

ROANOKE ADVOCATE.

CONSTITUTIONAL LIBERTY.

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HALIFAX, N. C. AUGUST 9, 1832.

BY EDM. B. FREEMAN.

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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.

FOR SALE,

1000 ACRES of valuable LAND, in one body, in the upper part of Halifax County, N. C. No healthier land in this country. Three plantations upon it, a good DWELLING HOUSE and other useful houses on each place. On the home Tract a good Cotton Gin, Double Screw Pack, ORCHARD, a never failing STONE CELLAR for Sweet Potatoes, to hold 500 Bushels.

Land Buyers on wet Slashy Land, will do well to buy mine, and can have the Crop, Stock and Furniture at a low price, and good title, and possession in October next, apply to the owner.

GOODMAN NEVILL.

July 14th 1832 13—3t

State of North Carolina.

NASH COUNTY.

Superior Court of Law,

March Term 1832.

Matilda Durham }
vs. } Petition for Divorce.
Josiah Durham }

WHEREAS it appears to the satisfaction of the Court that the defendant Josiah Durham is not an inhabitant of this State: It is therefore ordered that publication be made in the ROANOKE ADVOCATE and RALEIGH REGISTER for three months, to the end that the said Josiah may appear at the next court to be held for the county of Nash, at the Court House in Nashville, on the third Monday in September next, then and there to plead, answer or demur to the allegations in the said petition, otherwise the same will be taken *pro confesso* and heard *ex parte*.

J. H. DRAKE, C. N. S. C.

Price Adv. \$5. 16—3m

TOWN PROPERTY FOR SALE.

THE HOUSE and LOTS lately occupied by J. R. J. Daniel Esq. in the town of Halifax is offered for sale. If not sold privately before Tuesday of next August Court it will be then put up to the highest bidder on a credit of six and twelve months. The purchaser entering into Bond with approved security. The situation of the property is the most eligible in town being immediately on Broadway opposite Dunns Ferrall & Co's. New Store. For further particulars apply to

MICHAEL FERRALL.

JAMES FRAISER.

July 24. Halifax 1832. 22—1f

FOR SALE OR HIRE

ONE Sulky and Harness,
One New Wagon and Harness,
Two good Mules and
Two first rate Horses.

JOSHUA CORPREW.

Halifax N. C. June 18, 1832. 17—1f

S. WELTAKER,

Attorney at Law

PRACTICES in the County and Superior Courts of Martin, Northampton and Halifax and the Superior Courts of Washington. When not absent on professional duty, he will be at his office in the Town of Halifax on Mondays & Tuesdays; at any other time at his residence in the County.

Halifax January 1832. 12m

JUST RECEIVING

MY Spring supply of Drugs and Medicines from New York, consisting of almost every article usually kept by an Apothecary.

ON HAND

A good assortment of Confectionaries and daily expected, a further supply from Norfolk.

ALSO,

a quantity of good FLOUR, prices varying from \$5.50 to 6.75, &c. &c. &c.

I shall, at all times, be pleased to attend to my friends, whether they apply in person or by order; and will take this opportunity to suggest to my customers, who have suffered their accounts to stand open beyond the usual time (some, ever since I commenced business) that if they are not closed immediately, justice will require my pursuing a legal course for collection.

JOS. L. SIMMONS.

Halifax April 6. 7—1f

TAKEN UP

AND committed to the Jail of Halifax county on the 30th ultimo, a negro girl who calls herself PATSY PRITLOW, and sometimes CHERRY JACKSON, says she is free, and that she was raised in Suffolk, Va. she is of a copper colour, rather under the common size, and has but one eye. The owner is hereby notified to come forward, prove his property, pay charges and take her away; otherwise she will be disposed of according to law.

WILLIAM H. POPE, Jailor.

August 3, 1832. 23—3t

\$10 REWARD FOR ELAN.

RANAWAY, on the 23th ultimo, from my plantation on Stone House Creek, about three miles South of Mr. William Eaton's Ferry, negro ELAN, formerly the property of Doct. John T. Clanton, of Halifax county, N. C. He is about 5 feet, 10 inches high, no particular marks recollected, and is between 19 and 21 years of age. I purchased him at public sale, in the town of Halifax, at last November Court, and have no doubt he is lurking about Dr. Clanton's plantation or neighborhood.—I will give the above reward, if delivered to my overseer at the above mentioned plantation or at my plantation Reddy Creek; or five dollars if lodged in any jail so that I get him again.

