

# ROANOKE ADVOCATE.

VOL. II.—NO. 27.

HALIFAX, N. C. SEPTEMBER 2, 1830.

WHOLE NO. 79.

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.

## MISCELLANY.

From the New York Amulet

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

HENRY ST. CLAIR.

HENRY ST. CLAIR!—How at the mention of that name, a thousand dreams of friendship and youth—and of the early and beautiful associations which linger like invisible spirits around us, to be called into view only by the magical influence of memory, are awakened! How does the glance of retrospection go back to the dim images of the past—from the childish merriment to the manly rivalry from the banquet-hall and the pleasant festival, down to the silent and unbroken solitude of the Tomb.

We were as brothers in childhood—St. Clair and myself,—brothers too in the dawning of manhood; and a more ingenious and high-minded friend I never knew. Yet he was strangely proud—not of the world's gifts—wealth, family and learning—but of his intellectual power—of the great gift of mind which he possessed—the ardent and lofty spirit which shone out in his every action. And he might well be proud of such gifts. I never knew a finer mind. It was as the embodied spirit of poetry itself—the beautiful home of high and glorious aspirations.

Henry St. Clair was never at heart a Christian. He never enjoyed the visitations of that pure and blessed influence, which comes into the silence and loneliness of the human bosom, to build up anew the broken altars of its faith, and revive the drooping flowers of its desolated affections. He loved the works of the Great God with the love of an enthusiast. But beyond the visible and outward forms—the passing magnificence of the heavens—the beauty and grandeur of the earth, and the illimitable world of waters, his vision never extended. His spirit never overlooked the clouds which surrounded it to catch a glimpse of the better and more beautiful land.

I need not tell the story of my friend's young years. It has nothing to distinguish it from a thousand others;—it is the brief and sunny biography of one upon whose pathway the sunshine of happiness rested, unshadowed by a passing cloud. We were happy in our friendship,—but the time of manhood came; and we were parted by our different interests, and by the opposite tendency of circumstances peculiar to each other.

It was a night of Autumn—a cold and starless evening—I remember it with painful distinctness, although year after year has mingled with Eternity,—that I had occasion to pass in my way homeward, through one of the darkest and loneliest alleys of my native city. Anxious to reach my dwelling, I was hurrying eagerly forward, when I felt myself suddenly seized by the arm; and a voice close in my ear whispered hoarsely—"Stop—or you are a dead man!"

I turned suddenly. I heard the cocking of a pistol,—and saw by a faint gleam from a neighboring window, the tall figure of a man—one hand grasping my left arm, the other holding a weapon at my breast.

I know not what prompted me to resistance;—I was totally unarmed, and altogether unacquainted with the struggle of mortal jeopardy. But I did resist,—and, one instant I saw my assailant in the posture I have described,—the next, he was disarmed and

writhing beneath me. It seemed as if an infant's strength could have subdued him.

"Wretch!" I exclaimed, as I held his own pistol to his bosom, "what is your object? Are you a common midnight robber—or bear you ought of private malice towards Roger Allston?"

"Allston!—Roger Allston!" repeated the wretch beneath me, in a voice which sounded like a shriek, as he struggled half upright even against the threatening pistol. "Great God! has it come to this? Hell has no pang like this meeting! Shoot!"—he exclaimed, and there was a dreadful earnestness in his manner, which sent the hot blood of indignation cold and ice-like upon my heart. "Shoot you were once my friend—in mercy kill me!"

A horrible suspicion flashed over my mind. I felt a sudden sickness at my heart—and the pistol fell from my hand.

"Whoever you may be," I said, "and whatever may have been your motive in attacking me, I would not stain my hands with your blood. Go—and repent of your crimes."

"You do not know me," said the robber, as with some difficulty he regained his feet, "even you have forgotten me. Even you refuse the only mercy which man can now render me—the mercy of death—of utter annihilation!"

