

ROANOKE ADVOCATE.

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HALIFAX, N. C. JULY 22, 1830.

WHOLE NO. 73

EDITED BY
EDM. B. FREEMAN,
AND PRINTED BY
JOHN CAMPBELL,

MISCELLANY

TIMBERTOE'S LETTER.

New York June 23 1830.

Dear Tim, When I wrote you last I hadn't been able to get a place then, but as luck would have it a few days after I fell in with a man from our town, you no old ben Strickland dont you? well tis his neffu Jo, pretty cute chap I tell you.— He looked as natural as the hogs. He keeps a lottery office in the broad way here, after a little champing together we struck a bargain He is to give me 3 dollars a week and board, which is not so bad considerin'. The fact is it costs a plagy site of money to get along here, tailors bills are as long as a snakes and they dont think nothing of charging a ninepence jist for mending a button hole, thats a fact. Tell Nancy Nolton the woman that made my gotomeeting trowsers she'd do well by her needle here.

I guess you'd laugh a little at a venter of mine tother day. I was going along green wich street (I spose they had wiches here in old times as well as salem) and sein a short jacket up in a tailors winder I stept in and axed him the price. Says he, I ax 3 dollars but sein tis you, you shall have it for \$2 50. I thought twas playg queer the fellow should take sich a liken to me all of a sudden, when Ide never seen him afore nor he me, and so I thought Ide just inquire the price of some othe things to see if he want tryin to cheat me.— At first he answered me tolerable civil though I thought he didnt seem to relish it cause I didnt take the jacket right off, but himbeby he got kind of wrothy and said that I didnt want to buy and he wouldnt show me nothing else nor tutch to.

But I spose you will give a body your prices, says I, wont you. No I shant, says he, for let me tell you I consider you some pretty little tailer tryin to find out my prices jist to under sell me. Ha, ha, ha! roared I, thats a good one Mr. Snip.—What do you mean sir, says he, stepping up to me with sich a sharp look as though he was going to cut me rite up into small-cloths. Oh nothing, says I, only that you should mistake me for a tailer, the ninth part of a man. Gorry and bean-poles! what a passion he flew into. But I stuck it out for all that and gave him a bit of wholesome advice, the next time a yankee wants to know his prices I gues he'll be a little more civeller. I found afterwards the feller was an irishman and thats what made him so full of wrath and cabbage as old Joe Brown used to say.

Ive hit on a plan to save washin, for washin come plagy high here as much as four pence happeny a piece, and they charge the same for a pocket handkercher as a shirt. Ill bet a goose you cant tell what tis if you gues a week a sundays and so Ill tell you, it is this. I ware a blue check shirt which will keep clean a month longer than white ones. The plan was invented last summer by some of the broad way dandies to save expense and they was all the rage for a time. The washer women complained terribly and threatened to have a regular built turnout jist like the gals at Dover factory when your Sally lost her place there. But the dandies stuck it out again them till at last the colored dandies (niggers) took up the fashion and then the others left it off quick enuff, and the washer women gained the day.

Some say twas all a trick of the washer women in getting the darkeys to ware the check shirts, but I dont think so, cause why? dont they ware sugar loaf hats and square toed shoes and false whiskers as much as the white dandies. I wish you could only see them of a sabber day afternoon strutting up and down the broad way here, massa Cuffy and missa Diner, arm in arm, he with his white kid gloves and white hat on and she with her short gown and parasol to keep her from tannin. Oh dear tis dreadful sickenin. I bust right out a laughin the first time I saw it, but Cuffy whirled his cain round through his fingers and says to missa Dina that I was a poor ignorant fellow from the country, and didnt know what was manners—there's for you by the hoky!

I gues the kolonizashun society would get themselves into a pretty pickle if they tried to kolonize some of the niggers in new york, twixt you and me tis all fudge to think they will go back to Ginny and turn into orang-otangs agen when they can cut sich a shine here. Ive heard tell that in the southern states they wont let the niggers go out after dark cause being black they cant see them. Now theres some reason in that and I think the southerners ought to manage their own concerns without our interfering—however Im no polly tician and therefore Ill say no more about it, but wind up this letter by wishing you a pleasant independent day and plenty of cider.

