

# ROANOKE ADVOCATE.

VOL. II. - NO. 18.

HALIFAX, N. C. JULY 1, 1830.

WHOLE NO. 70.

EDITED BY  
EDM. B. FREEMAN,  
AND PRINTED BY  
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JOINT PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

The ADVOCATE will be printed every Thursday morning at \$2 50 per annum, in advance, or \$3 if payment is not made within 3 months.

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Advertisements, making one square or less, inserted three times for One Dollar, and twenty-five cents for every subsequent insertion, longer ones in proportion. All advertisements will be continued unless otherwise ordered, and each continuance charged.

## The Celebrated Horse,



### Sir Archie,

WILL stand the ensuing season, at my stable, in Northampton county, North Carolina, about three miles from the Court House, nine miles from the town of Halifax, and twenty-one miles from Belfield, Va. He will cover mares at seventy-five dollars the season, payable on the 1st day of January next, with one dollar to the groom in all cases. Such of Sir Archie's friends, that live at a distance, will send their notes with the mares, payable on the 1st January; also, feeding of the mares, to be paid for when taken away. The season commenced the 1st of Feb. and will terminate on 1st of August.

Extensive fields of small grain and clover are sown for the benefit of mares, which may be left with the horse, with addition of grain feeding, at 33 1-3 cents per day. Separate enclosures are provided for mares with colts. No pains will be spared in taking the best possible care of mares, &c. which may be left, but no responsibility for accidents or escapes.

Sir Archie's blood, great size, performance on the turf, and celebrity as a foal getter are sufficient recommendations.

JOHN D. AMIS

March 13.

## The Celebrated Horse



### MARION

WILL stand the ensuing season at my stable two miles from the town of Halifax and will render service at thirty dollars the season payable at its expiration which may be discharged by twenty five cash. Forty five dollars to ensure, payable when the fact is ascertained or the property changed. One dollar to the Groom.—The season will commence the 1st of February and end 10th July.

Good pasturage gratis, and mares grain fed at 25 cents per day when required, every attention shall be given to prevent accidents or escapes but no responsibility for either.

### MARION

Is a beautiful dark bay, black mane and legs, full five feet two and three-quarters inches high, now ten years old, in good order, &c. He was got by old Sir Archie; his dam by Citizen, his grandam by Alderman, his great grandam by Roebuck, his g. g. dam by Herod, his g. g. g. dam by Partner, &c. MARION was run at Lawrenceville against Sir Henry, and won the Jockey Club with ease; he travelled to New-Market, and there won the Jockey Club, beating Betsey Richards and others.

BENJAMIN S. LONG.

January 28th, 1830. 47—tf.

## \$50 REWARD.

RANAWAY from the subscriber a year past, negro man

### HARRY.

He is a bright black, about five feet 10 inches high, 30 years old; wears whiskers; has an impediment in his speech, and a down look when spoken to. He is by profession a fiddler, a ditcher and sawyer. I purchased him in Halifax, at sheriff's sale, several years past, sold as the property of Wilson Carter. He has lately been seen in Bertie county, employed both as a ditcher and sawyer. He there passed as a free man. I will give the above reward of Fifty dollars, to any person who will deliver him to the jailor in Halifax, by the 15th October, or fifty dollars, if delivered to him any time thereafter.

B. C. EATON

Sept. 1, 1829. 30—tf

## Superior Court of Law,

Halifax County—Spring Term, 1830.

IT is ordered by the Court, that the STATE DOCKET be hereafter taken up on Monday, the first day of the term, and that publication thereof be made in the Roanoke Advocate.

Witness,  
ELISHA B. SMITH, Clerk.

**HALIFAX**  
**Boot and Shoe**  
**MANUFACTORY,**  
(OLD ESTABLISHMENT.)  
At the Shop formerly occupied by Wm. P. Clopton, nearly opposite the FARMER'S HOTEL.

THE subscriber takes this method of informing the public, that he has on hand a handsome assortment of **Boots, Shoes and Pumps,**

Of Morocco, Calf and Seal Skin, made of the best materials, and in the most faithful manner, which he has lately received from PETERSBURG, executed under the direction of one of the best workmen in that place. Having established a correspondence with the Factory from which his late assortment was received, he will be regularly supplied with all the articles in his line, of the latest fashions and most approved workmanship.