PETER MITCHELL.

Warrenton June 11. 16—1f

EAGLE HOTEL,

HALIFAX, N. C.

THE subscriber having leased that large and commodious establishment, *The Eagle Hotel*,

situated on Maine Street, and recently occupied by Mr. Joel H. McLemore, begs leave to inform his friends and the public, that he will be prepared to accommodate them by February Court next. He promises

HIS TABLE

shall be furnished with the best the country can afford.

HIS BAR

will be constantly supplied with superior WINES and LIQUORS; and having procured excellent Hostlers,

HIS STABLES

will be faithfully attended to. The subscriber having had some years experience as keeper of a

PUBLIC HOUSE

feels a confidence that he can give general satisfaction, and respectfully solicits a share of the public patronage.

WILLIAM H. POPE.

February 1832. 49—1f

State of North Carolina.

NORTHAMPTON COUNTY.

Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions,
June Term A. D. 1832.

Rea and Camp }
vs. } Oig. Attachment levied on a Tract of Land adjoining the Lands of Willie Lewter et als

IT appearing to the satisfaction of the Court that Anthony Deberry, the Defendant in this Case, is not at this time an inhabitant of this State: On motion it is therefore ordered by the Court, that publication be made in the ROANOKE ADVOCATE for six weeks, giving the said Anthony Deberry notice to appear at the Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions to be held for the county of Northampton, at the Court House in Jackson, on the first Monday in September next, then and there to enter into a replevy Bond according to Law or final Judgment will be entered up against him and the property levied on, condemned liable to the plaintiffs recovery.

Teste

RICHARD H. WEAVER, Clk.

Price Adv. \$3 50 19—6w

State of North Carolina.

NASH COUNTY.

Superior Court of Law,

March Term 1832.

Mourning Kent }
vs. } Petition for Divorce.
Nelson Kent }

WHEREAS it appears to the satisfaction of the Court that the defendant, Nelson Kent, is not an inhabitant of this State: It is therefore ordered that publication be made in the ROANOKE ADVOCATE and RALEIGH REGISTER for three months, to the end that the said Nelson may appear at the next court to be held for the county of Nash, at the Court House in Nashville, on the third Monday in September next, then and there to plead, answer or demur to the allegations in the said petition otherwise the same will be taken *pro confesso* and heard *ex parte*.

J. H. DRAKE, C. N. S. C.

Price Adv. \$5 16—3m

An Historical account of the torturing of the Knight's Templars.

On his entrance into the Hall of Tortures, Philip of France seated himself in a large arm chair of crimson velvet, the only ornament of this theatre of the cruelty and barbarity of the 14th century. Enguerrand and the other nobles of this train were seated behind him, on benches so coarsely and carelessly made that save for the want of blood upon them they might easily have been mistaken for instruments of torture. The king commanded the culprits to be brought before him, forgetting in his eagerness to make them acknowledge their crimes, that even their confession could not blind him to the motive which urged him to persecute them. A side door suddenly opened, and preceded by their jailor, six Templars entered the hall of their doom. Jacques Molai entered at their head. He bowed to the king, as did his companions with the exception of one, who passed proudly in front of the king and his train, and seated himself on a bench near them.—Philip pretended not to see him, and seemed hesitating whether or not to return the salutes made to him by the others who came slowly, one by one, through the dark and narrow door. All was calm and silent in that dismal hall. At last the king spoke—"Let those knights," said he, "who have made a sincere confession of their crimes, and have thus obtained their liberty, repeat here, in the presence of their God and of their king, what they have already confessed in private, that it may be known that no worldly thoughts or feelings have urged us to this trial. Our sole object is the honor and glory of the church." Some of the prisoners raised their eyes to the face of the king, as he made this hypocritical speech, but instantly cast them again to the ground.

Flamel touched his friend's elbow, and he raising his voice to its utmost pitch, exclaimed, I Guillen de Boisne, Knight of the Temple, declare the order of the Knights Temple unworthy of existence, and infamous; for felony, impiety, blasphemy, and crimes of every kind."

