

The Oxford Mercury.

AND DISTRICT TELEGRAPH.

BY JOHN CAMERON.

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A VILLIAN—LOOK OUT FOR HIM.

A fellow of quite an ordinary appearance, arrived here on Saturday night last in the stage, and registered his name at the Edenton Hotel, "J. C. Martin, South Mills." He was recognized, however, on Sunday, by the Captain of a Canal Boat from Norfolk, as being the individual who broke jail in Richmond not long since, where he was confined for kidnapping and selling a free negro, and whose real name is *James Cox*. On Monday morning, after some delay, it was determined by the citizens to arrest him; but he had, no doubt, by this time, been apprized of the fact, and he left town immediately, by jumping a few fences in the rear lot of the tavern. As soon as it became known that he had disappeared, a posse of men proceeded in search of him, and once got sight of him, but by keen dodging (at which no doubt he is in full practice,) he succeeded in evading them.

The rascal, having left his trunk at the tavern, had the audacity to send for it, (by remitting the money to pay his tavern bill,) on Tuesday night by the stage. It was not sent, but broken open, and found to contain a bowie knife, a dirk, a pistol well charged, some cotton cloth torn in slips and tied together, two or three small ropes, a few articles of clothing, several letters from his wife in Norfolk, and a brief statement of his villainous acts since his escape from the Richmond jail, written and signed by himself, from which we make a few extracts for the amusement of our readers.

After speaking of his arrest in Norfolk; his confinement in jail there; his removal and imprisonment in the Richmond jail, he goes on to show the manner in which he made his escape. He says he was furnished with proper instruments and gouged a hole in the wall sufficiently large to get through—and then proceeds as follows:

"So about 12 o'clock we got through. I had all my clothes bundled up that I wanted to carry with me, and the rest of my clothes I had safe outside. My boots pants and coat was tied up with pieces of blankets. I had to be in my drawers so I could climb well, and did climb well too, I can tell you, and when I got to the top of the wall and was coming down the rope broke, and I fell from the top of that wall to the bottom! I only hurt one of my ankles a little. I would have come out first but was afraid—my friend could not climb well—sent him ahead. We went to a certain house in the city and dressed, and we left some of the ribbons of the blankets on the wall—and we are out of jail now and dressed, and off we go.

"We first proceeded at Cox's Ferry by land, which was nine miles. We were there before the Express came by, and got the old black man at the Ferry to get breakfast for us and something to drink. After breakfast we crossed the Ferry and went to Petersburg. I hired a horse and wagon to carry us there. We were there before 12 o'clock, and we were certain to leave there before the train came from Richmond at 4 in the evening. We got dinner, employed two men in a boat to carry us to City Point.

"We got to City Point about 11 o'clock that night, knocked the tavern keeper up, had supper and liquored, and went to bed. Next morning we were forced to leave before the cars came from Richmond for fear there might news come. I employed a man and boat to take us across James River to Hill Carter's, where we tried to employ a horse and buggy to carry us to Williamsburg. We could not get one, but were invited to take breakfast, and we done so.

After breakfast Mr. Carter showed us the way to the next farm where he thought we could get a conveyance. From there we employed another man and boat to take us to Cabin Point, for we wanted to get along some where and not stop too long in one place. He landed us about 8 miles this side of Cabin Point at one gentleman's house where there was two young ladies, and he entertained us that night, and I got engaged to both of them before I left. I promised to write to them in a week, and told them I would be back in about one month, to marry them. They treated me first rate, and would not take pay for our expenses.

"They had their horse hitched up next morning after breakfast and rode down to Cabin Point with us, to show us the place. We returned, and after dinner we saw a schooner sailing down James River and he bid the ladies farewell, kissed them both over and over, and went on board of the schooner. The girls looked on us as far as they could see, and their last words to me was not to forget to write. I promised I would but the little things I never expect to see them any more, nor hear from them again. So now we are on our way to Norfolk. That night we got within about eighty miles of

PORTSMOUTH, THE WIND DIED, AND WE ANCHORED.

