

ROANOKE ADVOCATE.

VOL. II.—NO. 22.

HALFAX, N. C. JULY 29, 1830.

WHOLE NO. 74.

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

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.

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.

To Physicians & Farmers.

THE following articles will at all times be found in my assortment, at the Post Office, on Main Street, two doors below the Printing Office.

All those who may wish to purchase, will please call and examine for themselves, as I am determined to sell low for cash, or on a short credit to very punctual customers. My assortment consists of the following articles, viz:

- Arrow Root,
- Aloes,
- Alum,
- Annatto Spanish,
- Arsenic Alb
- Almonds,
- Bitters,
- Balsam Copaiva,
- Burgundy Pitch,
- Borax,
- Bottle-corks,
- Blacking,
- Batman's Drops,
- Barber's Combs,
- Pocket do.
- Bees-wax,
- Basilicon Ointment,
- Mercurial do
- British Oil,
- Buttons,
- Bacon,
- Brandy, apple, 1827.
- Cologne Water,
- Coat Plaster,
- Cantharides,
- Cubebbs,
- Calomel,
- Creme Yellow,
- Cloves,
- Chalk,
- Copperas,
- Cream Tartar,
- Castor Oil,
- Copal Varnish,
- Candies,
- Candle Snuffers,
- Dyers Powders,
- Durable Ink,
- Essence Lemon,
- do. Lavender,
- do. Peppermint
- Elix. Vitriol,
- Flowers,
- Camomile,
- Sulphur,
- Zinc,
- Sena,
- Ind. Alexa.
- Flints, (gun)
- Figs,
- Fly Stone,
- Rotten do.
- Frag. blue
- Ginger Race,
- do. Pulverized,
- Gum Arabic,
- Assafoetida,
- Camphor,
- Guac,
- Shellac,
- Myrrh,
- Tragant,
- Glue,
- Ink,
- Indigo, Spanish,
- Ink Powder,
- Liquorice, Ball,
- do. Root,
- Lee's Anti B. Pills,
- Hooper's do.
- Logwood, ground,
- N. A. Wood,
- Lemon Syrup,
- Lard,
- Leather,
- Lime,
- Lampblack,
- Magnesia, Carb.
- do. Calc'd
- Manna Flake,
- Mer. Corose Sub.
- Mustard,
- Nutmegs,
- Nutmeg Graters,
- Nipple Shells,
- Oil Anisi,
- Peppermint,
- Cloves,
- Worm-seed,
- Oere, Yellow,
- Opodeldoc,
- Opium,
- Orange Peel,
- Olive Oil,
- Pearl Barley,
- Pepper,
- Precipitate, Red,
- Peruv. Bark,
- Pulv. Ipecac,
- Jalap.
- Rheubarb,
- Powder and Suot,
- Paragodic,
- Pipes,
- Rhad. Columbo,
- Gentian,
- Mizterion,
- Rhen.
- Red Sanders,
- Raisins,
- Sugar of Lead,
- Sago,
- Saice,
- Sal Amomiac,
- Glauber,
- Epsom,
- Rochelle,
- Sem Anisi,
- Sulphur, Roll,
- Segars,
- Sup. Carb. Potash,
- Syringes, P. P.
- Snake Root,
- Snuff,
- Soda Powders,
- Sodlitt's Powders,
- Stationary,
- Scup. Wine,
- Soap, Bar,
- Cake,
- Sealing Wax,
- Shoes, coarse,
- Spanish Whiting,
- Apothecaries Scales
- & Weights,
- Sasaparilla,
- Spirits Nitre,
- Amonia,
- Spanish Brown,
- do. in kegs,
- Sand, black,
- Sand-boxes,
- Spurs, for gentlemen
- Tooth Brushes,
- Tamarinds,
- Tapioca,
- Tumeric Root,
- Tartar Emetic,
- Tobacco, (best)
- Tarlington's Bals'm of Life,
- Tinct. Assafoetida,
- Cantharides,
- do. compound
- Opium,
- Camphor,
- Viridigris, ground,
- Aly,
- Vitriol Alb,
- Vint. Antimony,
- Vials, Vial Corks,
- White Lead,
- Wafers Irons,
- Wafers,
- Writing Paper,
- Letter ditto,
- Quinine Sulphate,
- Solution.