"May the God of truth confound thee!" exclaimed the Grand Master. The enraged Boisne, "May all the devils in hell seize"—replied.

"Silence!" cried Philip. Molai, wait till thou art questioned, or rather see if, among the Knights who accompany thee, there are none likely to make the confession I require if not tortures must extract it."

"There are none here who fear thy tortures," replied the Grand master calmly.

"Thy boast shall not avail thee," replied Philip. "Thou thyself shall if the executioner understands his business: Drag Molai to the torture!"

The Grand Master gave the king one glance of supreme contempt, and exclaimed with fervor, "God grant me strength to bear this trial." A yellow curtain at the bottom of the hall drew up with a horrid creaking noise, and in the midst of wheels, racks, saws, screws and other fearful instruments, stood a half-naked man, humming the tune of a drinking song, and greasing with a sort of yellow and dirty lard, the screws and hinges of the different machines. He gazed for one moment stupidly and vacantly around him, and then continued his occupation.

Among the assembled persons in that hall some turned away their heads, others shuddered, while Flamel smiled and pressed the hand of Guillen de Boisne, who considered himself most happy in having escaped from the tortures which now threatened the ill-fated Grand Master of the Templars. "Choose," cried Philip, confess thy crimes or seat thyself in that iron chair. Molai did not even answer him, but calmly & proudly sat himself down in the dreadful chair. The executioner rudely tore off the white mantle which covered the shoulders of the Templar; he then touched a spring, and two large iron hooks twisted the feet of Molai, while six long bars of the same metal, disposed in triangles, crossed in his chest and passed his naked shoulders on the sharp points with

which the back of the chair was garnished. Molai raised his eyes to heaven, but did not utter a word, a shriek or even a groan.—His breath came whistling from his crushed and wounded chest, and the blood flowed in torrents from his shoulders on the shining and polished instrument of his torture.

"Speak," cried Philip. "I am innocent," replied Molai, in a faint and faltering voice. "Sir," whispered Enguerrand, "he will never confess." "Take him away," said King Philip, "another one less resolute will speak;" and Molai released from the iron bars which were crushing his chest, breathed freely once more. While the grand master was seated in the accursed chair, one of the younger Knights had shed tears, and when he was released from the torture the youthful Templar exclaimed—"God be praised." Philip now turned to him and said—"What is thy name?" Pierre de Villeneuve," continued the King, "thou wilt prove less obstinate than thy Grand Master, and tortures will force thee at least to confess." "Thou art mistaken," replied the Templar. "Drag him to the torture," cried the infuriated monarch. "My liege," said a voice, "it is the same to you" which of us, submits to the torture, your aim being only to enjoy the sufferings of a Knight. My brother is young, exhausted by imprisonment, hunger and care, & to curtail his suffering he may betray his honor. Let me be tortured in his place. My name is Fulk de Tracy." "No, no, my brother," eagerly replied young Villeneuve; "do not doubt my constancy. Executioner do thy duty;" and he advanced towards the yellow curtain. "He is very young, whispered Marigny to the King, 'he can not bear the torture long.' 'So much the better Marigny,' replied the King 'he will confess the sooner.' And those words were pronounced in such a terrible tone of voice, that the astounded minister did not venture on another whisper during the whole trial. The eyes of the King sparkled with rage; and this same prince who had consented so reluctantly to witness this dreadful scene, seemed now determined to exhaust all the resources of cruelty, as if to appease his conscience, and to persuade himself he had listened only to the voice of justice. 'Pierre de Villeneuve' he said, 'it is not yet too late.' The young man gazed at him disdainfully, and made no reply. The executioner instantly seized him and bound him on a machine called the cross of St. Andrew. It consisted of two beams laid crossways, and almost at right angles. On the limbs of this dreadful cross the executioner bound the naked arms and legs of the young Templar, and then slowly turned a winch that set in motion a small sharp pointed lance which penetrated the loins of the sufferer. The executioner stopped one moment to give the King time to interrogate his victim while the lance had already penetrated between the cartilages which unite the vertebrae. 'Speak,' cried Philip. Pierre de Villeneuve opened his mouth slowly, and from his purple lips came forth in short and feeble accent, 'not guilty.' 'Go on, go on,' exclaimed the King, enraged at so much resolution and fortitude. The executioner again turned the winch, the lance rose by degrees, till suddenly the Knight gave a shriek, shook the St. Andrew's cross with great violence, and the terrible and bloody lance breaking his bones like so much glass, penetrated into his bosom. The youthful Templar closed his eyes, and his head fell on his shoulder. 'My brother, my brother, shrieked Fulk de Tracy, ye have murdered him.' 'Why did he not confess then,' said Philip, carefully averting his eyes while the executioner unbound the corpse of the ill-fated Pierre, and bore it away on his shoulder, leaving a long track of blood behind him. When the captives were first summoned into the presence of the king, one of them, as we have already stated, passed before the royal judge without bowing to him, and had seated himself on what now proved to be an instrument of torture. His name was John de Beaufremont—he had grown grey in the service of the temple, and had been in all the

