

# The People's Press.

P. W. Fanning, & T. Loring, Editors.

The PEOPLE can do no wrong.

NO. 13.

WILMINGTON, N. C. WEDNESDAY, APRIL 3, 1833.

Thomas Loring, Printer

VOL. I.

Published every Wednesday Morning, by  
**FANNING & HILL,**  
Proprietors.

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**MISCELLANEOUS.**

**MISERIES OF A HANDSOME MAN.**

Miseries of a handsome man! Young ladies will smile and old men look incredulous at this declaration, but let not either of these classes deem me an object of envy;—far from it. Little do they imagine how I am led to reproach my beautiful mouth—to look daggers at my brilliant eyes—to devote each particular feature to the most persistently ungracious life that ever unhappy beauty endured. How often do I envy the peaceful state of mind which they who are called "ordinary people" are destined to enjoy—those whose noses luxuriate in such an insignificance of snub as never to have excited the impertinent attacks either of admiration or of envy—whose eye nobody knows the color of—whose height is five feet something—in short, whose whole personal attributes are framed with such attention to the golden mean as never to have attracted attention. Perhaps my readers may smile at this—they will not understand the nature of my miseries—let them listen.

My infancy was my golden age, mountains of sugar plums, oceans of jellies, torrents of kisses, were the rewards I received for being born a beauty. Oh! that I could always have continued six years old! But the scene soon changed; the first hint I received that life was in future to consist of something else than comfits and kisses, was from my father, who told my mother in my presence, that the boy's pretty face was likely to make him a pretty fool. From that time my fate darkened. I was sent to school, where the boys called me Polly, and the master told me with a jeer, when his infernal cane was on my back, not to spoil my pretty face with crying. Some of the bigger ruffians would absolutely squirt ink in my face, and tell me they were beauty spots;—a thousand indignities of this sort were my unfortunate lot. When I left school the prospect brightened. I was yet too young to be an object of fear to mamma or curiosity to daughters. My prettiness was as yet thought amusing; nay, so innocent was its nature at that time, that a maiden lady, verging to what is emphatically called a certain age, who had taken a fancy to portrait painting, actually desired me to sit to her, my face was so like the Apollo's. I never sat but once, and after some time I learned that the old cat had remarked, that whatever likeness the rest of my face might bear to the Apollo, my eyes were unquestionably full of the devil! That remark ching to me for years after. I never got the better of it. For a year or two, however, I may be said to have enjoyed my existence; but, "a change came o'er the spirit of my dream."

It was discovered that I was vain—"all handsome people are vain you know"—and then you see how the creature walks—one can tell that he fancies all the world admire him." It was to no purpose changing my walk. If I walked upright, it was puffed; if negligently it was affectation. I cut my chin unfortunately with a razor, and then, the criticisms that were showered on the unfortunate bit of coat plaster it was necessary to strip off the plaster twenty times a day to satisfy every aunt, and cousin, and female friend that it was a real wound, and not intended as a beauty spot. Not a coat could I wear, but it was said to have employed half a dozen men in making and as many more in altering; a report was spread abroad that a tailor was one whole night and day locked up in my room, and myself with him, altering a coat in which I was to appear at a ball that evening. Then the observations—"It was ridiculous for a good looking young man to be so puffyish; it would be excusable in an ugly one." Any thing to please. I changed my plan and appeared a sloven,—but unbrushed, clothes awkwardly arranged, neckcloth viledly tied,—worse and worse. The battery changed its fire, but was as murderous as ever—"cleanliness and attention to dress are the bounden duty of all young persons; no personal graces can excuse inattention to these essentials,"—that was my old aunt. "Well now really, this is too bad! We, you know, have admired your face long enough, and are not so afraid of its powerful influence as to desire you to disguise yourself in that horrid dress—it is really shocking!"—that was my young cousin. "Have you seen that piece of vanity, Mr. —, lately? He imagines because he has the handsomest face of any person we know, he is entitled to be the most viledly dressed—the brute!" that was every body.