Yours with A steam,
ENOCH TIMBERTOES.

The duties of an Editor, his responsibility, the difficulties of his situation, and the toilsome nature of his occupation, though subjects often mentioned, and often talked of, are not rightly understood by the generality of the people. Perhaps no man in a community occupies a station so encompassed with perplexities, and so beset with vexations, and in which more patience is to be exercised, more caution used, and more self command practiced. Besides all this, if a man of feeling, he must necessarily suffer no little, from the rudeness and vulgarity of some of his own profession, with whom he is often brought into contact.

A late writer observes, that the "newspaper press is, undoubtedly, one of the great powers of society, a power constantly interfering with, and controlling every other. It has an omnipresent vision—there is nothing too high for its grasp—nothing too minute for its attention." Its importance may be calculated from reflecting on this fact. The danger too, of placing such a mighty power in the hands of weak or depraved men, is sufficiently evident. They either are not competent to judge of the extent of its influence, or are base enough to wield it for the worst of purposes.

To elevate the standard of the American newspaper press, should be the effort of every intelligent editor of the country. They have the power, for they can mould the opinions of the people; certainly in matters of taste, if not of judgment. A commendable example is shown by a number of our journals, although, perhaps, it would be invidious to particularize. The part of an editor is to be faithful and fearless in the expression of his sentiments on public matters—to scorn to uphold vice, no matter how high may be its seat—to plead the cause of virtue and injured innocence—to "raise the genius and to mend the hearts" of his readers—to stand by the liberties of his country—to uphold morality and religion—and to be foremost in every effort made to enlighten the public mind, and diffuse the blessings of education. His path is a plain one, and although it may be difficult to walk in it, that circumstance arises more from the temptations on the way side, than from the road itself.

The time is not far distant, we trust, when the American people will frown down every attempt made to convert the press into a vehicle designed merely for the dissemination of personal abuse and recrimination—and when it should be, the greatest of all blessings to a free people.—*Alexandria Gaz.*

An amusing incident occurred on board of a steamboat leaving New Bedford, thus related in the Providence Journal. A market man from Tiverton boarded the Chancellor while at the wharf, for the purpose of selling his vegetables. The steamer was on the eye of her departure; the bell had announced her intention, as a warning to those on board to go shore. The market man, lost in wonder and astonishment at the magnificence and splendor of the steamer, heeded nothing but what he saw; the sound of the bell made no impression on him, and when he awoke from his reverie he found himself "a sailing all on the mighty deep." As soon as he discovered the fact, he exclaimed, "what shall I do! land me, land me: I have

six bushels of peas in my cart, and my old mare stands unhitched on the wharf." His distress increased as the boat flew majestically for her destination. When he was informed that to land him was impossible, "what," he exclaimed, "will my wife think has become of me? besides, I have promised to supply the New Bedford market with veal for the 4th of July; you must, you shall land me." His situation, it is true, was rather unpleasant; but he was soon taught to accommodate himself to circumstances, and his trip to Nantucket, wich was "free gratis for nothing," was in fact made delightful to him, by a voluntary subscription among the passengers, which ministered wonderfully to his relief.

CAUTION TO TIPLING HUSBANDS.

We have been informed, that during the severe frost, which took place about a month ago, a lively lass, who had been married about a year and a half before, to a young farmer, on the borders of Romney Marsh, was much scandalized at her husband's going rather too often to the public house, and staying rather too late when he was there. Several little conjugal expostulations having failed of producing an alteration, the lady in a moment of passion declared positively that if it occurred again she would throw the baby (an infant 4 years old, of which he was very fond) into the military canal, and herself in after it. Not dreaming she would carry her threat into execution, a few days only had elapsed, when the

