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## MISCELLANY.

### TALES OF THE SEA.

#### A SCENE IN JAMAICA.

The Torch was lying at anchor in Bluefield's Bay. It was between eight and nine in the morning. The land wind had died away, and the sea breeze had not set in—there was not a breath stirring. The pennant from the mast-head fell sluggishly down and clung amongst the rigging like a dead snake, whilst the folds of the St. George's ensign that hung from the mizenpeak, were as motionless as if they had been carved in marble.

The anchorage was one unbroken mirror, except where its grasslike surface was shivered into sparkling ripples by the gambols of a shipjack, or the flashing stoop of his enemy the pelican; and the reflection of the vessel was so clear and steady, that at the distance of a cable's length you could not distinguish the water line, nor tell where the substance ended and shadow began, until the casual dashing of a bucket overboard, for a few moments broke up the phantom ship; but the wavering fragments soon reunited, and she again floated double, like the swan of the poet. The heat was so intense, that the iron stanchions of the awning could not be grasped with the hand, and where the decks were not screened by it, the pitch boiled out from the seams. The swell rolled in from the offing in long shining undulations, like a sea of quicksilver, whilst every now and then a flying fish would sparkle out from the unfringed bosom of the heaving water, and shoot away like a silver arrow, until it dropped with a flash into the sea again.

The crew were listlessly spinning oakum, and mending sails, under the shade of awning; the only exceptions to the general languor were John-crow the black, and Jacko the monkey. The former (who was an improvisatore of a rough stamp) sat out on the bowsprit, through choice, beyond the shade of the canvass, without hat or shirt, like a bronze bust, busy with his task, whatever that might be, singing at the top of his pipe, and between whiles confabulating with his hairy ally, as if he had been a messmate,—the monkey hanging by the tail from the dolphin striker, admiring what John-crow called "his own ugly face in the water." "Tail like yours would be a good thing for a sailor, Jacko; it would leave his two hands free aloft—more use, more ornament too, I'm sure, den de piece of greasy junk dat hangs from de captain's taffrail. Now I shall sing to you, how dat Corromantee rascal, my dear fader, was sell me on Gold Coast.

"Two red night cap, one long knife.  
All him get for Quackoo.  
For gun next day him sell him wife—  
You tink dat good song Jacko?"

Come up sir: don't you see that big shovel nosed fish looking at you? Pull your hand out of the water, I tell you." The negro threw himself on the gammoning of the bowsprit to take hold of the poor ape, who, mistaking his kind intention, and ignorant of his danger, shrank from him, lost his hold and fell into the sea. The shark instantly sank to have a run, then dashed at his prey, raising his snout over him, and shooting his head and shoulders three feet out of the water with poor Jackoo shrieking in his jaws, whilst his small bones

crackled and crunched under the monster's tripple row of teeth.

Whilst this small tragedy was acting—and painful enough it was to the kind hearted negro, I was looking out towards the eastern horizon, watching the first dark ripple of the sea breeze, when a rushing noise passed over my head.

I looked up and saw a *gallinasso*, the large carrion-crow of the tropics, sailing contrary to the habits of its kind, seaward over the brig. I followed it with my eye, until it vanished in the distance, when my attention was attracted by a dark speck far out in the offing with a tiny white sail. With my glass I made it out to be a ship's boat, but I saw no one on board, and the sail was idly flapping about the mast.

On making my report, I was desired to pull towards it in the gig; and as we approached, one of the crew said he thought he saw some one peering over the bow.—We drew nearer, and I saw him distinctly. "Why don't you haul the sheet aft, and come down to us sir?"

He neither moved nor answered, but as the boat rose and fell on the short sea, raised by the first breeze, the face kept moping and mowing at us over the gunwale.

"I will soon teach you manners, my fine fellow! give way, men!"—and I fired my musket, when the crow that I had seen, rose from the boat in the air, but immediately alighted again to our astonishment, vulture-like, with outstretched wings, upon the head.

