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MISCELLANY.

Some ladies and gentlemen were one evening discussing the merits of Scotch literature; one spoke of Burns; another of Scott; and a third said she admired Hogg's Tales. "Hog's tails!" said an old lady whose ear had caught this remark alone,—"hog's tails! why bless me, I thing any part of the *critter* is better than the tail."

The late Sam Foote could say any thing of any body, or to any body,—when he was once at Lord Kelly's table, a gentleman present complained that the beer was rather cold,—“Get his lordship to dip his nose into the tankard,” said Foote, “and if he keeps it there half a minute,—and the beer does not boil, it must be *fire-proof*.”

A country fellow brought a letter to a gentleman's house; but he not being at home left it with a monkey that stood at the door; the gentleman hearing of it, when he met the man, was very angry with him. Sir, says the fellow, an't please your worship, I delivered it to your son, who was at the door. My son! exclaimed the other, 'twas a monkey! Truly, sir, I thought it was your son, for he looked very much like you.

Hessians.—In 1786 the British government paid the elector of Hesse Cassel nearly two millions of dollars for Hessians, hired to fight against this country, during the revolutionary war. They lost 15,700 men, in all the campaigns, and some of the general officers are now lying “quietly inurned” in the little church at the corner of William and Frankfort streets in their long queues, cocked hats moustachios and Hessian boots.

The whole hog.—At the last term of Hall Superior Court, a man was convicted of the crime of hog stealing, and sentenced to receive fifteen lashes. It was in evidence that he cut off the hog's head and threw it away, to prevent detection. After receiving his punishment, and while putting on his shirt, he very coolly observed, “The next time I do such a trick, I'll go the whole hog.”

A poor Irishman, who was on his death-bed, and who did not seem quite reconciled to the long journey he was going to take, was kindly consoled by a good natured friend, with the common-place reflection, that we must all die once. “Why, my dear, now,” answered the sick man, “that is the very thing that vexes me so much; if I could die half a dozen times, I should not mind it.”

I wish I were a Christian.—How great the delusion of those impenitent sinners who flatter themselves that they should be glad to be Christians if they could. If it be true that nothing but their own unwillingness prevents them from becoming the disciples of Christ, then it cannot be true that they really desire to become Christians; for if this were their desire they would not continue impenitent. There is certainly an *unwillingness* somewhere; and it must be either on the part of the sinner, or on the part of God. The reason that the sinner is not a saint, is either that he is unwilling to be one, or that God is unwilling he should be one. We cannot make a third supposition. But God has sworn by his own life that the unwillingness is not on his part: “As I live, saith the Lord God, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked, but rather that he would turn and live. Turn ye, turn

ye, for why will ye die?” And in the text: “Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely.”

“I am aware that sinners often really believe that they desire to be Christians. But they deceive themselves, and I will endeavor to explain the delusion. They doubtless desire to escape future punishment, and to be made eternally happy; and as they are convinced that religion is necessary to the attainment of future happiness, they flatter themselves that they desire to possess it. But observe—religion itself is not the object of their desire; but its future rewards. The drunkard may sincerely desire the blessing of temperance, while he has no desire to abandon his cups. So sinners may desire for piety itself. They see no beauty in holiness. It is the object of their aversion; and all their desire for it is like the desire of a sick man for a loathsome medicine, which he knows he must take, or die. Do any of you, my hearers, flatter yourselves that you desire to be Christians? Have you seriously thought what it was to be a Christian? The Christian hates sin, and loves holiness. He hungers and thirsts after righteousness. He delights in the service of God. It is his drink to do the will of his heavenly Father. Do you desire to possess such a character? No man truly desires to be a Christian who is not willing to forsake his sins, and to walk in newness of life.—Are you willing to do this? Call to view the sins which you habitually indulge.—Are you willing to forsake them immediately? Look at the duties of religion. Are you willing to perform them? If you are you will commence a life of obedience without delay. If you are not willing to do these things, you are not willing to be Christians; for these things are essential to the Christian character. Cast away, then, this vain delusion. Be willing to see your own hearts, and to acknowledge your character. No longer expect to exculpate yourselves, and to impute unrighteousness to Jehovah. When you say that you should be glad so be Christians if you could you virtually say that it is not your fault that you remain in impenitence. And whose fault is it, my hearers? It is either your fault or God's. While therefore you exculpate yourselves, you cast all the blame of your impenitence upon your Maker. And is not this impiety?”

Dr. Tyler's Sermon.

Hedges.—These are the most beautiful and the most durable of fences. Good stone wall may be a little better on a farm, because it takes less room. But on all farms where stone is not abundant, the hedge row is the best and cheapest fence. Hedges are common in Europe, and are impenetrable to men or beast. The *white thorn* is said to make the best hedge. It grows black in every variety of soil; the black thorn is also much used. The hazel, willow, and alder have sometimes been used with success; also the buck thorn, the holly and barberry. The Exeter News Letter says that a strong and impenetrable hedge has been made by taking the pumace from a cider press and strewing it in a shallow ditch, and then partially covering it with dirt.