and stopped there till next morning.—About day we commenced beating down the River, and about 4 o'clock we were at Craney Island. I told the Captain that I lived in Nansemond County, and did not want to be landed at Norfolk, and would pay him if he would set us ashore below the Hospital. He done so, and sent us ashore at Scott's Creek. We crossed by Mr. Carter's, got some oysters, and stopped in the woods till near about night, when we went round by the Oak Grove, and I sent the other man with me to Alexander's bar, close to the blacksmith shop. He bought a pitcher full of Julep and brought it out in the woods, and we drank it. No person knew him, and after dark we proceeded to Gosport, stopped there till the next morning about 9 o'clock, and myself and a couple of my friends left Gosport, kissed all my friends and bid them adieu a short while. I had some business to arrange, which I done before I left Gosport, and about 11 o'clock we were at Deep Creek, and got our bottle filled with liquor there, and about 2 miles from Deep Creek we stopped all night and got breakfast next morning. I employed a mule and cart on the canal to carry me to the South Mills; where there my friends took good care of me till one of them came to Gosport in a cart and brought my trunk of clothes out to me. I stopped there till the Monday night following—had conveyances and went to Elizabeth City. Stopped there one night and got on board of a vessel bound to Roanoke Island. Went there and was persuaded there to stop and keep school. I promised them that I would go on to Nag's Head and from there to Ocracoke Island, and if I did not like that place no better I would come back. I knew I could not make money fast enough for me keeping school, but there was a plenty of widows there that had money, and I intended to promise to marry one, and get her to sell off her negroes and get all the money she could raise and then carry her to the North and abandon her if I could not make enough money gambling to keep her up, for I intended to send all the money home that I could get, so it would be taken care of till I had enough to carry my folks away, and then come to Gosport and move away and go into business, so as to make an easy living, for I know every dollar I send home will be taken care of till I come. So now I'm off to Philadelphia. But I have a very homely woman with me—but she has got two thousand at my command; and I will spend one or two hundred with her, and the balance must be taken care of; and about another haul like this I can come back and move my folks away.

"I can pick up a widow in the country any where, that has a negro or two, and she will sell them by promising to marry her—but never marry one, but deceive her and get her money. I find this is the easiest way for me to live like a gentleman. I have spent about two hundred dollars of this money to buy me clothes. I want to dress fine and act big—if I don't I can't rank; but I tell you, if I am where there is good things in this world, I intend to have my share of them; for I never was born for any thing else but to live easy in this world, and I am bound to do so whilst on this earth I stay; and when I leave this place here below, I know I shall have a better place in the time to come (!) where every person there can stay at home without rambling this world over to keep out of the way of the damned rascals. So, now, when I make another haul, I will include that with this voyage, so as to make my pamphlet a little more lengthy. This on the 29th of May, 1844 I am now living high, and paying a very fine board in the prattest city in the U. States, which is old Philadelphia, and enjoying myself well. I shall not stop here no longer than I can get this woman off of my hands, and then start to look for another. After I do get clear of her, I am going to buy me a first rate horse, and start a good distance out in the country to look for another; and by that time, I will give up my bad habits of courting without I get broke; and if I do, that is all the source I have to make another raise: for I know, dress me well, with a little money to make a show and act large, I can make a raise any where in the country where there is women of money; for my tongue can tell some of the damndest lies to a woman when I am nearly broke, that ever was heard of before—and my eyes can shed tears as pretty as you ever saw before a woman, to make her believe I love her; and my knees can bend without warning, to fall on them to her if required, and she can't help coming on my side. My only object is to get clear of this woman and get another, and get clear of her, and then quit—take my family away and settle, and live a quiet life."

HONEY MOON OF THREE MONTHS.

The last number of "Blackwood's Magazine" contains a story, in which is described a honeymoon which will interest, especially the fair readers of the "Spirit," while it may well be received as "a caution" by those "made of sterner stuff." If such a honeymoon of three months could, by any possibility, be prolonged to as many years, we know of one single and singular gentleman, that would be willing, at its close, to "be buried with his heels upward." We quote:

"I accepted the proposal.—The very thought of marrying him was paradise; and I did marry him. It was a constant succession of amusements; theatre, balls, excursions, all enjoyed the charming Lemaire. And he so happy, too. I thought he would have devoured me: We were verily in paradise three months, at the end of which time he came one morning into the room, swinging an empty purse in his hand. "Now, I think," said he in the same cheerful countenance that he usually wore, "that I have proved my devotion to you in a remarkable manner. Another man would thought it much if he made such sacrifice to gain possession of you for life; I have spent every farthing I had in the world to possess you for three months. Oh, that those three months were to live over again. But every thing has its end.

And he tossed the empty purse in his hand. I laughed at what I considered a very pleasant jest; for who did not know that M. Lemaire was a man of ample property? I laughed still more heartily as he went on to say that a coach stood at the door to take me back to my father, and begged me not to keep the coachman waiting, as, in that case, the fellow would charge for time, and it had taken his last sous to pay his fare by distance. I clapped my hands in applause of my excellent comedian.—"But, gracious Heaven! It was all true.—There stood the coach at the door, the fare paid to my father's house and an empty purse was all I had to participate with the gay, wealthy and accomplished Lemaire.