Under the shadow of this horrible plume, the face seemed on the instant to alter like a hideous change in a dream. It appeared to become of a deathlike paleness, and anon streaked with blood. Another stroke of the oar—the chin had fallen down, and the tongue was falling out. Another pull—the eyes were gone, and from their sockets, brains and blood were fermenting, and flowing down the cheeks. It was the face of a putrifying corpse. In this floating coffin we found the body of another sailor, doubled across one of the thwarts, with a long Spanish knife sticking between his ribs, as if he died in some mortal struggle, or, what was equally probable, had put an end to himself in his frenzy; whilst along the bottom of the boat, arranged with some show of care, and covered by a piece of canvas stretched across an oar above it, lay the remains of a beautiful boy, about fourteen years of age, apparently but a few hours dead.—Some, biscuit roll of jerked beef, and an earthen water jar, lay beside him, showing that hunger at least could have had no share in this destruction.—But the *pipkin was dry, and the small water cask in the bow was staved and empty.*

We had no sooner cast our grappling over the bow, and begun to tow the boat to the ship than the abominable bird that we had scared settled down into it again notwithstanding our proximity, and began to peck at the dead body. At this instant we heard a gibbering noise, and saw something like a bundle of old rags roll out from beneath the stern-sheet, and apparently make a fruitless attempt to drive the *gallinasso* from its prey. Heaven and earth what an object met our eyes! It was a full grown man, but so wasted, that one of the boys lifted him by his belt with one hand. His knees were drawn up to his chin, his hands were like the talons of a bird, while the falling in of his chocolate colored and withered features gave an unearthly relief to his forehead, over which the thorny and transparent skin was braced so tightly that it seemed ready to crack. But in the midst of this desolation, his deep set coal black eyes—sparkled like two diamonds with the fever of his sufferings; there was a fearful fascination in their flashing brightness, contrasted with the death-like aspect of the face, and rigidity of the frame. When sensible of our presence, he tried to speak, but could only utter a low moaning sound. At length—"Aqua, aqua!"—we had not a drop of water in the boat. "El tamoriendo-d sed aqua."

We got on board, and the surgeon gave the poor fellow some weak tepid grog. It acted like magic. He gra-

dually uncoiled himself, his voice from being weak and husky, became comparatively clear. "El hijo—Acqua hari mi pedrillo—No te hace para mi—Oh, noche pasado, lo noche pasado?" He was told to compose himself, and that his boy would be taken care of. "Dexa me verio entonces, oh Dios, dexa me verio!"—and he crawled, grovelling on his chest, like a crushed worm, across the deck, until he got his head over the port still, and looked down into the boat. He there beheld the pale face of his dead son; it was the last object he ever saw—"Ay de mi!" he croaned heavily, and dropped his face against the ship's side—he was dead.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

### FEMALE STRATAGEM.

Of all stratagems resorted to by female ingenuity, to obtain a suitable husband, we know of none so extraordinary as that of the French lady, who gave out that her head resembled that of a "Death's Head." Among the numerous lovers, who, in consequence of the immense wealth which she was reputed to possess, aspired to the honor of her hand, in spite of the terrors of her face, there was reckoned no less than 519 reformed rakes, and 200 ruined gamblers. She showed to a person who was in her confidence, 25 or 30 letters which she had received from Belgium, written by certain well known characters, who said that they would never revolt, though she should prove the most hideous object in the world. They were disposed to flatter, caress, and wed the plague itself, so they could procure abundance of gold. All the letters she left unanswered; but to a few she was generous enough to order her secretary to return thanks. Her friends were permitted to take a copy of the following:

"Madame—Report has doubtless painted you less handsome than you are; but none at least, will refuse to admit that your physiognomy is expressive. I should have the honor of presenting myself before you, and declaring my passion, had not pitiless creditors detained me in the Conciergerie. I must beg you will have the goodness to pay me a visit, to receive the proposition I am so anxious to make. Though you may have shown a little of the coquette in order to set yourself off to the best advantage, that is not the fault of nature; consequently it can make no kind of difference in my intentions. No aspect can be more hideous in the eyes of a prisoner than his prison. Bring me liberty, and you will appear charming indeed. If you shall favor me with a visit, you shall see a young man, 25 years of age, who has among other advantages, a tolerable person, with a mind proper to meet worldly success. He has moreover the honor to declare his ardent vows. FOLLEVILLE.