I grew up to man's estate; the plot against me thickened; the world seemed me a great critic, who had nothing to do but to write articles upon beauty and vanity, and "garde-avous" young maidens.—Mothers now began to gather together their daughters behind the folds of their pigot sleeves, whenever I made my appearance. The society of the young a-

bandoned, and none but the old and ugly were left me. Then the scandalous reports that were circulated about my habits. One said, he or she (I forget which) that I slept with my whiskers in curl papers; another, that I was three hours and twenty-five minutes tying my cravat, and that I spoiled several dozen during the operation; another that I had been heard to say that I would make love to any ten women in one day, and make them promise to marry me the next. "He must be immoral, he is so handsome—and the women do spoil those creatures—so, when they are at all good looking, for my part, I detest men," that was Miss Juliana Scragneck; and she certainly ought to have good reason for detestation, for no one never ever looked at me more than herself. The worst of all this was, that the pretty creatures themselves believed all that was told them—"this was the most unkind and ungenerous thing that ever came all the criticisms and espionage, of the antiquated Hecates, and gloried in the idea of revenging myself, by making a conquest of some blooming young creature; but this was denied me. I was an object of universal fear. Elder sisters would tell their young sisters to "keep close" to them when I entered the room, and would acquire a reputation for courage by venturing to answer to my questions. I was peeped at over fans, and viewed through door chinks. I was treated, in fact as a monster. I verily believe to have been seen alone with me, would have ruined a girl's reputation; however, they gave me but little chance!

I grew melancholy and misanthropic; I likened myself to the wandering Jew, to the last man—life is a burthen to them, beauty to me, I lost my spirits and forsook society.—more libels. "Ah, I knew it would come to this; I said he would repent of his sins at last; well, let him be miserable, it may be some consolation to the many whose hearts he has broken."—This was said of me—of me, who never would have dreamed that women had any hearts at all, or if they had, I might have supposed them made of adamant, so little were they ever softened by words or deeds of mine. Have they any hearts at all? the tigresses. But it was plain that whatever plan I might choose to adopt, I should be subject to the like attacks. It was the fable of the miller and his donkey; nothing would please; but alas! the likeness reaches no farther—the miller sold his donkey, my beauty could not be sold.

My friend George Singleton married. Now, thought I, there is a retreat for me, in his domestic circle, there I may be happy; my friend will make one woman reasonable; she will admit me, perhaps she will induce others of her sex to take pity on me. Vain hopes, foolish anticipations! The very first visit I paid them, George looked uneasy, shifted his chair, made signs to his wife (I saw it all, miserable wretch that I am, suffering has made my senses acute) till at last his wife acquitted the presence under the plea of a violent headache (I never saw a woman look better in my life,) while he was so confoundedly civil, that I made my retreat as soon as possible. I saw it all, but it was too good a chance to be given up; I called again; the dose was repeated; and the eternal headache again sent her off. I reproached him with want of confidence, and he replied with the most provoking candour, "why my dear fellow, I really am as proud of your acquaintance as ever, but you see I am married, and you are aware that you—your—" he began to stammer, but I cut him short, what was the good of listening to what I knew before hand; he was afraid to trust me with his wife.

One trial more. I softened down all my obnoxious beauties, combed my hair straight, chipped my mustaches, muffled my face as much as possible, corrected every thing that I thought was prominent in my manners, exercised myself in all awkward attitudes; in short, defaced and vulgarized myself as much like ordinary humanity as lay in my power, and then tried if society would look upon me in my altered shape. The trial partially succeeded, and I was permitted to pay my addresses to a beautiful girl.

But here my pen fails me—never shall I have the courage to describe—how I was obliged to hold my handkerchief before my face when her confounded relations were about (she herself was not so particular)—how I was obliged to vary my position, so as to show myself in the worst light in their presence; how it was at last discovered in spite of my attempts at concealment, how my beauty clung to me in spite of all the abominably libellous insinuations from all quarters, that a handsome man admires nothing but himself; how the difficulties were at last got over—ring bought, house furnished, when every thing was overturned by myself. I unfortunately was discovered by my beauty gazing in a looking glass; and here I solemnly declare that I was not admiring myself, but merely endeavoring to discover the cause of a violent titillation at the extremity of my nose. I was perceived, I say, by her, and there the affair ended. "She never would marry a man who looked at a looking glass while she was in the room—her friends had told her it would come to that!"

