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FROM THE AUGUSTA (ME.) AGE. THE PEOPLE'S MAN.

- 1767. Andrew Jackson born of poor parents. 1781. A soldier fighting for American Independence. 1786. Commenced the practice of law. 1790. Appointed Attorney General. 1796. Member to form a Constitution for Tennessee. 1796. Elected Major General. 1797. Representative to Congress. 1793. In the United States Senate. 1799. Judge of the Supreme Court of Tennessee. 1812. Exchanged the Plough for the Sword. 1814. Appointed Major General. 1815. Fought the unparalleled New Orleans Battle. In the autumn of this year he paid a visit to the seat of government—on his way a dinner was given him in old Virginia (Lynchburgh). It was here that the immortal Jefferson greeted him with the following toast: "Honor and gratitude to the man who has filled the measure of his country's glory." 1816. He made a valuable negotiation with the Indians. 1817. Offered the Department of War, by President Monroe. 1817. Took the field in the Seminole war. 1818. Closed the Seminole war very advantageously. 1821. Appointed Governor of Florida. 1821. New Orleans voted \$50,000 for erecting a marble monument appropriate to his military service. 1822. Monroe appointed him with the consent and advice of the Senate, Minister Plenipotentiary to Mexico. 1822. Again elected to the United States Senate. 1824. At the Presidential election the votes stood, Andrew Jackson 99, J. Q. Adams 51, Crawford 41, Clay 37. 1825. Resigned his seat in the U. S. Senate. 1825. The Tennessee Legislature nominated him for the Presidency. 1826. The citizens of Philadelphia nominated him for the Presidency. 1828. Chosen President of the United States by a large majority. 1829. Inaugurated, 4th March, President of the United States. 1830. He vetoed the Maysville Road Bill, by which the United States were to be raised \$1,000,000. A large majority of the American people cordially acquiesced in this act—his arguments were unanswerable. 1832. He vetoed the Bank Bill. Here again the people have supported him, by re-electing him by an overwhelming majority, President of the U. S. Here hangs a tale on which rests the whole opposition of the Bank men, now sailing under false colors—now known by the name of Whigs. 1832. His Proclamation against Nullification. Here the people all said—amen. 1833. Again inaugurated President of the U. S. 1834. His protest to the United States Senate. This document although not on the Senate records, is more secure in the hearts of the People. This is the man who should be loved by every true American. For us he fought—for us he risked his fortune—for us he risked his life, and for us he labored from youth to old age. The people never have—the people never will forsake or forget him. No man ever yet lived without his enemies—his libellers, even a Washington did not escape. There is a party against Andrew Jackson—who are they? There was a party against Thomas Jefferson—who were they? Andrew Jackson who has held almost every office within the gift of the people—he has been weighed in every balance, and never found wanting. Miss Watson.—Miss Watson, the beautiful young singer, who lately ran away from her father's house in London, to share the fortunes of the celebrated violinist, Paganini, and who was overtaken by her father at Calais, and brought back weeping to London, has thought proper to absent herself from her native country for awhile, and has lately arrived in New York, and exhibited her musical powers before a fashionable audience at Niblo's Garden, in that city, where she was received with great applause. Her elopement has given her considerable eclat, and will probably be the means of making her fortune! Her appearance has already produced quite a sensation in New York, and the newspapers are warmly engaged in discussing her merits as a musical performer.