campaigns against the Saracens. He was remarkably tall and strong, and during the whole execution had kept his large black eyes, arched by long thick and grisly eyebrows full on the king. Irritated by his bold bearing, Philip ordered him to be tortured. 'Thank you,' said the Templar 'I began to think that you had forgotten me. Let me expire under the same torture which killed Villeneuve. I loved him as my son. I first taught him to wield the lance; let my blood be mingled with his, and I ask no more.' 'No, no,' replied the king. "by Our Lady that would be too easy a death for thee: 'Every bone in thy body shall be broken ere thine eyes close on the light of day. 'As you will,' replied Beaufremont, but I thought as I had shed so much blood in the cause of Christianity, that I might have chosen where and how to shed the last drops that flow in these old veins of mine. 'Tie him to the clock,' exclaimed Philip. This of all the tortures, was the most dreadful. The sufferer was suspended between two beams, and above him swung an immense leaden weight, which at regular intervals fell and crushed one of the limbs of the victim. The executioner tried to drag this machine into the centre of the room, but it was so heavy as to resist all his efforts to stir it. Beaufremont sprang up, and with one firm grasp drew the immense apparatus into the middle of the hall.

Astonished by the exhibition of strength, the executioner looked upon this victim as a supernatural being, & if Beaufremont had only given him one glance of his bright black eyes, he would never have dared to touch him. Observing his hesitation, the Knight placed himself without assistance on the dreadful machine, and the weight began to move regularly above his head. He had time to confess before it reached a large black spot, whence it was to fall on one of his limbs. 'Look at that weight,' said Philip. No answer. Remember that when it touches the black spot it falls continued the monarch, No answer, but the bright black eyes remained fixed on the King's face. Suddenly the weight touched the black spot—it fell, and crushed the Templar's leg. 'I have one more leg at your service,' said Beaufremont, firmly and proudly, and still gazing intently on the king. 'Bear him hence,' cried Philip, and starting up, as if to avoid the gaze of his victim, he left the hall, called for his horse, and rode off towards the palace. Marigny followed him; and none were left in the Hall but John Flamel, the legate of the Pope, and those Templars who had confessed.—They were sufficient to have tortured those among the captives who still survived, but their calm and majestic mien had such an effect on their judges, that they unanimously started from their seats and rushed out of the judgment Hall. The prisoners were reconducted to their cells, and John Flamel announced to the crowd without the prison, that the confessions had been complete and entire, and that in a few days the King's pleasure and justice would be known. Long live King Philip—long live John Flamel shouted the crowd as they dispersed, in anxious expectation for the execution of the Knights of the Temple.—(Extract from the Priest and the Jewess, a Chronicle of the time of Philip the 4th, by Isreal Jebusha.)

Honesty.—What is to be praised above honesty? It is the clerk's highest recommendation—the trader's surest guarantee of business—the merchant's best endorser—the clergyman's most shining virtue. The honest man is always safe. Come what will, hard times or good, sickness or health, life or death, his character is safe. He courts the strictest scrutiny, and always shines the better for a rubbing.

Temperance according to Law.—The Justices of Cabarras County Court, held at Concord on Monday, the 16th instant, resolved, that after that term, the Court will not grant to any person whatever, a Licence to retail spirits. This is setting a praiseworthy example, and we hope it may be followed by every county in the State. Grog shops are the fruitful source of intemperance and its attendant vices, and should be banished from every well regulated community.

Salisbury Journal.