Think of that!—So now it is all over with me. I see that I am a marked man, and nothing that I can do will ever alter the current of my fate. I have had serious thoughts lately of disfiguring my face with a razor, or some such device, to bring

myself down to the standard of ordinary perfection which these despots have established; after all it might be of little avail—fate is against me. I have calmed myself down to something like content and am waiting for the period when time shall have whitened my hair, pulled out my teeth, bent my body, and made me fit to be seen.

**INDICTMENT FOR MURDER.**  
*The State, vs. Willey Anderson.*  
Tried before Mr. Justice O'Neill, sitting for Mr. Justice Martin, at Spartanburg, S. C.

*Fall Term, 1832.*  
The prisoner was convicted, and appealed to the Court of Appeals for a new trial. His motion was argued by Mr. Williams counsel for the prisoner. The opinion of the court dismissing the prisoner's motion was delivered by Mr. Justice Johnson on Monday the 7th of January. The prisoner was then placed at the bar, and Mr. Justice O'Neill sentenced the prisoner. A copy of the charge and sentence having been requested for publication we are enabled to lay it before our readers.

*Willey Anderson.*  
The circumstances of your life, which were unfolded on your trial were of that character, which are not calculated to insure you much sympathy, in the few remaining days, which will be allotted to you for preparation, for your change from time to eternity. Still however criminal you may have been, I cannot but feel regret and mortification, that a young man, in the morning of his day; and of the talents which you are represented to possess; and who might have been both honorable and useful to his country, should be lopped off as an useless and cumbersome branch. This regret and mortification however natural, are now useless; your days are numbered, and it is no longer on the things of time and sense, that your gaze should be fixed. Look within; pass before yourself; in the watchings of your cell, the deeds done in the body; and to him who is able to save, and who will save all who repent and believe, sue for pardon and acceptance.

It is however my duty to express to you; and through you to the community of which you are now, but will soon cease to be a member, the enormity of your offences; and by holding up your example, to deter others from offending in a like character. You was a citizen of Georgia; you there lifted your hand against your fellow man, and poured out his blood either to gratify your vengeance or to screen yourself from punishment for some other crime. Flying like the guilty Cain, from the face of God and man, you sought refuge in this state. The avenger of blood was however at your heels; and you had not yet reached the city of refuge.—Here as in the place from whence you came, you hesitated not, to cut off from life and all its enjoyments and ties another of your fellow-men. His only offence against you was that he was desirous, that you should submit yourself to the laws of the land.—For this perfectly legal, and justifiable act, I am warranted by the verdict of your peers, in saying that you wantonly shed his blood.

Thus in the course of a few years, have you twice stained your hands in blood; twice have you subjected yourself to the Divine mandate, "he who sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed."—One crime begets another in an adage, which every day's experience confirms; and in your case is awfully illustrated, as most strikingly true.

The retrospect of such a life as yours, is painful; but it is necessary, that you should make it. You cannot, if you would silence the whispering of that guilty conscience, which were at first scarcely noticed; but is now becoming more terrible than all that which man can do. It repeats the awfully sublime language of our Lord and Savior: "Fear not them which are able to kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul, but rather fear HIM which is able to destroy both soul and body in hell."

Reflect upon the misery, which your crimes have brought upon others. Remember, that the cries of the widow, and the fatherless have ascended to that throne of eternal, and inscrutable justice, before which you must soon appear! How can you answer their appeal? How can you silence the reproofs of that guilty conscience, which would call upon the rocks, and the mountains to fall upon you, and conceal you from the face of the Judge of all the earth? There is but one answer! There is but one mode! REPENT AND BELIEVE! cast yourself upon the sure help, the certain rock of salvation, YOUR SAVIOUR AND YOUR GOD. To all, who seek him in spirit and in truth, he has promised to be found. To the vilest criminal, as to all others, he addresses the same call, "REPENT YE FOR THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN IS AT HAND!" To you this is now addressed, with the awful certainty, that in a few days the sands of the hour-glass will be exhausted; and that you must stand before the bar of HIM, who took upon himself our infirmities and bare our sins, and died that we might live. That great and terrible day—the day of the Lord in which all the proud, yea and all that do wickedly shall be stubble" will soon be present to you. And I hope that through

repentance and belief, you may be enabled to receive the divine command, "Come ye blessed of my father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you, from the foundation of the world." For if you are not entitled to this, remember, that its terrible opposite, "depart from me; ye cursed into everlasting fire prepared, for the devil and his angels" must be your sentence.

