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By M. W. DUNNAVANT.]

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POESY.

From the Norfolk Beacon.

We have seen the following (says a correspondent) in an Irish paper. It is recalled to the mind by the very eloquent eulogy of Mr. Clay on the same great friend of liberty and liberal policy, who is supposed to make the address immediately previous to his death—viz:

BONAPARTE.

Oh! bury me deep in the boundless sea—
Let my heart have a limitless grave;
For my spirit in life was as fierce & free—
As the course of the tempest's wave—

And so far from the reach of mortal control,

Were the depths of my fathomless mind,
That the ebbs and flows of my single soul
Were tides to the rest of mankind.

Then my briny pall shall engirdle the world,

As in life did the voice of my fame,
And each mutinous billow that's skyward curl'd

Shall to fancy re-echo my name.

That name shall be storied in record sublime—
To the uttermost corners of earth—
Oh! renowned, till the wreck of expiring time

Be the glorious land of my birth.

Yes! bury my heart in the boundless sea—
I would burst from a narrower tomb,
Should less than an ocean my sepulchre be
Or if wrapped in less horrible gloom.

CHANGE.

(From a volume of Poems by a young lady, just published in England.)

And this is what is left of youth!

There were two boys, who were bred up together,
Shared the same bed, and fed at the same board;

Each tried the others sport, from their first chase,

Young hunters of the butterfly and bee,
To when they followed the fleet hare, and tried

The swiftness of the bird. They lay beside
The silver trout stream, watching as the sun

Played on the bubbles; shared each in the store

Of other's garden; and together read
Of him, the master of the desert isle,
Till a low hut, a gun, and a canoe,
Bound their wishes. Or if ever came
A thought of future days, 'twas but to say
That they would share each other's lot,
and do

Wanders no doubt. But this was vain;
they parted

With promises of long remembrance, words
Whose kindness was the heart's, and those
warm tears,

Hidden like shame by the young eyes
which shed them,

But which are tho't upon in after years
As what we would give worlds to shed
once more.

They meet again—but different from
themselves,

At least what each remembered of them-
selves;

The one proud as a soldier of his rank,
And of his many battles; and the other
Proud of his Indian wealth, and of the skill
And toil which gathered it; each with a
brow

And heart alike darkened by years & care.
They met with cold words, and yet cold-
er looks!

Each was changed in himself, and yet
each thought

The other only changed, himself the same
And coldness bred dislike, and rivalry
Came like the pestilence o'er some sweet
thoughts

That lingered yet, healthy and beautiful,
Amid dark and unkindly ones. And they,
Whose boyhood had not known one jar-
ring word,

Were strangers in their age. If their eyes
met,

'Twas but to look contempt; and when
they spoke,

Their speech was wormwood!
* * * And this, this is life!

MISCELLANY.

From late British Journals.

How to catch and how to cure a Cold.

At this time of the year colds are easily caught, and difficult to cure. The following will be found effectual. After a quick walk in the evening, sit in the draft to cool; the consequence will be a severe cold, attended with cough; the next day hoarseness, short breath, and much expectoration: in the evening, at seven, go to a well frequented tavern, & drink three or four glasses of strong punch, or stiff rum and water: stay till eleven, walk home coasey, and go to bed: you need not get up next day, but send for the apothecary, the following day for the physician, and the third day your friends will send for the undertaker.—You will never feel the effect of an autumnal cold afterwards.

Economist.

Extraordinary cases of Hydrophobia.

Mr. R —, the proprietor and driver of one of the short stages, had a favourite pointer, which regularly slept in the stable with his horses; but about 3 weeks since the dog was bitten by a rabid dog, and shortly after went mad and was killed. A few days after a favourite stage coach-horse was taken ill; the horse doctor was sent for, but could not account for his disorder; the animal kicked, plunged, beat himself about, and appeared quite mad. The doctor recommended a medicine, made up as a ball, and Mr. R. undertook to administer it, the horse was dreadfully enraged when an iron instrument was put into his mouth to force it down, and, while Mr. R's. hand was in it, he bit the iron flat, and lacerated the hand dreadfully; soon after he beat his own brains out in the stable. A week after two more horses went mad and both were shot. On Tuesday, a fourth was taken so bad, that he was obliged to be left at the Four Swans, in Bishopsgate-street. Mr. R. had his hand cauterised, and has since been to the sea side, and no ill consequences are likely to arise from the accident.

WONDERFUL TURNIP.

There is now growing in the garden of Mr. Gillburn, of High Crosby, a turnip, of the following extraordinary dimensions:—Circumference of the root 44 inches; length of the leaves from the top of the root to their extreme point, 40 inches; circumference of the top, 18 feet—completely covering a circular area of twenty-five and a half feet.—*Caledonian Mercury.*

SMOKELESS COAL.