"Iron tongue of midnight had told twelve," before Mr.—knocked at his own door. His wife let him in herself, and without saying a syllable, set down the candle, walked deliberately to the cradle, snatched up the unconscious little innocent sleeping within it, and rushed out of the house. It is hardly necessary to say that the alarmed husband ran hastily after, but so sudden and unexpected had been her movement, that she had gained a considerable start, and the capal being but a few yards from their dwelling, reached the towing path before he could overtake her. He was just in time to seize and save her from self-destruction; but the poor little thing was already in the middle of the water, at that spot above four feet deep, and he could witness its struggles by the light of the moon. In an instant he threw himself in and, grasping the night-gown which had prevented its wearer from sinking, brought safely to the bank—the cat!—dressed in little Polly's bed-clothes, exceedingly wet, and now mewling piteously. His spouse, in the mean time, had regained her own door, which was not opened until he had plenty of time to enjoy all the comforts of his situation. Before, however he was quite an icicle, admission was vouchsafed, but the story of his self-inflicted ducking having got wind, no farther stratagem was necessary to wean the swain from his symposium, the jokes of his convivial acquaintance being sufficient to prevent his again partaking their revels; the impudent little post-boy himself cries *new!* whenever he sees him.

The New-York Courier of Saturday, describes a scene of misery (and crime) in real life, which is little if at all exceeded by any of the fancy flights of Bulwer or Maturin: A complaint had been lodged at the Police office of that city, by a person who had lost his watch against one whom he suspected of having stolen it. On inquiry it was found that the watch had been pledged with a pawnbroker. The latter accompanied by an officer, proceeded in quest of the person who had pledged it:

"On arriving at the dwelling of the accused, a cellar in water-street, they witnessed a scene which could scarcely be believed to exist in a city like this. Stretched on the floor with nought to protect them from its damp, save a course piece of canvass, lay the accused and his wife, and at a short distance, stretched also on the floor, lay their dead child!—The room was without any thing that could be called furniture; the cellar noisome: every thing around bore evidence of utter wretchedness. It appeared that

the child died on Wednesday, and on the night of that day, the person who lost the watch went in to sit by the corpse as a neighbor; he having gone asleep during the night, the wretched parent, driven to desperation under the circumstances in which he was situated, purloined the watch, and pledged it for a trifling sum of money. The Police officer sent to the Alms house Commissioners to have the necessary arrangements made for the interment of the corpse, and then conducted the parents to the Police Officer. The mother was permitted to go, and the father committed to prison, to answer to the charge."

From the Southern Agriculturist.
Cheap and efficacious Manure.—Raise a platform of the earth on the head-land of a field, eight feet wide, one foot high, and of any length, according to the quantity wanted. On this first stratum of earth, lay a thin stratum of lime fresh from the kiln; dissolve or slack this with salt brine from the rose of a watering potand; immediately another layer of earth, then lime and brine as before carrying it to any convenient height. In a week, it should be turned over, carefully broken, and mixed so that the whole mass may be thoroughly incorporated. This compost has been used in Ireland; has doubled the crops of potatoes and cabbages, and is said to be far superior to stable manure.
Gard. Mag.

FROM THE PORTLAND COURIER.
The Sea Serpent at Townsend Harbor.—We are informed from unquestionable authority that one of the monsters of the deep (for they are seen so often, there must probably be more than one,) about a week since paid a social visit at Boothbay harbor. He passed the afternoon rather lazily in the neighborhood of the Burnt Island, on which the light house stands, sometimes approaching within two or three rods of the shore and anon booming off straight as a mill-log, and then turning and cutting a circle thro' the water as broad and graceful as that of a seventy-four. He was distinctly seen by Mr. Chandler, who keeps the light house and his family, and several other persons. He did not raise himself much out of the water, though Mr. Chandler judged that the part which he saw of him at one time was a hundred feet in length—He is described as having the usual appearance of bunches or undulations upon his back, which all of his family are represented to have. From some of his sudden and quick movements it appeared as though he was now and then nabbing a fish. A row boat which was coming to the island, loaded with potatoes, approached rather near him, and whether his snakeship smelt the potatoes, and tho't he should like a mess to go with his fish, is not known, but from some cause or other, he turned himself very leisurely towards the boat. And the boatmen with a courage like that of Putnam's men at the battle of Bunker Hill, let the enemy approach so near that they might have seen the white of his eyes, if he had only lifted his head out of the water, and then they began to pelt him with potatoes. The Mogul of the water however, paid no more attention to them than if they had been a few light drops of rain. He appeared to be on the whole very peaceable quarrelled with nobody about politics; and so far from electioneering, he did not even give any indication whether he was a Huttonite or a Smithite. In short no rational account of the object of his visit could be assigned, unless, he might be an agent of the general government sent along the coast to see that the light houses were kept in good order and properly lighted.

