

ROANOKE ADVOCATE.

L. III.—NO. 28.

HALIFAX, N. C. SEPTEMBER 8, 1831.

WHOLE NO. 132.

EDITED BY
EDM. B. FREEMAN.
The Advocate will be printed every day morning at \$2 50 per annum, in advance, or \$3 if payment is not made within three months.
The paper to be discontinued until all arrears are paid, unless at the option of the proprietor, and a failure to notify a discontinuance will be considered as a new agreement.
Advertisements, making one square or inserted three times for One Dollar, twenty-five cents for every subsequent insertion, longer ones in proportion. All insertions will be continued unless otherwise ordered, and each continuance charged.

MISCELLANY.

FOR THE ROANOKE ADVOCATE.
AN EVENING WALK.
I was on a calm and beautiful evening, the month of July, when every plant seemed to breathe forth the delightful fragrance of summer, and all creation to be in the garb of gaiety, that I took a solitary walk along a small by-path for the purpose of refreshing my spirits, dissipating that gloominess of mind which is invariably produced by intense study. My way led through a most romantic place; and I passed on admiring the beauties of nature, and pleasing myself with a variety of objects that presented themselves to my view on every side. I almost overtook me before I was aware of it. The whole face of the ground was covered with shades; only a few lofty eminences were clothed with mingled silver, and the tops of the wafer-green and summits of the hills were decorated with the smiles of departing clouds. The clouds, expanding their purplings, were tipped with a ray of gold, and others represented a chain of lofty tains, whose craggy summits over-looked the vales below, and along their accessible sides there appeared various and romantic caverns. A calm tranquility and undisturbed repose spread the whole scene. The gentle zephyr fanned themselves to sleep, so that a single leaf was in motion. Echo heretofore unmolested, and the expanded liquid catch only the liquid lapse of a dering rivulet. The beasts of the departed to their grassy couch, and the laborer to his pillow; and all stillness and silence. Darkness was in its height, and the different objects rendered visible only by the faint lighting of the stars. This solemn brought to my remembrance the scenes which often invade timorous souls. This, said I to myself, is the time when the ghosts are said to make their appearance, and spirits visit the solitary dwellings of the dead. Filled with such thoughts as these, I quickened my pace, and traced my steps towards my lodgings. As soon as I had gained my apartment, I seated myself and began to muse on interesting objects which I had witnessed. But, being somewhat fatigued with my walk, I soon retired to my bed to enjoy the balmy refreshments of sleep. But although my corporeal powers were soon in a state of momentary inactivity, my mental faculties were employed on the same subjects which had seduced them on the evening previous. My thoughts were roaming far from my bed, and I was, in a wonderful manner, studying please, what most delight, men's minds, they dream them over at night."
I thought I was in a beautiful garden, and with every variety of the most delicate flowers, and bordered with precieuses whose limbs were loaded with the most delicious fruits. Whilst I was gazing on this profusion of sweets, there appeared to my astonished and dazzled eyes, the most beautiful female ever beheld. She seemed to be of about seventeen, was somewhat smaller than the usual stature of her sex, and possessed a countenance expressive of remarkable intelligence, frankness and sincerity. Her eyes were dark, and her hair, which hung in beautiful ringlets over her alabaster neck, was of a deep black. She was clothed in a long white which was very neat and gaudy. Her whole appearance was that of a being rather than of a mortal, and she slowly approached me, and, to my amazement, addressed me thus: "I am astonished—I am a mortal as you are, and have come here for the purpose for which you came. You probably resorted to this place to enjoy the odour of the flowers, and the delicious fruits of the trees—so I have sought for happiness in the gayest scenes of life; but in vain. I found true happiness until I came here. Sickened with the confusion, and disgusted at the pomp of the city, I often retire to this spot to enjoy a calm tranquility, and

feast my eyes with nature clothed in the blooming garment of the summer. Here I often contemplate the wonders of creation undisturbed, and I think myself happier in solitude, than the courtier, amidst the splendour, noise and hurry of a court. This is safety's habitation; silence guards the door against the strife of tongues and all the impertinences of idle conversation. The swarms of temptations that beset us amidst the gaieties of life, are banished from these scenes of retirement. Here, without disturbance, I can survey my own thoughts and ponder the secret intentions of my own heart. In short, here I can learn the best of sciences—that of knowing myself."
By this time my astonishment had ceased, and I had acquired sufficient command of myself to speak, and was about to reply, when I awoke; and, lo! it was a dream.
AMBULATOR.