Actuated by a sudden and half-defined impulse, I caught hold of the stranger's arm, and hurried him towards the light of a streetlamp. It fell full upon his ghastly and death-like features, and on his attenuated form, and his ragged apparel. Breathless and eagerly I gazed upon him, until he trembled beneath the scrutiny. I pressed my hand against my brow, for I felt my brain whirl like the coming on of delirium. I could not be mistaken. The guilty wretch before me was the friend of my youth—one whose memory I had cherished as the holiest legacy of the past. It was Henry St. Clair. Yes—it was St. Clair!—but how changed since last we had communion with each other! where was the look of intelligence, and the visible seat of intellect—the beauty of person and mind! Gone—and gone forever—to give place to the loathsomeness of a depraved and brutal appetite—to the vile tokens of a disgusting sensuality, and the deformity of disease.

"Well may you shudder," said St. Clair, "I am fit only for the companionship of demons; but you cannot long be cursed by my presence. I have not tasted food for many days; hunger drove me to attempt your robbery—but, I feel that I am a dying man. No human power can save me,—and if there be a God, even He cannot save me from myself—from the undying horrors of remorse."

Shocked by his words and still more by the increasing ghastliness of his countenance, I led the wretched man to my dwelling, and, after conveying him to bed, and administering a cordial to his fevered lips; I ordered a physician to be called. But it was too late; the hand of death was upon him. He motioned me to his bedside after the physician had departed; he strove to speak, but the words died upon his lips. He then drew from his bosom a sealed letter addressed to myself. It was his last effort. He started half upright in his bed—uttered one groan of horror and mortal suffering; and sunk back, still and ghastly, upon his pillow. He was dead.

I followed the remains of my unhappy friend to the narrow place appointed for all the living—the damp and cold church-yard. I breathed to no one the secret of his name and his guilt. I left it to slumber with him.

I now referred to the paper which had been handed me by the dying man. With a trembling hand I broke the seal of the envelope, and read the following, addressed to myself:

"If this letter ever reaches you, do not seek to find its unhappy writer. He is beyond the reach of your noble generosity—a guilty and dying man. I do not seek for life. There is no hope for my future existence,—and death—dark, and terrible, and myste-

rious as it may seem, is less to be dreaded than the awful realities with which I am surrounded.

"I have little strength to tell you the story of my fall. Let me be brief. You know how we parted from each other. You know the lofty hopes and the towering feelings of ambition, which urged me from your society; from the enjoyment of that friendship, the memory of which has ever since lingered like an upbraiding spirit at my side. I arrived at my place of destination; and aided by the introductory epistles of my friends, and the influence of my family, I was at once received into the first and most fashionable circles of the city.

"I never possessed those principles of virtue and moral dignity, the effect which has been so conspicuous in your own character. Amidst the flatteries and attentions of those around me, and in the exciting pursuit of pleasure, the kindly voice of admonition was unheard; and I became the gayest of the gay—a leader in every scene of fashionable dissipation. The principles of my new companions were those of infidelity, and I embraced them with my whole soul. You know my former disposition to doubt—that doubt was now changed into a settled unbelief, and a bitter hatred towards all which I had once been taught to believe sacred and holy.

"Yet amidst the baleful principles which I had imbibed, one honorable feeling still lingered in my bosom, like a beautiful angel in the companionship of demons. There was one being—a young and lovely creature, at whose shrine all the deep affections of my heart were poured out in the sincerity of early love. She was indeed a beautiful girl—a being to bow down to and worship—pure and high-thoughted as the sainted ones of Paradise, but confiding and artless as a child. She possessed every advantage of outward beauty—but it was not that which gathered about her, as with a spell, the hearts of all who knew her. It was the light of her beautiful mind which lent the deep witching of soul to her fine countenance—flashing in her dark eye, and playing like sunshine on her lip, and crossing her fair forehead with an intellectual halo.

"Allston! I look back to that Springtime of Love even at this awful crisis in my destiny, with a strange feeling of joy. It is the only green spot in the wilderness of the past—an oasis in the desert of being. She loved me, Allston—and a heart more precious than the gems of the East, was given up to a wretch unworthy of its slightest regard.