He continues the **BOOT AND SHOE MAKING BUSINESS,** as usual, in all its various branches; and will execute work to order, on the shortest notice; and will spare no pains to give general satisfaction to all who may favour him with their custom.

Persons will do well to call and examine his assortment, as he is determined to sell at reduced prices for cash.

WILLIAM BROWN.

April 13, 1830.

## No Combination & a Free Trade.

THOMAS J. BARROW, & Co., Importers, 88, Water-street, New-York, offer for sale, 1,000 Packages Earthenware, Glass, China and Looking Glasses, comprising the most complete assortment ever offered in the market, and which will be repacked to the Country Merchant at the lowest prices. In consequence of having refused to join the *Combination* for regulating the prices of Crockery, in this city, we have been made the subjects of a most intolerant persecution, the objects of which is nothing less than our entire ruin and expulsion from the trade, our characters have been assailed as men of integrity and fair dealing, our credit as a house of responsibility impeached and every endeavor made to ruin it, and to crown the whole our importations through the regular channels have been all stopped, (in consequence of threats thrown out to the Manufacturers in England,) so that we have been obliged to employ Agents in Liverpool to make our purchases in such a manner that our names would not appear in the transaction—all the facilities attendant upon obtaining credit for our importations are denied to us, and nothing but cash in Liverpool will obtain for us our needed supplies of ware.—We are suffering these hardships in the cause of the Merchant and Consumer of this description of goods no less than our own, and to them as our last resort we come for aid and assistance; so long as we are enabled to sustain ourselves against more than forty men, who have combined to bring about our ruin in this unheard of manner, we will continue to sell our goods Free and independent at our own rates for Cash or approved city acceptances only.

THO'S. J. BARROW, & Co.

88, Water-st. above Old Slip.  
New-York, June 2, 1830—6 11

## State of North Carolina.

NORTHAMPTON COUNTY.

Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions—

June Term, 1830.

Beverly Drinkard vs. John N. Dupree & Britton Smith.

Original attachment—levied on negro Esther, and Wm. H. Hardee, adm'r of Henry J. Stanton, dec'd, garnis-see.

IT appearing to the satisfaction of the Court, that John N. Dupree and Britton Smith, the defendants in this case, are not inhabitants of this State: It is therefore ordered, that publication be made in the Roanoke Advocate, (a newspaper printed in the town of Halifax,) for six weeks successively, for the defendants to appear at the next Court, to be held for the county of Northampton, in Jackson, on the first Monday in September next, and there to replevy the property so attached, and plead to issue—otherwise judgment final will be entered against them, and the property levied on condemned, subject to the plaintiff's recovery. Witness,  
JOHN W. HARRISON, c. n. c. c.

Price adv. \$3 50. 17—6w

## MISCELLANY.

### GEORGE GRAY'S WEDDING.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

In one of those narrow closes which abound in the old part of the town of Edinburgh, lived a poor widow by the name of Gray. The day of happiness to many, rose to her the anniversary of sorrow. But it had not always been thus. No: one year ago and not the youngest heart on Hansel Monday had looked for further happiness, than that of Widow Gray. On that day twenty-two years before, she was made the blessed mother of a thriving boy. He was her only child—long wished for, and granted when hope was almost dead. He seemed to bring a blessing with him, for every thing had thriven with Agnes Gray since George's birth. Hansel Monday had been to her the happiest day of her life—it was the birthday of her child; and though she had since mourned over the grave of a kind husband, yet, when the day came round, the heart of Agnes, son renewed her hymn of gratitude to God.

That day twelve months past had been the day which the mother had fixed upon for the wedding of her son. "It was the happiest day of my life, George," said she, "and I would have it the happiest day of your's, and if God spare me to see your Peggy as blest a mother as I have been, then may I say, 'Lord now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace.'" Thus with his mother's blessing warm at his heart, and happiness brightening every feature, did the youthful bridegroom quit his parent's roof. He was to return in the evening with his bride, who was thence forward to be the inmate of his mother's dwelling. The widow had no fears nor misgivings as to the worth or excellence of Georges wife for she had known and loved her from a child, and the first wish of her heart had been that George should marry pretty Peggy Burns.