JOS. L. SIMMONS.

June 30, 1830.

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.

MISCELLANY.

CARDUS AND WILLIAM.

There is more true wisdom to be learned from the following simple narrative (from the *New-York Gazette*) than from the writings of all the sceptics that have flourished from Cain down to the days of our modern philosopher in petticoats, Miss Frances Wright.—*Boston Patriot*.

Of late, my friend Lang, a good-deal has been said about Miss Wright and her Temple of Reason. I think the plain, simple, but true history, of myself and William, affords as good a practical comment on the effects of infidel principles as any thing I have met with. If you think it worth publishing, it is at your service. In a short time it will be forty winters since I first landed in New-York. I was then in my twentieth year, without a face that I knew, or a friend to counsel or direct. On the first sabbath morning after we landed, three young men of our passengers called and inquired where I was going to-day. I said, to church; they answered, we have been near ten weeks confined to the ship, let us now walk out and see the country; our health requires exercise, and we can go to church another day. I said, as long as I could remember I had gone to church with my father every sabbath of my life, and when we parted, his last words, were, "Remember the sabbath day." They went to the country; I went to church; they spent a few shillings of their wages; I put two one penny corporation bills in the plate. Some of them were good mechanics, and got from \$8 to \$10 per week; my branch was poor, and it was only by close application I earned 5 dolls. per week. They continued going into the country, found loose company, spent most of their week's wages, came home half drunk, sometimes caught by a thunderstorm, spoiled their fine hats and clothes; rose late on Monday morning, bones and head aching, and could work but little all that day. I went to church, saved my wages, rose early on Monday morning, my bones rested, my head sound, and started on the labors of the week with a light heart and quiet conscience. At the end of the year, they could show fine clothes and powdered heads on Sunday; but I could show \$100 piled in the corner of my chest. They have all been gone long ago; having lived fast they died early; while I, as one consequence of regular living, have not been confined by sickness one day in all that period.—Now, Mr. Deist and Mrs. Deist, you propose to reform the world by destroying the bible and abolishing the sabbath, I would ask you, who lived the most comfortable life, they or I? Who were the most useful members of society?—They died and left their wives and children beggars. If I die to-night, my family have the tools and hands to make themselves independent of the world.

About three months after I landed, there came from England into the shop where I wrought, a man by the name of William; he had a fine little woman for a wife, and one or two children. He was an excellent mechanic, and the first, I believe, who manufactured coach springs in New York; he was by profession a Baptist, and went to the church in Gold-street. Dr. Foster, I believe, was then the pastor. But William was a warm politician; a democrat as red hot as the iron he hammered. He was soon found out by the radicals of that day. About this time there came to the city a man by the name of Palmer, who was either born blind, or had lost his sight by disease. This blind leader of the blind used to lecture on deism in what was then the assembly room, in William-street. William was led by some of his new associates into this dungeon of despair, and drank deep in their dark and cheerless doctrine. In a short time he came out a flaming deist, and instead of going with his wife and children to church, he led them to Long Island, or the fields in Jersey; or he went by himself to a low tavern, and harrangued on Tom Paine's Age of Reason, to any set of blockheads who would hear him. His children, as they grew up, being left to themselves, soon associated with bad com-