"Hitherto pride rather than principle had kept me above the lowest degradation of sensual indulgence. But for one fatal error I might have been united to the lovely being of my affections;—and, oh! if sinless purity and persuasive love could have had power over a mind darkened and perverted as my own—I might have been reclaimed from the pathway of ruin—I might have been happy.

"But that fatal error came—and came too, in the abhorrent shape of loathsome Drunkenness. I shall never in time or eternity, forget that scene; it is engraven on my memory in letters of fire. It comes up before me like a terrible dream; but it is a dream of reality. It dashed from my lips the cup of happiness, and fixed forever the dark aspect of my destiny.

"I had been very gay, for there were happy spirits around me; and I had drunk freely and fearlessly for the first time. There is something horrible in the first sensations of drunkenness. For relief I drank still deeper—and I was a drunkard—I was delirious—I was happy. I left the inebriated assembly, and directed my steps, not to my lodgings, but to the home of her, whom I loved—nay adored above all others. Judge of her surprise and consternation when I entered with a flushed countenance and an unsteady tread! She was reading to her aged parents, when with an idiot's grimace I approached her. She started from her seat—one glance told me the fatal truth; and she shrunk from me—aye, from me, to whom her vows were pledged and her young affection given—with fear, with loathing, and un-

disguised abhorrence. Irritated at her conduct, I approached her rudely; and snatched from her hand the book she had been reading. I cast it into the flames which rose brightly from the hearth. It was the volume which you call sacred. I saw the smoke of its consuming go upward like a sacrifice to the Demon of Intemperance, and there—even there—by that Christian fireside, I cursed the Book and its Author!

"The scene which followed beggars description. The shriek of my betrothed—her sinking down in a state of insensibility—the tears of maternal anguish—the horror depicted on the countenance of the old man—all these throng even now confusedly over my memory. I staggered to the door. The reception I had met with, and the excitement thereby produced, had obviated in some measure the effect of intoxication; and reason began to assume its empire. The full, round moon, was up in the heavens; and the stars, how fair, how passing beautiful they shone down at that hour! I had loved to look upon the stars; those bright and blessed evidences of a holy and all pervading intelligence; but that night their grandeur and their exceeding purity came like a curse to my weary vision. I could have seen those beautiful lights extinguished; and the dark night-cloud sweeping over the fair face of the sky, and have smiled with grim satisfaction, for the change would have been in unison with my feelings.

"Allston! I have visited, in that tearless agony which mocks at consolation, the grave of my betrothed. She died of a broken heart. From that moment, all is dark, and hateful, and loathsome, in my history. I am now reduced to poverty—I am bowing to disease,—I am without a friend. I have no longer the means of subsistence; and starvation may yet anticipate the fatal termination of the disease which is preying upon me."

Such was the tale of the once gifted and noble St. Clair. Let the awful lesson it teaches sink deep in the hearts of the young and ardent of spirit. Let them remember that "Infidelity and Intemperance go hand in hand;" and that those who have once yielded themselves to the fascination of vice, are hurried onward, as by an irresistible impulse, in the pathway of ruin; although conscious of their danger, and knowing that the gulf of utter darkness is widening and deepening before them.

**TO MAKE GOOD BEER.** Pour 1-2 pints of Molasses, and two-thirds of a tea cup of Ginger into a clean water pail, then fill it up with boiling water; to this add 1-2 pint yeast, and let it stand one night or about 8 hours in a cool place; then turn it into a keg or bottle it, and it will be fit for use.