The sentence of the law is, that you be taken hence to the common jail of Spartanburg district, that you there be closely and securely confined until Friday the 1st day of February next on which day between the hours of 10 in the forenoon and 2 in the afternoon, you will be taken by the Sheriff of Spartanburg district to the place of public execution, and be then and there hanged by your neck till you be dead.

**DIABOLICAL MURDERS.**—We learn from a gentleman who passed through Lebanon, New Hampshire, (says the Boston Atlas of Thursday,) that a scene of the most inhuman and ferocious depravity was exhibited in that town on Saturday morning last. A respectable man name of Annis had been paying attention to a young lady by the name of Fox, and about ten days ago they were married. The brother of the lady was violent in his opposition to the union, from a belief that Mr. Annis was actuated by no other motive than to gain possession of their deceased father's farm, and declared openly that if the marriage took place, he would murder them both.—On Saturday morning, Mr. Annis and his wife, and Fox were sitting at the breakfast table, when Fox made a pass at Annis, with the knife he was using, and attempted to stab him. Annis parried the thrust, upon which Fox sprang from the table, and ran into the yard, where he seized an axe and returned to the house. Mrs. Annis, at the moment, screamed murder, and made her way out of doors, with a view to alarm the neighborhood and obtain assistance. As Fox returned to the house, he met Annis, and levelling the axe at his head with all his strength, he struck him on the side of the neck and severed the neck-bone instantly. He fell and in a few minutes was dead. The ferocity of the monster was not satisfied with this; he turned and pursued his sister who was then about 50 yards from the house, who seeing him approach her, screamed horribly, so that her voice was heard more than half a mile. Her attempt to escape were futile; the snow was deep and he soon had her in his grasp. Pulling from his pocket a pistol loaded with shot and ball, he applied the muzzle to her head, but could not discharge it. He then struck her with the butt end of it until she was unstocked—beat her with his fists until she dropped—and then jumped upon her body and stamped on it until an end was put to her groans and suffering. He dragged the mangled body into a ditch, covered it with snow, and fled to an adjoining barn where he hid himself in a pile of straw. He was soon found and was in the custody of the civil authorities when our informant left the town. The age of Mr. Annis was about 25—his wife some what younger. Fox is about 30.

**Another and another—Murder.**—David Gibbs tavern keeper in Coventry, R. I. has been arrested, with his whole family of sons and daughters for the alleged murder of a Miss Burdick. The facts as developed on the examination are these. Application was made to a Doctor of Providence, to deliver by violence, a young woman. He declined such delicate practice, and recommended the applicant, (a man disguised in female garments) to a wretched and obdurate old hag, called Leach. This female monster went to Coventry and vainly attempted to perpetrate this bold and illegal action. She failed, and left this miserable girl, who perished a few days after, a victim of seduction and murder. After being buried a few days, her brother, by the municipal authority, was permitted to disinter the corpse, which presented the strongest evidence of internal and brutal violence. This Gibbs is rich powerful and enterprising. His active spirit has made him the head of an uncivilized gang, who for the consummation of their hellish purposes, have incurred great and merited detestation. There, in his immediate neighborhood, his power was fearful and despotic. But his fatal experiment has aroused lion hearted justice, from her long and idle repose, and awakened a moral influence which will not speedily sleep. That section of our State is well acquainted with his affinity for every kind of vice or crime.

These traits of Gibbs' character have been gathered from a worthy gentleman who has long resided in that vicinity.

*Pawtucket Chronicle.*

A Washington correspondent of the N. York Standard states, that it is understood that the following gentlemen have been appointed commissioners to settle with the claimants under the Neapolitan Indemnity Treaty.—William Stillman of Ohio, Peter V. Daniels of Virginia, John R. Livingston, jun. of New York. Mr. R. Brethitt, brother of the Governor of Ohio, is said to have been appointed Secretary to the commission, and Thomas Swann, jr. of the District of Columbia, Clerk.

