclined to think every body else to be nobody.