"What!" I exclaimed with rage and agony, as the truth broke upon me, "do you desert your wife?" "Desert my charming wife?" he replied; "ask the hungry pauper, who turns his back upon the fragrant restaurant, if he deserts his dinner. You are as beautiful, as bright, as lovely as ever; you cannot think with what a sigh I quit you."

"But—" and I began a torrent of re-primand. "But," said he, "I have not a sou. For you," he continued, "you are as charming as ever; you will win your way only the better in the world for this little experience; and as for me, I have been in Elysium for three months; and that is more than your excellent men can boast of, who plod on, day after day, that they may continue plodding to the end of their lives. Adieu, my adorable, my angel, that shall now vanish from my sight."

And here, in spite of my struggles, he embraced me with the greatest ardor, and then, tearing himself away, as if he only were the sufferer, he rushed from the room. I have never seen him since.

SILAS WRIGHT AT HOME.

The following is an extract of a letter from a gentleman living in the immediate vicinity of the residence of Mr. Wright:

"Politics runs high here; nothing is thought of but how to get Whig and Loco Foco votes. Mr. Wright's nomination will affect us but little: he is not a Whig, and will therefore get no Whig votes. One of his old neighbors told him a day or two since, 'I like you as a private citizen, but I should not like you as a Governor; I hope and believe you will not be elected; I cannot vote for you, because you are not a Whig, and I am.' Some of the Loco Focos are flatter themselves that he will meet but slight opposition in this country; but you will find that the Whigs will vote as usual. They had rather see Silas Wright whipped than any other man, and they will work harder to do it. When the news of the nomination first came, Wright told a man in Canton that he supposed he must take it, but that he did not want it."

BRITISH GOLD, & THE LOCO FOCOS.

The great aim of the Loco Focos in the coming election is to destroy the policy of protecting American labor against foreign labor. This the simple point at issue. The Whigs are in favor of such protection, the Loco Focos are against it. Of course foreign nations side with the Loco Focos, since it is for their interest to do the work of the American people. If the Protective policy prevails we shall do our own labor, if not, foreigners will do it for us. Great Britain has long made it the great object of her ambition to be the "work-shop of the world."—She desires to manufacture all the goods which the rest of the world requires. In that way the rest of the world will pour its wealth into her coffers, and will thus become tributary to her greatness. In order to effect this result she will spare no effort. We have already seen some of the methods which she adopts—the "bounty" which she pays on exports of her goods—the "leaves" which she makes to her manufacturers, &c., all of which are intended to enable her people to undersell American manufacturers in the American market. Another method to which she resorts is the dissemination among our people of Free Trade documents. A late number of the London Times has the following paragraph, with reference to this matter:

"A subscription was recently opened to raise funds to circulate Free Trade Tracts in Foreign Countries. About four hundred and forty thousand were subscribed. Some of these tracts are to be printed in N. York, for circulation in the United States." Here is proof positive, that the Loco Focos are assisted in the crusade against Protection by British gold. Every manufacturer in Great Britain is directly interested in the success of the Loco Focos. If J. K. Polk is elected, protection will be abandoned.—American manufacturers will be destroyed.—the American people must then depend on foreigners for their needed goods; and thus the manufacturers of Birmingham, Manchester, and other English cities, find new customers in America. They can, therefore afford to spend vast sums of money in aiding the election of Mr. Polk, from which they are to receive so large and decided benefits. Subscriptions have accordingly, as the Times says, been opened in various sections of the country, and large sums of money are raised to circulate Free Trade Tracts in the United States. The Republic contains a paragraph from an English paper, which escaped our notice, giving a long list of subscriptions received for this purpose at a public meeting recently held in Manchester. The paper says:

"Mr. Murray" read the following list of subscriptions already received, the announcement of the respective sums being received with loud & hearty cheering by the audience."

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| The Hon. the Lord Prevost, | £100 |
| A. & J. Denison, George Square, | 200 |
| Charles Tennent & Co., | 200 |
| William Dixon, | 200 |
| Samuel Higginbotham, | 200 |
| Dunlop, Williams & Co. | 200 |
| Buchanan, Hamilton & Co. | 100 |
| A Friend, | 60 |
| Neal Thompson, | 50 |
| James Scott, | 50 |
| Alexander Graham, | 50 |
| D. McPhail & Co., | 50 |
| William Stirling & Sons, | 50 |
| S. D. & Thos. Brown, | 50 |
| J. & A. Anderson, | 50 |
| William Gemmef, | 40 |
| Robert Dalglish, | 40 |
| John Whitehead, | 30 |
| George Smith, | 30 |
| John Ker, | 25 |
| James Oswald, | 25 |
| W. G. Mitchell, | 21 |
| A. & D. J. Banatyne, | 21 |
| John Young, | 20 |
| Robert Stewart, | 20 |
| Andrew Mitchell, | 20 |
| Alexander Macgregor, | 20 |