*From the New-Haven Herald.*

**PERFECTIBILITY.**—In all governments, perfection must be supposed to reside somewhere, presiding over the construction and administration of laws, and pointing out with an unerring finger, the course proper to be pursued by all the members of community. This perfection is of course attributed to the sovereign power, wherever it may be entrusted; whether in the people, or in some privileged person or persons. In a monarchy, this attribute is asserted of the King; in an aristocracy, of the Council; in a democracy, of the People. Accordingly, different maxims prevail in different countries, adapted to the peculiar form of government.

In England, the prevailing doctrine is, that perfection at first sight, appears vain and frivolous; but on a nearer inspection, we find it adapted to the condition of the people—and that, although it be a fiction, it is one which is "worthy of acceptance." The King is the fountain head of all power; all the powers, exercised by subordinate officers are mere emanations from this fountain. It is true, that this power is exercised with some modifications, imposed by the will of the people; but still, these modifications are generally such as have been imposed by the voluntary concessions of reigning monarchs—the supreme power having once been absolute and unlimited. Thus we see that the sovereignty rests with the King, who is virtually the source of all power, and authority; he may describe the chart which must guide the political bark—whether into the sea of civil commotion, or into the haven of peace.

In the United States, the sovereignty resides with the people.—The American Constitution comes fresh from the hands of the people—they are the source and spring of all power;—they take cognizance of all official acts, and pronounce their sentence upon them. They, in effect, frame the laws, although they do this by authorized agents. Among them, there is no privileged and exclusive order of men; but the people as a body are the legitimate dictators. From this state of things, springs the maxim, "the people can do no wrong,"—which, though in itself a fiction, is yet adapted to our circumstances and form of government.

If, then, in all governments, perfectibility must be predicated of some constituent part of each of them, there must be some maxim of universal application, which may be received as true by every theorizer throughout the civilized world; some truth which may form the substratum upon which to rear all political systems; and by recurring to the brief train of reasoning through which we have passed, we shall perceive the aptness of the general proposition, that "the sovereign can do no wrong."

*From the New York Gazette.*

**BRITISH NORTHERN EXPEDITION.**

Our readers will recollect that some months since Capt. BACK, of the royal navy, proposed to the British government and to certain gentlemen in London, the project of an Expedition to the Frozen Ocean, in search of Capt. Ross and his companions, who sailed four years ago, and have not been heard from. A public meeting has in consequence been held, and a subscription raised for the purpose of carrying it into effect. The whole sum necessary for the purpose is 50000, 20000 of which is furnished by the government, and the whole placed in the hands of a committee appointed to its superintendance, of which Sir George Cockburn was the chairman, previous to his departure from England. Captain Back, who is appointed to the command, has had an interview with the King and royal family, at Brighton, on the subject of the expedition, and was highly complimented for his gallant proposition. The Princess Victoria (heirress to the throne) presented him a beautifully mounted compass, with a handsome inscription. He is to be accompanied by five men only, three of whom are landmen, and were companions of Capt. Franklin and himself on a former occasion, one sailor, new to the enterprise, and Mr. King, surgeon, making the whole party six. They were to leave London on the 9th February, to sail from Liverpool a week afterwards for NEW YORK, and thence take the Northern route, with a number of Canadians, engaged to go along with him, and assist in the expedition. He has seen a chart left by Ross, in which the course he proposed to take is laid down, and this may guide him to the spot, if such there be, where that enterprising officer may happily be found, and rescued, if still living, from sufferings and death.—Capt. Back is provided with instruments of the most perfect kind, and geography and general science must receive great benefit from his toils. The Hudson's Bay Company have acted in the most liberal manner in his behalf, adopting every precaution to promote his success, and giving him a commission in their service, which will place very essential assistance at his disposal throughout the North American continent. For provision he takes hardly any thing but pemmican, the most portable and nutritive. Beads, trinkets, tobacco, &c. are to be carried out as gifts to the natives. Since writing the above we learn that Capt. Back was to sail on the 16th, to the Hibernia.