Ingenious Swindling.—A few years since an ingenious gang of swindlers obtained goods to the amount of some thousand pounds from the pious shopkeepers of Lima, by means of the following contrivance:—They got hold of a poor idiot whose solitary exclamation, upon all occasions, was “It is very good,” and having attired him in the costume of a Bishop, they procured a handsome coach and drove his Excellency to the principle shops in the city, from which they selected a variety of costly church decorations, carrying each article to the door of the coach for the approval of the sham Prelate, who continued to reiterate his favorite expression, “It is very good.” They represented him as the Bishop of Guayaquil, residing at the Franciscan convent, and appointed the next day for payment; and having loaded the coach with valuables, they embarked with their booty at Callao

that evening, and were never heard of after. The person from whom they hired the coach, and the fool, whom they left behind, in full canonicals, afforded the only clue to this ingenious fraud.

Theatrical Row.—The Park Theatre, New York, was the scene last week of several riots.—We gather that an Englishman, named *Anderson*, lately imported for the Park Theatre, had expressed himself in an improper manner of our country, its institutions and people. The patriotic pride of the New Yorkers took fire at this, and it was speedily resolved that he should not make his appearance on the boards. In spite of the evident displeasure of the house, the manager insisted upon his appearing, and hence the row of Saturday night. We hate mobs, of any kind, though in this instance the motive was commendable.

From the Richmond Compiler

A Striking incident.—The newspapers of the North have spoken of Mr. Sedgwick, whose late appearance in the Convention of Philadelphia, produced so deep a sensation. Will you excuse me for offering you the following description of this gentleman?

It seems, there were two gentlemen in the Convention, from Massachusetts; a Mr. Sedgwick and a Mr. Pomroy; one, brother, and the other the nephew of the gentleman in question. He was specially invited by the President (Mr. Barbour) to take a seat with the members. He was the author of the Convention itself; for, he had suggested it in series of admirable queries, which he had published in the N. Y. Evening Post.

Before it met in Philadelphia, he had been most unfortunately struck with the paralysis—but his zeal would not permit him to be absent; and when the Convention assembled, he was in Philadelphia to witness its proceedings. The interest which he had thus excited induced the President to invite him to take a seat among them. Providence had sorely stricken Mr. Sedgwick—for, he seemed paralyzed up to his neck.—Every limb was afflicted—every limb bore witness to the violence of the attack, which had befallen this interesting individual.

The morning that he appeared at the bar of the Convention, he was borne in, on the arms of his two servants—not a muscle but was powerless. As he was carried in, he was recognised and hailed with loud acclamations. The first thing that was done when he took his seat, was for his servants to rub both his hands and rouse the torpid functions of life. And there he sat every day, listening with intense eagerness to the proceedings of an assembly which he had called into existence, and waiting the success of a cause to which he was so deeply devoted.—Being asked “how he felt himself?” he replied, that very little of him was left—but the spirit and the zeal. A spectacle of this description carries with it something so impressive & affecting, that it is no wonder he drew so many eyes upon him—and that he excites so profound an interest among all who hear of Mr. Sedgwick.

A LOOKER ON.

Chancery.—A chancery bill is about the same in this country as in England, and contains as many useless but costly repetitions. In England a chancery bill was filed against an architect for building a granary so defective, that the vermin destroyed the grain. The bill first charges, that divers, to wit, 100,000 rats, 100,000 mice, 100,000 gray rats, 100,000 black rats, 100,000 white mice, 100,000 grey mice, together with divers, to wit, 100,000 dormice, through divers holes, chinks, crannies, apertures and other places, did penetrate, insinuate themselves, gain admission, and get into said barn, &c; and then requires the defendant, in his answer, to set forth whether, and what number of rats, mice, dormice, (ringing the changes on each as above) did get in through the said chinks and crannies or otherwise, and eat up and consume any, and what quantity of the corn and grain therein being; and

if not, WHY NOT? &c. &c. &c. Such a superfluous jingle and repetition of phrases, joined to the expense of a bill in Chancery, induce many compromises and prompt settlements.

Noah.

Grog Shops.—Governor Carroll, of Tennessee, in his late excellent Message to the Legislature of that State, thus forcibly expresses himself in relation to these great evils:—

“It is a source of melancholy regret that three fourths of the unhappy inmates of prisons acknowledge, that the too free use of ardent spirits was the leading cause of the commission of the crimes for which they were convicted. Nor is it less a subject of regret that nine-tenths of the pauperism in the Eastern cities arises from intemperance. Is there no remedy for this alarming evil, which cuts off so many citizens in early life, and brings so much sorrow and misery on innocent families? I answer that there is. Pass a law prohibiting the county courts from granting to any one a license to retail spirituous liquors, unless he be a man of known character for honesty, whose business is that of an innkeeper, with suitable accommodations for travellers, and punish with severity those who violate the law.”