From the Exeter News Letter.
Murder Will Out.—On Tuesday last, a young woman named Ruby Chrispeen, about twenty-one years of age, was brought to the county goal in Exeter, N. H. from Londonderry, charged with having attached her father's signature to two notes of hand of fifty dollars each. During her examination before the Magistrate, some singular disclosures were made, which created considerable excitement throughout Londonderry and the neighboring town. A great man said, a great while ago, that "murder will out." This remark is strikingly exemplified in the following extract of a letter to the editor; containing a description of the facts which were elucidated at the time:

"But I cannot close without giving you some of the particulars of the heart-rending disclosures made by the Chrispeen girl of Londonderry, who was a few days since committed to your goal to await her trial on the charge of forgery against her father. She related on the trial for commitment before the Justice, that some four or five years since, a travelling merchant, weary and worn, stopped at the house of her father to take up his abode for the night—that during the evening, the father and son resolved to entertain the guest, and at the same time make themselves merry, by an extra draught of what temperance people call "devil's tea." As is usual in such cases, the extra portion induced a desire for more, until they were all three intoxicated together. The pedlar, to express his gratitude for this unusual display of hospitality, began to spread out before the astonished family the glistening treasures of his tin boxes. The gems and ornaments shone with uncommon lustre. The father seemed to imagine, for a moment, that he was really in some fairy land, surrounded by all the treasures of the East. He conceived that then was the lucky moment, when he could enrich himself, and be placed forever beyond the reach of want. He accordingly seized a bludgeon and gave his guest a violent blow on the head, which laid him dead at his feet; and lest he should again resuscitate, and return to claim the ill-got treasures, he cut him to pieces and buried him in the cellar of his house!—The body soon became offensive, and was accordingly removed at some distance, and deposited in a tan vat, which had not been for some time used—and, there the girl assured the Justice, if he would only go, he might find the mangled limbs of the poor pedlar; safely injured. It is unnecessary to say, that his worship, by no means disposed to exchange the scales or justice for the spade of the sexton, refused personally to comply; but forthwith despatched two of his attendants to dig up the body. They soon searched the place, which was carefully designated by "the revealer of secrets," as the one where the whole family, in solemn pomp, at dead of night, deposited the remains of the victim of the avaricious father. The spade, pickaxe and shovel were immediately put in requisition. They had not dug deep, before "bones, clean picked and half decayed," were thrown out in such profusion that one could easily imagine the place had been used as a cemetery for the last half century. The limbs of the diggers were stiffened with horror, and the cold sweat started at every pore, as they contem-

plated with inexpressible surprise, the remains, as they thought, not only of the Pedlar, but of hundreds of his craft, who had fallen as sacrifices to satiate the destructive acquisitive propensities of old Chrispeen. As you are an advocate of the science of phrenology, I would add, it is currently reported here, that the organs of destructiveness and acquisitiveness are strikingly developed in the old man's cranium.

The *pro tem.* sextons had no sooner recovered from the first emotions of terror, than they repaired to the nearest neighbors and related all that had happened, and how their discoveries confirmed the unparalleled disclosures which were made on the trial before the Justice.

They all repaired, without delay, to the dreadful place. "Aghast, astonish'd and struck dumb, their curdled blood Congeal'd with fear—their hair with horror stood!"