From Knapp's "Tales of the Garden of Koscusko." THE PROVOST PRISON. "The miserable have no other medicine, But only hope!" There is no spot on earth, it is said, but has supplied a grave, and it may be added, there is no acre of ground we tread upon, but has, if we knew all about it, some epic tale that would consecrate its memory, and excite our lasting wonder. This doctrine was forcibly impressed upon my mind a few days since, as I was admiring the lights and shadows as they fell upon and between the ionic columns of the finely proportioned Grecian building, on the east side of the Park, near the City Hall. As I stood gazing on the classic edifice, admiring its symmetry and beauty, a friend joined me, and on my informing him of the subject of contemplation he observed, "I suppose you are acquainted with the fact that this building now turned to a Grecian Temple, was the old jail which was built many years before the revolutionary war, and was used as a provost prison, after the British took possession of the city of New York, until the war closed. If these walls had a tongue, said he, how many tales of horror could they relate of suffering and death. Among the sad stories of the place, of the old Sugar house, and the Jersey prison-ship, there is one which was related to me by a brave officer of the revolutionary army, lately deceased, and which has fixed itself on my mind more distinctly than any other. The officer belonged to the American army, which in the autumn of 1776 was at West Chester. He was acting as commissary to the troops of the Massachusetts line, and when the stock of provisions grew scarce, he took a party of light infantry, and went out to collect some grain in the neighborhood. Some delay occurring by the breaking down of the wagon, the Americans were overtaken by a large body of the enemy, both infantry and cavalry, and after a sharp conflict the Americans retreated to a wood near them, and made their escape. The commissary was an accomplished swordsman, and being well mounted, he did not attempt to reach the wood, but making a desperate struggle for life and liberty, he rushed upon the cavalry, and cutting right and left, while his horse was in full speed, passed them with only a slight wound; but he had not galloped but a few rods, when another party of horsemen, coming from a cross road, made it impossible for him to escape, and he yielded himself a prisoner, which he did not consider much preferable to death, as all who were captured then were held as rebels, and liable to suffer death at the caprice of their captors; but that they might not proceed to extremities was all the consolation his case admitted of. British officers, among whom were many humane men, justified the severity then practised towards prisoners, on the plea that severity to a few would, in the end, be mercy to many, and stop the effusion of the human blood by bringing about a speedy reconciliation between the two countries; but those who reasoned in this way, knew nothing of the people they had to contend with—They were born in oppression, and grew by it; they had known no indulgence, and they expected no protection. In the constitution of every man was incorporated an indomitable opposition to usurpation, and the united forces of the world could not have cured them of their republican feelings. The commissary was brought to the city and thrown into the provost prison. He had fought bravely, and this with Britons is always a passport to esteem. Some of his captors told the orderly who conducted him to prison, to see that he had as good a room as the prison afforded. But while they performed this order, they robbed him of every thing valuable about his person. He was to have the best room in the prison; but had indeed the best! It was a room in the south-western corner of the building, on the second floor—not more than twenty feet by sixteen in size. In this room were crowded eleven poor wretches—a selection of the best of the prisoners—those at least of the highest grades in society. All but one of them were sick, although they had been there but a few weeks. One prisoner in particular attracted the commissary's attention. The sick man made one deep groan, hid his face, and was silent. At the time the commissary entered the prison, the inmates were only allowed one solitary tallow candle to assist them in their whole operation in taking care of the sick and dying. The youth who was on the floor to know his neighbor and his father's friend, but he had made up his mind to die without a murmur or sigh, and in fact, without a disclosure of his name; but in the afternoon of the next day, as the rays of the sun fell through the grates into the room—there was no city. Hall there at the time—the commissary thought the countenance of the youth familiar to him, but when or where he could not recollect. This often happens to those whose lives are spent in passing from one part of the world to another. As the surgeon, a good jolly looking fellow, entered the room on a visit of ceremony, merely to take an account of those who had died the last twenty-four hours; the commis-