pany and turned out worse than good-for-nothing. He had commenced business for himself, and for some time was in a very thriving way. But now every thing was forgot in his zeal for propagating his new principles. You might find him in every street and corner, pouring out his new light; and so vulgar and brutish was the language in which he blasphemed every thing which society in general holds sacred, that moderate men of any principle got disgusted—shunned his company and shop, and his worldly circumstances began to fall into decay. As old shop-mates, he and I ever have been, and now are, on the most friendly terms when we meet; and from the beginning have I expostulated and warned him of the ruin he was bringing on himself and family in this world, laying the next aside. Though he could not deny the truth of what I said, yet he seem'd like one who had gone so far that he was ashamed to recede. One morning about 10 o'clock, a few weeks ago, he called on me and asked for something to buy his breakfast, as he had not tasted any thing that day. I looked on him with sorrow, almost to crying—says I, William, has it really come to this with you? He said he had not a cent—a friend, or child, to help him in the world. I asked for his sons and daughters, by name—they had all gone to ruin, or were dead. The few old friends of the William-street Illuminati, now that he was poor, knew him not. I gave him a small sum, and told him to call on me in his extremity. Says I, William, there are my sons and daughters; they are an honor to their parents, being useful members of society. Your children and mine were brought up neighbors to one another; what should make them differ? He was silent.—Says I, I told you thirty-four years ago, your mad principles would beggar yourself, and ruin your family. While you carried your children to the fields, or left them to wander in the road to destruction; I carried mine to the church, where they were not exposed to bad company, and now they walk in the ways of wisdom, which are pleasantness and peace. I added, you must now be convinced that religion is the best thing in this world; and in the next, they who profess it will be as well off as you. But if the bible is true, you may say with the miser; I was starved in this and damned in that which is to come. He confessed I had the best of the argument, and said he might have been a rich man, if he had stuck to the principles he brought with him from England. He said he thought of going into the alms-house—it was a good last retreat; and for this I have to thank Christianity; for where the Bible is not known, they have neither alms-house nor hospital. I have only to add, that this story is no fiction, nor combination of characters that may have existed; but it is literally true. My friend William now lives, (you know him)—he is a man of truth, (though a deist,) and will vouch for what I have said, were he asked.—If any one doubts, you may give them my name. I will point them to some of the men, still alive, of whom I speak.

Yours,
CARDUS.

The following ironical article is from the *Portland Advertiser*—

1. When you enter the church, keep your hat on till you arrive at the pew—as that will remind people you are no churchman.
2. Be particular careful to pay as little deference as possible to the public worship—never join in the responses, or comply with any of their usages—for it is desirable, on such occasions to manifest our contempt for their old popish customs.
3. During the reading of the Gospel for the day, or the singing or chanting of any Hymn or psalm, you should sit down—this will show people that you do not praise God; whatever, others may do.
4. Be sure to stand bolt upright during the prayers that you may not soil your clothes, or sanction the custom of kneeling to God.
5. When you leave the church, take especial care to put on your hat the moment you leave your pew—crowd

and rush out of church, as that will show how glad you are to get out, and that you thank God you are not as superstitious as some folks are.

Time, Health and Money.—These are things, respecting which mankind are very apt to err in their dealings. In the first place they purchase a useless quantity of the third, at an enormous expense of the two first; and then they call in the doctor, and bargain to give him so much of the third for a recovery of the second; but he is unable to gratify their wishes, for Death stands by the bedside of the foolish miscalculators; and then, oh, how willingly would they give all they have amassed of the third, for but a small portion more of the first.

Shaving at Sea.—The New York Commercial states, that a verdict of \$125 has been recovered in the Superior Court, by a passenger who came to this country two years ago in the brig Hercules, against the Captain of that vessel, for suffering the process of an introduction to Neptune to be performed on the plaintiff by his crew, while crossing the banks of Newfoundland. The Court said, in reference to this immemorial sea usage, that it never could apply to those who paid their passage.

A Tale of 76.—Before the two armies of American and English had begun the general action of Monmouth, two of the advanced batteries commenced a very severe fire against each other. As the warmth was excessive, the wife of a cannonier constantly ran to bring water for him from a neighboring spring. At the moment when she started from the spring, to pass to the post of her husband, she saw him fall, and hastened to assist him; but he was dead. At the same moment she heard an officer order the cannon to be removed from its place, complaining he could not fill his place by as brave a man as had been killed. "No," said the intrepid Molly, fixing her eyes upon the officer, "the cannon shall not be removed for want of some one to serve it; since my brave husband is no more, I will use my utmost exertions to avenge his death." The activity and courage with which she performed the office of cannonier during the action, attracted the attention of all who witnessed it, finally of General Washington himself, who afterwards gave her the rank of Lieutenant, and granted her half pay during life. She wore an epaulette, and every body called her CAPTAIN MOLLY.
N. Y. Journal.

LITTLE JACK.