Effects of a Penitentiary.—We have had two extensive fires (in New York) this week, which consumed upwards of thirty buildings. Most of the property was not insured, and the loss falls upon that portion of the citizens who are the least able to bear it. Both fires are, unquestionably, the work of villains, probably, from the State Prison, whose feelings of revenge, for punishments inflicted, prompt them to every kind of excess upon society, in return for what they always consider, injustice and cruelty.

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.
No paper to be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, unless at the option of the Editor; and a failure to notify a discontinuance will be considered as a new engagement.
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.

A LIST OF LETTERS,
Remaining in the Post Office at Halifax, N. C. on the 1st day of July, 1830, which, if not taken out before the 31st of September next, will be sent to the General Post Office as dead letters.

| | |
|-----------------------|------------------------|
| A | Jones Mary B. |
| Alston Erasmus | James Jeremiah |
| Arlington Matilda Mrs | James Benj. |
| Adams Nancy | Jones William |
| Alsbrook Alice | K |
| B | Kelley James |
| Burt John | Keter Uriah or James |
| Bishop Amenda H. | Kingsbury Emeline |
| Branch Jesse | L |
| Binford Jno. A. | Litchford James |
| Burges Thomas | 4 Locklayer Samuel |
| Barnes George | Long N. M. |
| Batchelor James W. | Long Mariah M. Miss |
| Bailey Matilda Mrs. | Liles John G. |
| Burges A. S. H. | M |
| Bruce James | Montford H. G. |
| C | McLemore J. H. |
| Carson Thomas H. | 4 Mabry Green |
| Clanton Jno. T. | 2 Morgans Peter |
| Clark Frances Mrs | P |
| Cullum William | Pettway M. H. |
| Chavis Henry | Powell Jesse |
| Coleman Joel | Purnell Henry |
| Clerk County Court | 2 Pearson Charles |
| Crowell John | Powell Asa |
| D | Ponton M. T. |
| Daniel George C. | Preson John |
| Dicken William | Pritchett Harison |
| Dutton Francis | R |
| Dunn R. & J. & Co. | Royal White Hart |
| E | Lodge No. 2 |
| Eure E. H. | Reese Geo. R. |
| Edmunds Lucy N. | 2 Rutland Drusilla |
| Eston B. C. | 2 Read Eliza A. Miss |
| Eaton N. M. | S |
| Ellis Benj. | Sheriff |
| F | Simmons James |
| Fuller Jos. | 4 Simmons J. H. |
| G | Sarredr. Jovial |
| Gary Thos. X. | Spear John C. |
| Godwin Sarah Miss | Smith B. H. |
| Guy Elizabeth Mrs. | Smith John A. |
| Green Joseph | Smith Absolem B. |
| Green Thomas | Smith Jesse R. |
| Glover Willis | Smith Nat. M. |
| Glen Tyre | V |
| Garrett Stephen | Vaden Coles M. |
| H | Vaden Jos. M. |
| Haves Clayton | Vaden Thos. J. |
| Hutchins Robt | W |
| Hewkins Wyatt | Wilkes Henry |
| Hawkins Howell | West W. M. |
| Hesse | Wilkins Edmund |
| Howard Miles | Webb Allen |
| I | Watson Jos. J. |
| Ivey G. W. | Watson Mary A. M. |
| J | Willcox Littleberry 2 |
| Jones R. A. | Willis Thos. C. |
| | Whitfield Trevis |
| | JOS. L. SIMMONS, P. M. |
| | 19—3w |

\$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 and 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 at 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.

BLANKS
Neatly executed at this office.