sary, a man whose appearance bore the spirit of command, in a tone not altogether familiar to the ears of the surgeon in a prison, directed him to attend to that youth, and to have him removed to the hospital. Nonsense! replied the leech, he was sent here to die. I satisfy my conscience, that is enough. But looking on the commissary with a slight degree of respect, he replied, if you wish it, I will look at his case; I think you were the officer who was taken yesterday, and brought to the city. I was taken yesterday, he said. Well, well, said the surgeon, I have just been to visit three of the number of those you wounded in the fight yesterday. What a terrific cut and thrust fellow you must have been to have given so many shocking wounds as you did in a running fight for life; I must inform you, sir, that one of the wounded officers ordered me to come and see you, for he feared that you had received a sad wound in the abdomen, and required attention. I should have been run through the body, said the commissary, if the point of his sword had not been stopped by striking my watch; this preserved my life. The surgeon, half propitiated, called out to the young man, open your eyes, and your mouth, let me feel your pulse. This was done in a mechanical sort of manner by the surgeon. The patient obeyed. When the former had been gone through with, the surgeon turning to the officer, said there is nothing the matter with the lad, but does not arise from hunger and grief. A bowl of broth, and the sight of his mother, would cure him in a short time. I will try to do something for him. The young man now raised himself from the floor, and in the most courteous manner thanked the gentlemen for their kindness, & at the same time acknowledged that he had made up his mind to die in silence, for he had joined the army, he said, against his parent's advice, having run away from Harvard College for that purpose. The commissary soon recognized the son of the clergyman of his own parish, in the sick youth before him. The surgeon being made acquainted with the standing of his patient, was still more inclined to be his friend, as he himself was the son of a good vicar in his own country. In a short time refreshments arrived, and the youth was at once on a mending hand, and continuing so, taking courage from the commissary's kindness. On the evening of the eleventh day after his capture the commissary was standing at the grates of his prison window, catching the last rays of the setting sun, and thinking of his family, his country, and running through a long series of melancholy forebodings, such as fill the visions of a father, a husband, and a patriot in such an hour, when he was summoned to an audience, when a stranger in the jailer's room. Well, he exclaimed, perhaps some new minister; God give me strength for the occasion; I will not distrust him. The summons was imperative, and as he entered the room, a stranger in the garb of an officer motioned the jailer to be gone. This was done with the air of one having authority; and the man of bolts and bars of chains and fetters, instantly retired. The jailer having departed, the British officer addressed the prisoner in the following categorical manner. Sir, were you ever on the West India station? I have often been in the West Indies, was the reply; for seven years and more I was master of a brig in 1769, that trade, from this country. The next question was, Do you recollect having performed any act on that station in 1769, which you remember with pleasure? No, sir, said the commissary. I do not recollect any thing of an extraordinary nature in the whole course of my life, in which I had any share, although my life has been full of vicissitudes. The only thing I ever thought worth mentioning in my life is, that during the whole time I was in the West India business, I never lost a man by disease or accident. My crews were carefully selected, fed well, kept cleanly and temperate, and under the strictest discipline. They would obey me to the jeopardy of their lives, without a reluctant look or single murmur. This is very well, said the stranger; but do you not recollect leaping into the sea when a young Englishman was amusing himself in the water, and a cry was uttered from those in the boat that a shark was near; and of rescuing that young man from the jaws of the monster; the people of his own boat fearing to save him? The fact, sir, is within my recollection, if it is any importance for you to know it, said the commissary; but I must add in justice, that it did not require so much courage as you imagine, to have done this; my faithful black man was with me, and I ordered him to leap into the water with a boat-hook and attack the shark, while I swam to the assistance of the gentleman; Caesar gave the monster a wound before I had reached the sinking and exhausted swimmer. The black man the greatest risk, as a shark is guided more by scent than by sight, and would have attacked him first. Why said the inquirer, did you not seek out the gentleman you saved, and at least have witnessed the gratitude after his preservation? I did not see him afterward, for a very good