The daylight had long passed away, and more than once had widow Gray trimmed the fire, and looked with pride and pleasure at the well furnished room, which was to be the abode of her new daughter. O, what could stay them? and for the first time alarm arose in the mother's heart. She took her seat beside the fire, and tried to read her Bible; but her heart throbed and fluttered so it was in vain. At last she heard a noise—her ears could not be deceived—it was their footsteps on the stairs. She hurried to the door with a light—a man stood there; but the light fell upon the face of a stranger. "Who are you?" said the agitated mother. "Why do I see you here? My God! what has happened to my boy? Whose are those voices that I hear below?" And she would have rushed past him, but he caught her arm. "Come into the house," said the compassionate stranger, "and I will tell you all." "O! I know it already!" said the mother; "my boy, my boy is gone!" "No, he is not dead; believe me, my poor woman, your son liveth, but he has been severely hurt, and they are bringing him here at his desire. I have dressed his wound, and perhaps"—the mother heard not what he said—she remained fixed to the spot—her eyes raised to heaven—her heart in earnest prayer as if imploring God for strength to bear her misery. It was indeed a sight to harrow up the soul; her brave, her beautiful boy, was now brought back to his mother's house and laid on the bed, pale, bleeding, and almost lifeless. He was supported by the surgeon and some of the bridal party, whilst his poor Peggy pressed close to his side, and white as her bridal garments.

The mother asked not a question, but the facts were made known by those around her. Her son had arrived within a few paces of his father-in-law's door, when his attention was attracted on the opposite side of the street, by the screams of a girl, apparently struggling to disengage herself from the rude attack of two young men. He stopped for a moment, but persuading himself they were only claiming the privilege of Hansel Monday, to obtain a kiss from a pretty

girl, he prepared to hurry on to his own appointment. A second appeal for help, however, in a voice of unequivocal terror and supplication, rendered him ashamed of his momentary selfishness, and thinking of his own Peggy, he flew to the assistance of the poor girl. Forcibly seizing the arm of the most troublesome of the two ruffians, he enabled the girl to make her escape; but at that moment, the other young man turning upon George, threw him head foremost with all his force against the lamp post. The blow was fatally severe, and he lay bleeding and senseless. A party of the wedding guests were the first to observe him and come to his assistance; he was carried into the house of his Peggy's father, and it was some time before he uttered a word. At last he opened his eyes, and as Peggy hung over him he pressed her hand, and faintly uttered, "let them carry me to my mother." After a while, however, he recovered so far as to give some account of what had happened. The surgeon who had been called in, having now made his appearance, the poor young man again petitioned to be taken to his mother's house; and seeing that quiet was not to be obtained where he was, the surgeon agreed to his immediate removal.

All now having quitted the house of Mrs. Gray, except the surgeon and poor Peggy the mother, with trembling hands, assisted to undress her son, and stood by while her son, was bled. The doctor now saw him laid quiet, and proposed to leave them for the night. He had given no hope—he had said nothing; and the unhappy widow dared not ask a question. For she read in his face the sentence of her son's death. Next morning George desired to see the surgeon alone, and after conversing with him some moments, he sent for Peggy. They remained for some time together, and when the mother entered the room, the poor girl was seated by the bed, holding the hand of her lover, paler if possible, than before, but still and silent as death itself.

"Mother, I have been telling Peggy what I need not tell you, for I saw you knew how it would be when you laid me here. And now, my dear mother, I have only one wish, and that is to see our good minister, and once more hear his voice in prayer. O, I hoped to have him perform an office far different from this! But the Lord's will be done." The good man came, and after a few words to the afflicted mother, he seated himself by the bed of her son. Peggy now rose for the first time, and taking the widow aside, she said some words in a low and earnest voice, but at that moment the minister called them to kneel round George's bed, and then he prayed aloud with all the fervor of a feeling heart. His were indeed the words of eternal life, and as he poured out the spirit in prayer, this world, with all its sin and sorrow, faded from their eyes.