While the frigate United States was lying in the harbor of Norfolk, some anterior to the declaration of war in 1812, a little boy in petticoats was in the habit of accompanying his mother, a poor woman who frequently visited the ship to wash for some of the crew. The lad, whose name was John Kreamer, soon became, a favorite with the sailors, and it was determined by them, if his mother would consent, to adopt him as one of their number. He came on board and recommended himself by his activity and shrewdness to the favor of every one.—War was subsequently declared against Great Britain, and the frigate sailed upon a cruise, in which she captured the enemy's frigate Macedonian. As the two vessels were approaching each other, Commodore Decatur, who was standing upon the quarter deck, watching with his glass the movements of his adversary, noticed that little Jack appeared anxious to speak to him. "What do you want?" said Decatur. Jack coolly answered "that he had come to ask that his name might be enrolled on the ship's books!" "For what purpose?" said the Commodore. "Because," replied Jack, "I want to draw my share of the prize money." Pleased with the boy's confident anticipation of victory, Decatur immediately gave orders to have his name registered, and when the prize money allowed by Congress was distributed, Jack received his proportion. From that time he was regarded by the Commodore with more than ordinary interest, was taken into his cabin, and

prepared for the important duties of a higher station. He was constantly about Decatur's person, and acted as the cockswain of his own barge. So soon as his age would justify an application to the Navy Department for a midshipman's warrant, it was made, and promptly complied with. Little Jack, as he was familiarly styled by the sailors, was thus transformed into Mr. Kreamer, and was with Decatur in the President when she was captured, and in the Guerriere in the expedition to Algiers.—He afterwards sailed in the Franklin 74, with Com. Stewart, to the Pacific Ocean. This was his last cruise. He was upset in one of the ship's boats by a sudden squall in the harbor of Valparaiso, and sunk to the bottom before any assistance could be afforded.

DRESS.—The *Encyclopedia Americana* recommends woollen as the only kind of dress that can afford the protection required against the inclemencies of weather to which high northern latitudes are liable. Those who would receive the advantage which the wearing of woollen is capable of affording, must wear it next the skin; for it is in this situation only that its health-preserving power can be felt. The great advantages of woollen cloth are briefly these;—the readiness with which it allows the escape of the matter of perspiration through its texture; its power of preserving the sensation of warmth to the skin under all circumstances; the difficulty there is in making it thoroughly wet; slowness with which it conducts heat; the softness, lightness, and pliancy of its texture. Cotton Cloth though it differs but little from linen, approaches nearer to the nature of woollen, and, on that account, must be esteemed as the next best substance of which clothing may be made. Silk is the next in point of excellence, but is very inferior to cotton in every respect. Linen possesses the contrary of most of the properties enumerated as excellencies in woollen. It retains the matter of perspiration in its texture, and speedily becomes imbued with it; it gives an unpleasant sensation of cold to the skin; it is very readily saturated with moisture, and it conducts heat too rapidly. It is indeed, the worst of all substances in use, being the least qualified to answer the purpose of clothing.

A young Wife. The Georgian Courier states that a lawyer in Dekalb county married a short time ago, a little girl aged ten years and eighteen days. He gained the mother's consent, and took the child home, where she remained several days; when the neighbors, considering it a flagrant indecorum, went in a body and removed her to one of her relations. She weighed 58 pounds avoirdupois, she had a fortune left by her father, of which this disgrace to the bar thought he might become the guardian. The marriage is voidable, though not actually void. The child said she did not consent of her own accord but by persuasion of a relative.

Cleopatra, daughter to Ptolemy, king of Egypt, and joint successor with her brother to that throne, was a young woman whose beauty of person could only be equalled by the brilliancy of her understanding; in her were united all the perfections that allure, and all the charms that captivate and enslave the mind. Her wit was refined by judgment, her taste improved by science, and her manners formed by the hands of the Graces.—Thus favored by nature, and improved by art, Cleopatra was at once the object of admiration and contempt; her virtue fell a sacrifice to her charms, and her innocence became the victim of her vanity.
JOSEPHUS.

Big Snake.—Mr. J. B. Hardin, a respectable citizen of Lexington, Ky. states that he recently saw a snake near that place, his head resting on the limb of a tree and his tail extending to the ground. He threw stones at him, made him descend and go upon a fence. He was 13 or 20 feet long, as large round as an ordinary stove pipe, brown, his tail perfectly blunt, and his eyes as big as a 6 1-4 cent piece. Citizens had trailed him to a cave. \$500 has been offered for him.