reason, said the commissary; my vessel was then ready for sea, the wind was fair, and I was taking out to her the last article for our voyage, when we saw the danger of the young officer you mention. Have you any keep-sake from the gentleman? was the next inquiry. I took the gentleman to my own boat rather than his, as mine was low in the water, and I was certain of the assistance of my men; his clothes were brought on board of my boat, and some days afterwards I found his military stock in it. I saved it, and finding it had a valuable buckle, I had it put into one of my stockings; which I wore, hoping one day to have an opportunity of returning it. I wore it on my neck the day I was taken prisoner by your forces. Should you know the buckle without the stock? you could examine it, inquired the stranger? I think so, was the answer; but I prefer not to be interrogated on this subject, said the commissary. Yet I will examine the buckle if you have it. The buckle was produced, and at once recognized. The British officer then arose, and with the greatest emotion grasped the hand of the prisoner, and declared himself to be Sir John Castlehouse, of his majesty's service, under Sir William Howe, commander-in-chief in America; and greeted the commissary as among the bravest and most philanthropic men he had ever known—and added, this, sir, is the happiest moment of my life, I have now, thank God, an opportunity of making some return to one who has ventured his life to save mine. You are aware, my dear sir, said Sir John, that you are all considered as rebels, and no exchange of prisoners can be made, but I can effect your escape. To this the commissary objected, as it might be the means of bringing evil on a young officer; but the reply was, my friends and family connections are sufficient to protect me in such a course. I know Sir William will forgive me; when he is acquainted with my motives and my obligations to you. The love of liberty in a prisoner requires but few arguments to be brought to his aid to overcome many scruples on the score of duty. Sir John wrote a note, and calling his servant who was waiting, sent it off at once. It was arranged that at midnight a horse should be found behind the fence at the next pasture, which was where Walker st. now is, and a guard ready to conduct him to the American camp. The prisoner was covered with the British officer's cloak and hat, and directed, if stopped on the way, to give his name as Sir John Castlehouse, and ride on. The counter-guard was also communicated. All being in readiness, Sir John inquired if Caesar was still asleep, and if he was, what sum would liberate him? The commissary answered that Caesar was a free man, and added, he was with me just before I was taken. I had dispatched him with a load of grain for the camp, when I was surrounded by your forces. A purse of guineas was sent to Caesar. At this moment the commissary took occasion to name his fellow-prisoner, the parson's son, and the kindness of the doctor. They shall not be forgotten, on my honor, was the brief reply, and adding, as you have brought the stock-buckle for me, I will keep it but in exchange you must take the one I now wear. After some hesitation it was accepted. The commissary now started, and reached in safety the head quarters of the American commander-in-chief. The officers were rejoiced to see him, but he was silent on the mode of his escape, not knowing how the event might affect Sir John. The commissary finding that his health was impaired, returned to his native state, and when recovered, accepted the command of a large armed ship, then ready for sea. He thought himself better qualified for sea service than for the army. During the six years of the war which remained, he followed the seas with various success, but always supporting the character of a man who was as humane as brave. His children have at the present day many acknowledgments from his captives of his generosity and kindness. If for a moment he had the roughness of the sailor it was only for a moment; the better qualities of the heart always predominated. The history of his adventures during the war, written out, would make a volume. He was once taken and carried to England, and for a while confined in the Mill Prison, from whence he made his escape to France, and was sent with despatches from Dr. Franklin. These were brought and preserved in the crown of a tarquin hat, which was not opened until he reached the floor of Congress. That body passed him a vote of thanks for his important services, but forgot to think of the remunerations. Thinking, perhaps, as they afterwards said, that Dr. Franklin must have taken care of that; but nothing was received from Franklin, as the minister's certificate, obtained several years afterwards, states. On the return from his first cruise, which was successful, he saw the collegian, who informed the commissary that he was soon taken from the prison, and set to copying papers, as it was found he wrote an excellent hand, and in a few months released altogether, and suffered to depart for his home, and provided with clothes and money, as he al-