At last, one, more presumptuous than the rest, dared even to proceed to an examination of the bones, when his astonishment soon equalled the horror of his companions, as he found he was actually holding up, between his two hands, to the astonished group, what!—the cranium of the poor Pedlar!—no, but the head and horns of his fat buck, who had most miraculously escaped from the sheepfold, a twelvemonth before! The man was ready to identify the same, on oath for the animal, fond of indulging his combativeness, was on one occasion overmatched in the unequal combat, and actually lost a portion of one horn, and the other had grown so crooked, that it was with difficulty the animal could hold it still in his head! He was, therefore, confident it was the head and horns of the self same buck. The others, no longer fearing that the ghost of the murdered Pedlar would complain that his quiet repose of his remains was disturbed, joined in the examination and each one fancied he could identify one or more favorite sheep of his flock, from the extraordinary development of some sheepish propensity.

The men despatched by his worship the Justice, to ascertain if the awful disclosures made by the girl were true, returned and reported progress. She was then interrogated by the Justice, as to her motive in fabricating a story, which was calculated to involve her father in a crime of deeper dye, than that of an occasional robbery of his neighbor's sheepfold. She replied, that if he had as readily believed her when she assured him that she did not sign her father's name to a note of hand, as when she told him the more improbable story of his taking the life of the Pedlar, she should never be sent, so much against her will, as a pious Nun to the Convent at Exeter.

It is reported that the Pedlar, whose unfortunate end has caused so much alarm passed through town since the trial, on his way to Boston, for a fresh supply, of paste diamonds and ornaments.

Your's,
A. B.
"Londonderry, N. H. July 16, 1831."

Murder discovered by a dream.—In the neighborhood of Norwich, during the autumn of last year, the diabolical intentions of a party of incendiaries were partly defeated, through the activity of a constable, which so exasperated them that they were determined to sacrifice his life to their resentment. In consequence he was waylaid and murdered by the ruffians, one of them discharging his piece and bringing the unfortunate man to the ground, and another immediately firing and completing the work of death. All the parties were apprehended except the two actual perpetrators, who escaped. One of those apprehended turned King's evidence against the rest, and they were sentenced to different punishments, and a reward was offered for the two murderers, but without effect. It appears that both of them had travelled to Market Weighton, in the latter end of January, where one of them got a situation under the name of James Cox, and the other not succeeding in finding employment went forward to Stockton on Tees, where he wrote to

his companion, to inform him that he had got a situation. Some time after another laborer was taken on by the person at Market Weighton, who was put to sleep with Cox, and during the night the latter was heard to say, in his sleep—"I tell you I didn't kill him: I only shot at him, and he fell, and then the other man shot at him while on the ground." This singular statement led to taxing Cox with being concerned in some murder, when he evidently appeared confused, though he evaded the question, and no more was said about it at that time. Subsequently, however, he dropped a printed paper from his pocket, which was taken up by his bed fellow, and which proved to be a notice for the apprehension of the two murderers of the Norfolk constable, whose name were given as William and—Pearson. The description of their persons also corresponded with the appearance of Cox. This again awakened the suspicions of Cox's fellow laborer, who, without saying anything, went and procured a police officer from Beverly, who took Cox into custody and lodged him in the House of Correction at that town. He then proceeded to Stockton, and secured the other person, who had been Cox's companion. On being taken up he acknowledged that Cox was an assumed name, and that his real name is William Parson, that the other man's name is also Pearson, who is his relation. Both are now in Norwich Castle, awaiting their trials for the murder thus singularly discovered by a dream.

Execution of the Italian Patriots.