*The drunkard's Soliloquy.* A Fragment. Having passed by the inn, I observed some one at a short distance, beneath a lofty button-wood, apparently holding a dialogue with himself. I drew near, unobserved, and heard the following:

"Who am I? Aye, and what am I, but a wretched out-cast, shunned by the wise and the good? My estate wasted; constitution destroyed; affairs in ruin; friends absconded; children naked and hungry; wife in tears and comfortless; appetite, none; visage bloated and disgusting; hands and knees tremulous; reason debased; and manners become vile; character annihilated!—My acquaintances pass by me like strangers! I am tormented by disease, harassed by law suits; teased by creditors; collared by sheriffs; mocked and hunted by truants and blackguards! I am a hated, filthy sot, companion only to the lowest brute! Nay, the vile brute is exalted, is noble compared to a wretch like me! In all that is esteemed honorable, respectable and worthy in society, I am a mere cinder of a crucible; the very paltry dregs of an alembic! Cursed intemperance, these are thy fruits! Oppressed nature can hold out no longer! She is about to resign her worthless charge! The horrid grave opens upon me and yawns for its prey! Despair! Despair seizes me!—My brain is on fire!

Away, then, let me hasten and sink, unremembered, down, down, down, to—! Father, Oh, father!" exclaimed a sudden and wild voice. The knife fell to the ground! a ragged, though lovely boy rushed into his embraces—*Plymouth Memorial.*

From the Oxford Examiner.

**"FARMERS' ARITHMETIC."**  
PROFITS OF AGRICULTURE.

If the great Franklin had ever lived in the country, his observing eye would have noticed, and his discriminating judgment have solved the following difficult problems:

1. Farmers are more imposed on than any other class of the community; they pay yearly the whole expense of the State Government; are oppressed by a heavy tariff and other enormous measures of the General Government, and by the commercial regulations of foreign nations; never have much money—yet every industrious prudent farmer grows rich!

2. The mechanic receives his 25 cents or a dollar a day, yet remains poor; the farmer earns his seven or eight cents a day, and grows rich!

3. Merchants, Physicians, Lawyers, and others, receive their thousands per annum and die poor, while the Farmer scarcely receives as many tens, yet dies rich!

How are these strange results produced? All calculators in dollars and cents fail to account for it. Those who are determined to bring every thing to the standard of dollars and cents, pronounce agriculture to be wholly unprofitable, when the fact that nearly all the wealth of the country has been obtained by agriculture stares them in the face. In the opinion of these calculators agriculture is the proper pursuit of such only as have not sense enough to pursue any thing else!

The mischiefs which such calculators are doing in our country, first induced me to call the public attention to the *Farmer's Arithmetic*. But having been more accustomed to handling the plough than the pen, I am altogether unable to do justice to the subject. If some abler hand would take it up, dispel the mist now resting on the subject and shew us clearly the whole truth of the matter, it would do sufficient good to compensate the labors of the ablest patriot.

When the mechanic lays down his tools and the professional man is idle, they are sinking, because their expenses are going on and their profits are suspended. Not so the farmer; while he sleeps, his crops grow and his stock continues to increase, and when he spends a social evening with his neighbor, every thing continues to advance. The *Farmer's Arithmetic* shews that the farmer grows rich by saving, while others continue poor by spending. Others have first to make money and then give it for meat, drink, and raiment, the farmer obtains all these at home. If he wants a fat lamb or pig, he has it without losing a day or two in trying to buy one. If he wants a new coat, the industry of his wife supplies it. In short, he wants but few, very few things which cannot be obtained on his own farm. Why then should the farmer repine because he has not the money to buy abroad? Or measure his wealth by comparing his money with that of others, who must give it all, for things he has without buying?

Surely a farmer may without a sigh resign to others the gaudy fabrics of foreign artists, while he is clothed by the labor of the hand that soothes his cares and strews with pleasure his journey through life. When I see a farmer appear in company genteelly dressed in homespun, I think of Solomon's description of a good wife, 'her husband is known in the gates when he sitteth among the elders,' and most cordially do I congratulate the possessor of such a prize.

JACK PLANTER.

*Spinsters.*—Formerly it was a maxim that a young woman should not get married until she had spun herself a set of body and table linen. From this custom all unmarried women were termed spinsters—an appellation they still retain in England in all deeds and legal proceedings.