ready brought the thanks of the doctor to his friend, who introduced his name to Sir John. The baronet instantly took him in to favor. The collegian then, is now a venerable clergyman, and often recounts to the children of his benefactor the horrors of his confinement, and the services their father had rendered him. Several years after the peace of 1783, the commissary, as we shall continue to call him, for so did his acquaintances, although he had served but a short time in that capacity, and many years as a mariner, sailed for St. Petersburg, for a cargo of hemp and iron—and has often, in the pride of his heart, stated that the ship he commanded was the first American vessel, that gave the star-spangled banner to the breeze in St. Petersburg. The minister treated his old friend with every mark of attention and affection, and introduced him as his personal benefactor to the Empress Catharine, to whom the story of his fearless philanthropy was made known. She received him graciously, and turning to Sir John, she with some surprise remarked, "This native American looks very much like an Englishman. Are all his seamen of the same complexion? Do they build their own ships, or buy them from the English?" Sir John replied to these questions with a suppressed smile, in a manner quite satisfactory to his friend, and equally astonishing to the Empress. In a few days the Empress sent for the commissary, and offered him a high command in her navy, saying that she had heard from Sir John the history of his naval exploits, which probably had been a little colored by the warmth of friendship. The officer was met with a flow of gratitude, but the purport of his answer was, that having a family in America, he would consult his wife upon the subject on his return home, and if she approved of it, he would accept of her generous offer; and added also, we think so much of your sex in our country, that it is a maxim with us, that "A man to prosper in any undertaking, must consult his wife." The Empress smiled at the compliment to her sex, and observed, "Then if your wife consents to visit Russia, I may expect your services—the place shall be reserved for you eighteen months." The Empress issued an order to her revenue officers to give the American captain every facility in obtaining his cargo, and fitting his ship for sea, and he found this of no small importance in securing despatch and lessening expenses. He now took leave of Sir John, with a presentiment that he should never see him again "till earth and ocean render up their dead." No class of men indulge these presentiments more than sailors, and in this case it was a true one. Sir John died of the liver complaint in the East Indies, in military command there in 1799. The Calcutta Harbourspeaks of him in the highest terms as an officer and a gentleman. It was understood that he had made a will, as he was a bachelor; but it was never found. In October, 1826, the commissary made a visit to the city of New York to examine the old jail. It was on the expiration of fifty years from his release. The building was still standing, unchanged in the slightest degree. On entering within the walls, it is true he did not see prisoners dying with the small-pox, or with festering wounds and mutilated limbs; but, in their stead, there was to be seen a miserable group of poor debtors, half naked, many of them laid to sleep on the bare floor, and to depend on accidental charity for subsistence. One of them, had been closely confined for six months, because he could not raise fees enough to take advantage of the poor debtor's act. The old gentleman's heart bled to think the wretched place should, after half a century, still be the abode of misery, not by state power, but by individual oppression; but had he lived a few years longer than he did, he would have seen an entire change; the dark and awful looking walls become bright and luminous, the iron grates and bars removed, ponderous ionic columns arise on the front and rear of the building, exhibiting the finest architectural light and shades that can have ever been exhibited in Athens, and the whole edifice devoted to the transactions of Probate business, and the preservation of official records of estates, testate and intestate; and what would have gladdened his heart the more, he would have learnt, that the power of one individual to make a slave of another for a trifling debt had been abolished; and that the reign of those petty tyrants, hucksters and pettifoggers, was nearly over throughout his whole country.