"P. S.—Be so good as to request the jailer of the Conciergerie to lend his parlor for the interview."

The mind of the young lady did not tend to a union in consequence of the above invitation; yet her heart was not insensible. In the brilliant circle in which she moved, covered constantly with a mask, she distinguished a young man of noble and interesting countenance, whose mind had been well cultivated. He had a fortune which placed him above interested views.—The young man, on his part, was so much charmed with the graces and delicate sentiments the young lady with invisible features displayed in her conversation that he at length declared all his happiness depended on an union. She did not deny the impression he had made on her heart, nor conceal the pleasure she would feel in acceding to his proposal,—but expressed to him, at the same time, the dread that he would repent on beholding her face, which she described to be that of death in its most terrific form. She begged him to beware of rashness, and consider well, whether he could bear the disappointment he might incur.

"Well well," said the young man, "accept my hand, and never unmask but to the eye of your husband." "I consent," replied she; "I shall not survive the appearance of affright and disgust; perhaps contempt, you may feel after marriage." "I will not

shrink from the proof; it is your heart, and not your figure, that I love." "In eight days," said the lady, "you shall be satisfied." They prepared for the marriage, and, notwithstanding the refusal of the generous young man to accept a million in bank bills, she settled all her property on him.—"If you have not courage enough to suffer," said she, "for your companion, I shall at least be consoled by the reflection, that I have enriched him whom I love, and he will perhaps drop a tear to my memory." Returning from the altar, she threw herself on her knees before her spouse and placed her hand on her mask. What a situation for a husband!! His heart palpitated, his face turned pale, the mask fell, and he beheld an angel of beauty! She then exclaimed affectionately, you have not deserved deformity—you merit the love of beauty! The happy couple left Paris the next day for Livonia, where the great property of the lady was situated.

*A happy thought.*—If you wish to find any thing that is lost in a well, or ascertain the cause of any impurity there may be in the water, place a common mirror over the well in such a position as to catch and throw the rays of the sun directly to the bottom of the well, which will instantly become illuminated in a manner so brilliant that not only the smallest articles, such as pins, needles, spoons, knives, &c. can be distinctly discerned, but also that the smallest pebbles and stones at the bottom can be as effectually examined as if they were held in the hand. The sun is in the best situation to be reflected in the above manner in the morning or afternoon of the day. "This simple experiment," says the editor of the *Hamden Whig*, "was communicated to us by a worthy patriot, with a wish that we should give it to the public."

### BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

The *New-York American* gives the following as the substance of the biographical sketches of the late KING, with which the English papers are filled; omitting those particulars of folly & vice, which marked his early career: The late King of England was born at St. James's on the 12th of August, 1762; and lived, therefore, to be far advanced in the 68th year of his age. That he existed so long, might, considering the habits of his earlier life, he looked upon as an extraordinary proof of the original vigor of his constitution.