*FROM THE MINER'S JOURNAL.*

**Apprehension and commitment of a Gang of Robbers.**—Our borough and neighborhood have long been infested with a numerous and well disciplined corps of counterfeiter who have been engaged in counterfeiting and uttering forged notes of the Schuylkill, Easton, Harrisburg, Sussex, Farmer's Bank of Baltimore, Carlisle, United States, and other banks. Four of the gang were apprehended and brought before Esquire Reed of this place, on Thursday last, and after a full hearing and examination, were committed to prison in order to await their trial. Their names are, Daniel Seitzinger, John Caldwell, John Smith, and Tobias. It is well known that the persons arrested do not include the whole gang, and we are confident that a man in certain neighboring towns, which perhaps may have been already accomplished. These unprincipled men have long set our laws at defiance, and eluded the vigilance of our police. Their detection and arrest were effected through the agency of an individual, whom we understand was employed for the purpose. He obtained their confidence, procured from them counterfeit money at sundry periods, carefully rolled up the bills in paper envelopes, marking the names from whom they were received on their respective notes, and finally, when sufficient evidence was accumulated to insure their conviction, caused four of them to be apprehended as above mentioned.

It is stated that this individual made himself completely master of their secrets, received credentials and instructions to visit their banking establishment, in Columbia county, into which he was admitted without suspicion. The name of the person to whose active exertions and able contrivances the public are so much indebted, is Valentine Kepple. When the four counterfeiters were brought into the presence of the magistrate, they assumed a bold front, vehemently protested their innocence, affected to be highly indignant at the imputation cast on their honor and honesty, demanded to be instantly confronted with their accuser, of whom they had previously entertained little or no suspicion. But when their supposed accomplice made his appearance, they were taken all-aback with overwhelming astonishment, which was succeeded by a feeling of diabolical revenge. One of the most desperate of the villains immediately drew a knife, and but for the timely interposition of the magistrate would have consummated his bloody intention.

**Joseph Buonaparte.**—A pamphlet has been recently published in Paris, entitled "Biographie de Joseph Napoleon Buonaparte, with his letters to the Chamber of Deputies." The chief object of the work is to place the subject of the Biography in a prominent view before the French people, at a crisis when republicanism is seeking the overthrow of monarchy on the one hand, and legitimacy is aiming at hereditary power on the other. Joseph Buonaparte is represented as still a good Frenchman, notwithstanding his former occupation of two thrones; and his royal services are offered to France, to the sovereignty of which, he thinks himself better entitled than Louis Philippe. At the end of the pamphlet we find a singular address to the French Chamber of Deputies, written by the ex King as soon as he heard the news of the "glorious days" of July, 1830, in which he declares against the pretensions of the Orleans family, and claims the crown of France for his nephew, Napoleon II. This address is dated New York, the 18th of September, about the time that the son of the Emperor died at Vienna, and when the ex King himself, ignorant of that event, was about to sail for Europe to assert his rights.

**Post Office in Paris.**—The functions of a director general, three administrators, a secretary general, 680 clerks, and 360 postmen, at an annual expense of 2,082,110f; the average salary of the clerks is 2,481f. (or 100) a year; of the postmen 853f. (or about 45) per annum. The produce of postage of letters and Parisian Papers was 7,080,000f giving a clear income of about 1200,000 a year. The number of letters daily distributed, not including Government despatches, was—provincial letters, 28,000; Parisian letters, 15,000. The number transmitted daily from Paris, exclusive of Government despatches, was—of letters 60,000; newspapers 58,000. The number of travelers in the mails in 1829, was 60,000; in 1815 only 4,000; the average of speed obtained on the roads of the first section was, in 1815, one hour nine minutes per post, in 1829, only forty-six minutes, being an increase of speed and travelling of 23 minutes. Out of the number of letters amounting to 68,000,000, conveyed annually by the French Post office, the remaining dead letters in 1829 were 1,106,000, a proportion of one in 63; of these 508,000 were refused, 200,000 unclaimed, 182,000 to persons unknown, and 70,000 to be called for.—*Poste Restante.*

The Cholera still continues in the neighborhood of Franklin, Antakapas. Five deaths had occurred from it in a few days prior to the 27th ult. It is said to be spreading daily in that city.

*New Orleans Paper.*  
Some alarm existed at Havana on the 27th ult. in consequence of reports that a few cases of cholera had occurred at the Punta, outside the walls.