POPULAR ERRORS IN MEDICINE. BY AN EDINBURGH PHYSICIAN. Many people put great faith in the wholesomeness of eating one dish at dinner. They suppose that the mixture of substances prevented easy digestion. They would not eat fish and flesh, fowl and beef, animal food and vegetables.— This seems a plausible notion, but daily practice shows its absurdity. What dinner sits easier on the stomach than a slice of roast or boiled mutton, and carrots or turnips, and the indispensable potato!— What man ever felt the worse for a cut of cold or turbot, followed by a beef steak, or a slice of roast beef and pudding? In short, a variety of wholesome food does not seem incompatible at meals, if one do not eat too much—here the error lies. It is a common practice with butchers, after having walked on a hot day to the seaside, to sit down on the cold damp rocks till they cool, before going into the water. This is quite erroneous. Never go into the water if over fatigued, or after profuse and long continued perspiration, but always prefer plunging in while warm, strong and vigorous, and even with the first drops of perspiration on your brow. There is no fear of sudden transitions from heat to cold being fatal. Many nations run from the hot bath and plunge naked into the snow. What is to be feared is sudden cold after exhaustion of the body, and while the animal powers are not sufficient to produce a reaction or recovery of the animal heat. There is a favorite fancy of rendering infants and further advanced children hardy and strong, by plunging them into cold water. This will certainly not prevent strong infants from growing stronger; but it will, and often does kill three children out of five. Infants always thrive the best with moderate warmth, and a milk warm bath. The same rule applies to the clothing of infants and children.— No child should have so light clothing as to make it feel the effects of cold; warm materials, loose and wide made clothing, and exercise, are all indispensable for the health of the little ones. But above all things their heads should be kept cool and generally uncovered. Many people so laud early rising as would lead one to suppose that sleep was one of those lazy, sluggish, and bad practices that the sooner the custom was abolished the better. Sleep is as necessary to man as food, and as some do with one third of the food that others absolutely require, so 5 hours sleep is amply sufficient for one, while others require 7 or 8 hours. Some men cannot by any possibility, sleep more than four or five hours in twenty four; and therefore true to the inherent selfishness of human nature, they abuse all who sleep longer. No man should be lauded for sleeping eight hours if he can. Many people do not eat salt with their food, and the finer sort have a notion that this substance darkens the complexion.— Salt seems essential for the health of every human being, more especially in moist climates. Without salt the body becomes infested with intestinal worms. The case of a lady is mentioned in a medical journal, who had a natural antipathy to salt and never used it with her food; the consequence was, she became dreadfully infested with these animals. A punishment once existed in Holland, by which criminals were denied the use of salt; the same consequence followed with these wretched beings. We rather think a prejudice exists with some of giving little or no salt to children. No practice can be more cruel or absurd. Aerial Ship.—PARIS, Aug. 15.—The aerial vessel, *L'Aigle*, in the Champs Elysees, which is on Sunday to make its first excursion in the realms of space, is at present an object of general curiosity, and has been visited by numbers of scientific amateurs desirous to inspect the machinery by which that element, hitherto so refractory is to be tamed into obedience and made to obey the helmsman with as much docility as the ways on which we are wafted from Calais to Dover. Should the experiment succeed, adieu to Railway speculations—even the steam vessels must quench their "ineffectual fires" before so redoubtable a rival. Only imagine reader, a single party of sixteen, exclusive of the Palinurus, may, when the system is perfected, start from Paris at a reasonable hour on *baucumatin*, arrive pleasantly at the Gloucester in Piccadilly to breakfast; after taking a bird's eye view of London, fly off to the North, survey the lakes, slightly inspect the manufactories at Glasgow, not forgetting to visit Rob Roy's cave, and after an agreeable dinner in Edinburgh, return quietly to Paris in the evening. These are however, but the lighter advantages of this invention, to sons who are troubled with undutiful parents, wives with disobedient husbands, &c. the discovery will be altogether invaluable. We need not add that general good wishes attend it, and we shall be happy to see the ingenuity of the inventors rewarded by complete success. We would remind our scientific friends that the public are admitted to see the preparatory arrangements until the moment of the departure of the vessel, and a few persons will be permitted to make the experimental voyage.

ELECTIONS.

The following table is published as a matter of reference.

| State. | Time of Election. |
|-----------------|----------------------|
| Maryland, | 1st Monday of Oct. |
| Delaware, | 1st Tuesday " |
| Pennsylvania, | 2d " " " |
| New Jersey, | 2d " " " |
| Ohio, | 2d " " " |
| Georgia, | 1st Monday " |
| South Carolina, | 2d " " " |
| New York, | 1st " of Nov. |
| Massachusetts, | 2d " " " |
| New Hampshire, | 2d Tuesday of Mar. |
| Rhode Island, | April and Aug. |
| Connecticut, | 1st Monday of April. |
| Virginia, | In April. |