&c. &c., amounting to £100,000

There is nothing in all this which should cause surprise, however it may alarm us.—We ought to expect that foreigners will make every exertion in their power to obtain control of our markets. It is their business to do so. We should pursue the same policy if we were similarly situated. We should find it necessary to do so. These British manufacturers act only like shrewd, enterprising, far seeing business men. They find that other nations are beginning to do their own labor; they buy of them less and less every year. It thus becomes a matter of the utmost importance to persuade other nations, if possible, to abandon the protective policy. Like expert and skillful salesmen, they use all the means in their power to make us believe that they can sell us goods on much better terms than we can make them ourselves. And now they see that if

Henry Clay is elected President, and the policy of Protection is established, we shall always do our own work, and they will lose the market here.

REWARDS.

We learn that Gen. Duff Green goes bearer of despatches to our Minister in Mexico, forthwith and has also been appointed Consul for Galveston in Texas:

That Robert Rantoul, Jr., of Boston is to supersede the Hon. Daniel Jenifer, as our Minister to Austria:

That V. Ellis, late Editor of a Tyler select at St. Louis, Missouri, is to supersede Allen A. Hall Esq., as our Charge d'Affaires at Venezuela; and

That Judge A. Bryan, of Ohio, who has a commission to supersede Mr. Pickett, our Charge d'Affaires at Chili, has got as far as New York on his mission.

Congress will probably vote no appropriation for either of these last three rewards. Of course the Senate will reject all such nominations.

Delusion Smith, the disinterested, grogshop Tyler orator, who wouldn't take office upon any consideration, has for some time past been enjoying the fat proceeds of a Secret Inspector's commission, at \$1,085 a year, and traveling expenses paid. Orator Tasistro, a singular genius in several respects, enjoys the same pay and favors. So does Parmlee. Great patriots these Tylerites!—Wash. Stand.

IMPORTANT MOVEMENT IN PENNSYLVANIA.

Our readers are aware, that some weeks ago, at a "democratic" meeting, held in Cumberland county, Pennsylvania a committee of eleven gentlemen was appointed for the purpose of addressing the following interrogatories to James K. Polk: "1. Are you in favor of the tariff of 1842? 2. Would you if elected, support that act as it is, without modification; or would you be in favor of modifying it?" These interrogatories, sent to Mr. Polk on the 23d of July last, he has treated with contemptuous silence.

On the 31st of August, a similar meeting of the democrats of that county was held to, which the fact having been announced that no reply had been received from Mr. Polk, a preamble and resolutions were adopted, in the former of which the protective policy is asserted to be a feature of the democratic creed, and identified with the prosperity of the people of Pennsylvania; and the latter read as follows:

"Resolved, That we cannot support the election of James K. Polk to the Presidency of the United States, because he is opposed to a tariff for protection.

"Resolved, That we feel the most earnest desire and anxious wish to preserve the purity of the democratic party, and that we are most finally convinced that designing men have now played the party in that false position of giving support to a man who is hostile to their interests.

"Resolved, That we call earnestly and anxiously upon the Democratic party of Pennsylvania, individually and collectively, to look seriously at the attitude in which they are placed, and view the elements of destruction which now threaten to prostrate them as a party, and to sacrifice the interests of the country."

INTERESTING ANECDOTE.

We cut from an article in the Pennsylvaniaian, giving an account of the life and services of the late Com. A. J. Dallas, the following anecdote:

During the war of 1812, he was necessarily afloat, only shifting his sphere of activity, as far as he was permitted to do so, to scenes which promised the best opportunities for the earliest and hardest fighting. He was with Commodore Rogers, on board the President, when she sailed from Sandy Hook, on a cruise three days after declaration of war, and during her interesting though fruitless chase of the British frigate, the *Belvidere*, Capt. Byron. It was in relation to this chase that the following well founded anecdote found its way into the public Journals:

It will be borne in mind that the first powder burned in the last war with England, was burnt on board the President frigate, Com. Rogers.

At the commencement of the action on board the President frigate, a ball (an 18lb shot) from the *Belvidere*, came over the waist cloths of the President, and such was the force of the ball that it actually cut off, without throwing them down, the muzzles of several of the muskets (left there by the marines) from 6 to 8 inches in length—killing one marine—took off the wrist of one