On Thursday last the operation of lithotomy was performed on the venerable Chief Justice Marshall, with a professional skill which could be rivalled only by the admirable fortitude with which it was borne. Appearances are all favorable; and hopes may be entertained of the prolongation of an estimable life under circumstances of personal relief which will ensure the continuance of its full national value. If we could select feelings to be envied, we should indicate those of a surgeon—successful on such an occasion, with sensibility such as that of Dr. Physick. The operator was thoroughly alive to all the merits of his patient; his esteem he probably thought so great that it could not be enhanced; but he witnessed a simple force of resolution, which must have convinced him that the man is equal to the Judge.—*Nat. Gaz.*

The Epithet Miss.—In the 17th century, Miss applied to females was considered a term of reproach. Miss Cross, who in particularly noticed in Hayne's epilogue to Farquhar's *Loves and a bottle*, about 1703 was the first actress announced as Miss.

Gali's Lives of the Players.

The Corpse of Henry VI.—The following is the testimony of Clement Maydestone that the body of Henry the Fourth was thrown into the Thames and not buried at Canterbury, which had generally been reported. We translate from a Latin manuscript, now in the Library of Benet College, Cambridge:—“Thirty days after the death of Henry the Fourth, one of his domestics came to the house of the Holy Trinity in Hounslow and dined there, and, as the by-standers were talking at dinner-time of the King, an individual said to a certain squire named Thomas Maydestone, then sitting at Table, ‘Whether he was a good man GOD only knows; but of this I am certain, that when his corpse was carried from Westminster to Canterbury in a vessel, in order to be buried there, I and two more threw his corpse into the sea, between Berken-gum and Gravesend. And (he added with an oath) we were overtaken by such a storm of wind and waves that many of the nobility who followed us in our boats were dispersed, so as with difficulty to escape being lost; but we who were with the body, desparing of our lives, with one consent threw it into the sea. The coffin in which it lay, covered with cloth of gold, we carried with due solemnity to Canterbury, and there we buried it.”

The finer Affections.—Delicacy and modesty may be thought chiefly worthy of cultivation, because they guard purity; but they must be loved for their own sake, without which they cannot flourish. Purity is the sole school for domestic fidelity, and domestic fidelity is the only nursery of

the affections between parents and children, from children towards each other, and through these affections, of all the kindness which renders the world habitable. At each step in the progress, the appropriate end must be loved for its own sake; and it is easy to see how the only means of sowing the seeds of benevolence in all its forms, may become of far greater importance than many of the modifications and exertions even of benevolence itself. To those who will consider this subject, it will not long seem strange, that the sweetest and most gentle affections grow up only under the apparently cold and dark shadow of stern duty. The obligation is strengthened, not weakened, by the consideration, that it arises from human imperfection, which only proves it to be founded on the nature of man. It is enough that the pursuit of all these separate ends leads to general well-being, the promotion of which is the final purpose of the creation.

The late Murder in Prince George.

—On Monday last, five of the Slaves of the late Mr. HENRY LEWIS, were arraigned before the County Court of Prince-George for the murder of their master, and, after due investigation, condemned to death. It appeared on their trial, that so impatient were the infatuated wretches to adorn themselves with their ill-gotten plunder, that they scrupled not even the next day after the cruel deed, to wear openly articles marked with the initials of their victim's name. This circumstance first awakened suspicion, and furnished a clue, which, being warily and circumspectly followed, led step by step to the development of the horrid mystery, and finally to the confession from the lips of the culprits; of all of the dreadful particulars.

The time appointed for the execution of these Slaves, we are informed is Wednesday the 16th proximo. Their awful deaths we hope, will have a salutary effect on persons of their class and condition, teaching them, that “murder, though it hath no tongue, yet can speak with most miraculous organ; and that the penalty will as surely follow the detection of crime, as the “day succeeds the night.”—*Petersburg Times.*

Randolph Macon College.

This Institution, located at Boydton, in Mecklenburg county, under the patronage and superintendence of the Virginia Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church we are glad to understand, will shortly commence its preparatory operations, under the most encouraging prospects. Upwards of \$50,000 have been voluntarily subscribed, in aid of its funds, and a large additional sum will in all probability be added to that amount.

The Board of Trustees met at Boydton on the 13th inst. for the purpose of appointing a President and Professors; and we learn conferred those appointments on the following gentlemen:

JOHN EMORY, D. D. of N. Y. President, and Professor of Moral Science.

Rev. M. P. PARKS, (at present the stationed Minister of the M. E. Church in Lynchburg,) Professor of Mathematics.

LANDON C. GARLAND, (now of Washington College, in Lexington,) Professor of Natural Science.

ROBERT EMORY, of New-York, Professor of Languages.

The Preparatory School will go into immediate operation, under the superintendence of Mr. R. EMORY. Commencement will be held on the 4th of July next. And the first session of the Institution will commence about the 1st of September next.

We are informed that the several Professors are eminently qualified to discharge the duties of their appointments.—*Lynchburg Virginian.*

A Scottish nobleman one day visited a lawyer at his office, in which at the time there was a blazing fire, which led him to exclaim, “Mr.—your office is as hot as an oven.” “So it should be, my lord,” replied the lawyer, “as it is here that I make my bread.”