George IV, when Prince of Wales, was for the greater part of his life, an ostensible rallying point of Parliamentary opposition to his father's Government. At the era of the French Revolution, however, when the stability of the throne to which he was heir was menaced with the destruction in which the other royal establishments of Europe were involved, he bade farewell to the opposition, in a speech against revolutionary politics, and was thenceforth designated by Mr. Fox's friends, as one unworthy of political trust or attachment. The Prince of Wales appears not to have borne any active or conspicuous part in politics, between the day on which he ceased to countenance the Foxite opposition, and the period at which, on the mental demise of George III. he assumed the government of the British realms as Prince Regent. The reign of George IV. has been distinguished by some political measures that mark it as one of the most interesting eras in English history.—Of these, the repeal of the Test Act, with its provisions, prohibiting dissenters from the Established Church from a participation in the honors and emoluments of office, and the emancipation of the Catholics alone sufficient to stamp the character of the time. The king is said to have spoken well in public, though very rarely. In private, no man was more engagingly conversational: he told a story with great felicity; and his talent for mimicry, which he sometimes indulged in for the amusement of his intimate companions, was very great. The looseness of his early habits are too notorious to need hinting at; and the following statement from the Lon-

don Times may give some idea of the prodigality of his expenses when Prince of Wales:

In July, 1783, 50,000*l.* per annum was settled on the Prince, then about completing his 21st year. In July, 1786, only three years afterwards, his debts amounted to something more than 170,000*l.*, and were shortly afterwards discharged at the public expense.

In 1795, after eight years more, a fresh accumulation of debt was disclosed to the extent then admitted of 630,000*l.* and was provided for by an addition to the Prince's income of 88,000*l.* per annum. Notwithstanding this, in 1801, a further addition of 8,000*l.* a year was bestowed upon his royal highness; and again, in 1803, the debts formerly rated at 630,000*l.* having been found to exceed 800,000*l.* the national bounty was once more drawn upon, and the royal spendthrift was gratified by a fourth pension of 60,000*l.* per annum, terminable on the expiration of three years.

The London Times urges the necessity of the early settlement of the Regency question. If the present possessor of the Crown were to die before the Regency bill were passed, the young Princess would, in the eye of the law, have attained her majority, and would in fact be Queen. Blackstone says (Comm. lib. 1, c. 7, sec. 2.) in reference to such a contingency, "Neither can the King in judgment of law, as King, ever be a minor or under age. . . . It hath been usually thought prudent, when the hereditary has been very young, to appoint a prospector, guardian, or regent, a limited time; but the very necessity of such extraordinary provision is sufficient to demonstrate the truth of that maxim of the common law, that in the King is no minority, and therefore he has no legal guardian."

The Times, after canvassing the claims of the Duke of Cumberland and the Duchess of Clarence to the office of regent—the first of whom is presumed to be out of the question from the circumstance of his becoming by the death of the present King, a foreign sovereign (King of Hanover,) and the last even more exceptionable; as, being a foreigner, she has no interest in the future sovereign, and, having no children, and her husband being dead—no permanent connexion with the country decides in favor of the Duchesses of Kent, mother of the young heiress to the throne.—This lady would unite in her person the office of regent and of custos of the future sovereign, and could alone be supposed to have the best interests of her child at heart; and should be regent, says the Times, to prevent—what must otherwise happen—the Princess Victoria being made use of to forward the intrigues and interests of others.

*FLAX.*—There is an act of the British parliament now in force, which forbids the steeping of flax in rivers, or any waters where cattle are accustomed to drink, as it is found to communicate a poison destructive to the cattle which drink of it, and to the fish in such waters.

*Worms in Children.*—Take a small portion of the common wormseed; beat a sufficient quantity of hog's lard to scald the seed well, by pouring it on the seed while scalding, then put some honey or sugar in it to make it palatable; and give the child as much of the mixture as it will eat; morning and night, fasting; it is quite agreeable to take. The gentleman giving this information states that his child, in less than 24 hours, after taking the mixture, discharged 114 worms, and was immediately restored to health, although its life had been despaired of.

*Children.*—How easy, and artless, and beautiful, are all the motions of a child. Every thing that he does is graceful. All his little ways are endearing; and they are the arms which nature has given him for his protection, because they make every body feel an attachment for him.—*Sir Thomas Moore, in his Life and Correspondence.*