The holy man now arose, and would have left them, but Peggy, starting forward, laid her hand upon his arm with a look of earnest supplication, and tried to speak; but the effort was too much for her, and the mother then advanced to explain her wishes. "If you think there naething wrang in it, sir, Peggy wishes to be made wife of my poor boy." The minister looked at the dying man and shook his head. Peggy knows that, sir," said widow Gray; "she knows he has not many hours to live, but yet it is natural for her to wish—and then her father could let her live with me." "And then," said Peggy rousing herself to speak, "O, then sir, I would be laid in—" She could not say the word, but George, clasping her hand, added, "In my grave, Peggy, you would say. God bless you! dearest for the wish!" The good man made no further objection, and their hands were now joined in wedlock George's strength supported him through the sacred ceremony, and when the minister pronounced them man and wife, he opened his arms, received her to his bosom, and saying, "God bless my Peggy!" he expired.

Call me cousin but cozen me not.

## THE DRUNKARD.

I got married: for woman affectionate woman, will not hear of faults in him she loves.—He loves me too well to make me unhappy, he knows I shall not like it. He promises to abstain. Ah, deceived woman! Love may be stronger than Death, but the power of the cup is stronger than both! What! A drinking man; a man that can drink five glasses of brandy a day with pleasure is not far from that point when he will sacrifice health, wealth, pride, patriotism, reputation, LOVE, life, every thing for that damnable thirst. I loved my wife as much as man could; I was as sensitive to honor and reputation as any, but I tell you I could, when the habit of drinking was thoroughly formed, (which was before I was aware,) have sacrificed any thing. I have often come home and found my wife weeping in silence—a silence that at first used to gore my soul—but liquor soon hardened every thing that looked like tenderness. She has told me the children wanted clothes, but "curse the children," said I, "I want my drink, and I'll have it." One night I stayed till two o'clock at the tavern playing cards, and who should come in at that dread hour of the night, but my wife with her infant in her arms! My God! if my blood did not run cold, and curdle at my heart! Is this woman? Is this my wife? I exclaimed. Never before did I realize the full power of female virtue. My profane companions and myself were abashed. I cursed her, and told her, with severe threats, to go home. "No, that I will not," said she rising in the dignity of injured innocence, though with a trepidation that shook her whole frame like the aspen, and holding her trembling infant out to me, "this is your child, and I will not stir one step from this spot till you take it and go home with me!" She then turned to my companions; and upbraided them as my destroyers, in a strain of invective that made them cower like so many discovered and disarmed assassins before the messenger of retributive justice. We separated, ashamed of each other and our deeds of darkness, almost sobered by this strange and astounding apparition.

I obeyed implicitly: for nothing makes a man more mean spirited than the habit of drinking. We went home and retired to rest; but waking up in the night with a horrible thirst, I tottered to the bottle, and drank; went to sleep again; slept till ten o'clock; and when I awoke felt dizzy and bewildered, wretched and hopeless! And, so my days are passing! Give up the practice I will not. I cannot live without it. I have now no character to lose—no mind to study—no business to employ me—no ambition to aspire—no love, except for brandy, gin, whiskey, rum; any thing which will supply, while it continually inflames more and more this dreadful thirst. Having sacrificed all that is worth having here, it matters little what I do. I would cross a mine that has a kindled match applied to it—I would march before an exploding cannon to get at the bottle—and this is the result of one fatal taste! This is the end of the social glass!

\*This is a fact.

## FROM A PASTOR'S JOURNAL.

"I saw him carried out of his dwelling. The coffin was large for he was a manly youth. On it were the initials of his name—H. C. age 25. His widow followed him, beautiful in grief. She was 22. When I joined their hands, I said, none had brighter, fairer prospects. Now he is no more. It was a sad slaughter. Ardent spirits did it. I knew it. All knew it. Many signed deeply as they laid him in the grave and thought it was so. I wanted to say it was. I spoke long at the house, and again at the grave, and of every thing but his destroyer. The fire burned in my bosom, and I wished to attack him over the lifeless body, and warn the young men of my charge to beware of his wiles. But all would have pronounced it imprudent; unkind to friends, and unsuitable to the occasion, and I was compelled to be silent. And