MODENA May 27th.
You are, no doubt, aware that the gallows has been raised on the square of Modena, and that the vindictive retributions of the despots have already commenced. It was to be supposed that the first act of sanguinary revenge was reserved for the Duke of Modena. Two noble victims, Menotti and Borelli (a Barrister,) were hanged yesterday, 26th, early in the morning. More than 1,000 persons have been arrested, and 4,000 at least, are to be handed over to the Courts. Add to this the emigration daily taking place, and you may form an idea of the desolation of the country. I have beheld my two unfortunate friends suspended from the gallows. Every one expected that Menotti would be condemned; but it was thought his sentence would have been commuted. No great reliance was to be placed in the humanity of the Duke; but it was imagined that such horrors could not be perpetrated in our age, and that the despot, on casting a view towards the future, might deem it prudent to forgive. As for Borelli, it is not known on what grounds he was condemned: his large property, and the avarice of the Duke can alone account for his sentence.—Yesterday at three o'clock in the morning, my servant came to inform me that one of the prisoners had found means to speak to me in secret, and that he wished to see me that moment. I was much surprized at the message; but what was my horror when one of the executioner's assistants entered my room to tell me that Menotti and Borelli were about to be hanged, and that the former desired, as a last proof of my friendship, that I would be present at his execution, to receive his last words, and bear testimony to his having died faithful to the cause of Italian liberty. I rose, and trembling with terror, proceeded to the ramparts of the citadel. The sun was already shining on the gallows that had been secretly erected during the night; a few country people and artisans, who were repairing to their daily labors, had stopped to look upon those sad preparations; no one uttered a word.—Shortly after a murmur arose; it announced the approach of the mournful procession. I heard a man next me whisper Menotti's name—I looked round, and perceived him—he recognized me.—I could not take my eyes off Menotti. What a serenity in his countenance! How dignified was his demeanor! He ascended the scaffold, cast a look on the assistants, and, turning towards me, spoke in a strong

and firm voice the following words, which were his last:—The cause of tyranny has no other support than that afforded by executioners and gibbets; the cause of freedom has on its side the force of opinion and the union of sentiments. The success of the latter does not depend on the fate of individuals. I have done my duty, and I descend into the grave free from remorse. I expected France would have interfered; perhaps it is better that she die not. My death will teach the Italians to detest foreign intervention: they must place their sole confidence in the strength of their own arms." Menotti spoke no more, and I rushed from the scene horror-stricken.

Marie Antoinette.—The exquisite feeling which pervaded the heart of the unfortunate Marie Antoinette, was never more strongly exemplified than in her conduct respecting Sir Charles Asgill, who, but for her interference, would have shared the fate of Major Andre. The letter which the queen despatched to General Washington, not only preserved the life of this gallant officer, but immortalized the benign spirit which actuated the soul of his truly illustrious advocate. The reception given by the queen to Lady Asgill at Versailles, when she went to thank her for the preservation of a beloved son, was almost unexampled; she raised the amiable mother in her arms, and mingled tears of genuine sensibility with those of the noblest, the purest maternal fondness.

When this lovely and amiable queen was condemned by the revolutionary tribunal of France, and the sentence was read to her, she was asked, "Have you nothing to answer upon the determination of the law?" She answered, "Nothing." "And you, officious defenders? said the president addressing himself to her counsel—"Our mission is fulfilled with respect to the widow Capet," was the reply. The unfortunate princess suffered under the guillotine, the day after her condemnation.—The execution took place in the Place de la Revolution, where Louis XVI. had suffered before her. The streets were lined by two very close rows of armed citizens. As soon as the queen left the Conciergerie, to ascend the scaffold, the multitude which was assembled in the courts and the streets, cried out *bravo*, in the midst of plaudits. Marie Antoinette had on a loose white dress, and her hands were tied behind her back. She looked firmly round her on all sides. She was accompanied by the rector of St. Landry, and on the scaffold preserved her natural dignity of deportment.

After the execution, three young persons dipped their handkerchiefs in her blood. They were immediately arrested.

The queen had been basely calumniated, yet, during her trial, not one particle of evidence was adduced, tending to taint her moral character, although rewards and honors, were held out to any person who would accuse her with the slightest appearance of probability.

Hilling Corn.—A gentleman in Massachusetts has ascertained by experiment, that the common practice of hilling corn is rather an injury than a benefit to its vigorous growth. By comparing a field of corn which was simply hoed three times, and which obtained the premium at the meeting of the Salem Agricultural Society, he was fully satisfied that no advantage could be gained by hilling. He is of opinion that corn growing on a flat surface, when the weeds are destroyed and the ground kept loose, is not so apt to suffer by drought, or to have its roots impeded in their search after proper nourishment, as when the earth is heaped up round the stalk. He thinks the plan is worth a trial by our farmers, as in the event of its practicability, much labor would be saved.—*Albany Intelligencer.*

AUSTIN E. WING, formerly Delegate in Congress from the Territory of Michigan, has been again elected to the same situation in the ensuing Congress.