The proprietors of Steam Engines, and the Public, are respectfully informed that a patent combination of Coal is now adopted by many of the principal

large consumers of Coal, which produces no smoke, is more durable, and therefore cheaper than any Coal heretofore in use.

FRENCH PORTER.

A brewer in Paris has lately produced a species of porter, the excellence of which is highly vaunted in one of the French journals. The notice of it is headed "Another conquest over England!" and it is confidently predicted that this new invention will soon supersede all malt beverage throughout Europe!

CURIOUS WILL.

In the year 1724, Justice Norman of Norwich, by his will, directed that the sum of £4,000 should be given to build a charity school, 60 years after his decease. The school to contain 120 boys and he directed that every boy should on Sunday have a pound of roast beef to his dinner, and ten ounces of plum-pudding to his supper; on Monday, a pound of boiled beef for his dinner, and ten ounces suet pudding for supper; and every Tuesday morning, beef broth for breakfast, and at dinner a pound of mutton or veal; every Friday, beans or peas; and every Saturday, fish well buttered. There was a number of curious items; and he appointed the Bishop, the Chancellor, the Dean, the two Members for the city, and eight worthy churchmen besides, to be his perpetual trustees.—The term of the donation having expired, the original legacy, with simple and compound interest, amounted to 74,000 pounds.

Extension of the Tea Culture in Louisiana.

It is already known, as long ago as September, 1823, that the Green Tea Shrub had been cultivated with success, on the banks of the river Amite. The friends of domestic improvements in that quarter of the Union, and indeed every where else, were delighted with the intelligence. Since that time further information has been transmitted by W. Y. Lewis, Esq. of New-Orleans, under date of August 25th, 1824. It is contained in the following extract of his letter to Dr. Mitchell. "By the ship Crawford, Captain Sutherland, I take the liberty of transmitting to you, as a specimen, a small quantity of the seed, which I have procured from the Tea-Shrub of Louisiana: and of adding, that many citizens of this and other western States, have now growing from Seed which I have furnished, several plants of this valuable article. I anticipate the most favorable results to our common country from these little beginnings."

This collection of the seeds has been forwarded to the Horticultural Society, that it may be ascertained by experiment, whether this Louisiana Tea, is the same with the Chinese Tea.—*A. Y. D. Adv.*

The Edinburgh Review for July contains an article on the United States of America, founded on the travels of Duncan Hodgson, and an anonymous author, and speaks of the institutions and customs of this country in so high a style of compliment, as to form a perfect contrast to the language of the London Reviewers. With regard to economy in public salaries, it is stated that no country is so well governed as ours, or at so small an expense; and on the subject of religion, the reviewer says we enjoy liberty, while the English can boast of nothing more than toleration.

The inconveniences of American roads and inns and stage coaches, and indeed the whole list of grievances which the Quarterly Review has long since made the themes of complaint and satire, are disposed of in as easy and summary a manner* as an American could have done it himself.

"Her coaches must be given up; so must the roads, and so must the inns. They are of course what these accommodations are in all new countries; and much like what English great-grandfathers talk about as existing in this country at the first period of their recollection. The great inconvenience, however, in the eyes of an Englishman, is one which more sociable travellers must feel less acutely—we mean the impossibility of being alone; of having a room separately from the rest of the company. There is nothing which an Englishman enjoys more than the pleasure of sulkiness—of not being forced to hear a word from any body which may occasion to him the necessity of replying. It is not so much that Mr. Bull disdains to talk, as that Mr. Bull has nothing to say. His forefathers have been out of spirits for six or seven hundred years, and seeing nothing but fog and vapour, he is out of spirits too; and when there is no selling nor buying, or no business to settle, he prefers being alone and looking at the fire.—They [the English] are content with the Magna Charta and Trial by Jury; and think they are not bound to excel the rest of the world in small behavior, if they are superior to them in great institutions."

"We are terribly afraid that some Americans spit upon the floor, even when that floor is covered by good carpets. Now, all claims to civilization are suspended till this secretion is otherwise disposed of. No English gentleman has spit upon the floor since the Haptarchy."

"Tho' America is a confederation of republics, they are in many cases much more amalgamated than the various parts of Great Britain. If a citizen of the United States can make a shoe, he is at liberty to make a shoe any where between Lake Ontario and New Orleans; he may sole on the Mississippi; heel on the Missouri; measure Mr. Birkbeck on the Little Wabash, or take (which our best politicians do not find an easy matter) the length of Mr. Monroe's foot on the banks of the Potomac. But woe to the Cobbler, who having made Hessian boots for the Aldermen of New-Castle, should venture to invest with coriaceous integuments, to leg or a liege subject at York. A yellow ant in a nest of red ants—a butcher's dog in a fox-kennel—a mouse in a bee-hive; all feel the effects of untimely intrusion; but far preferable their fate to that of the misguided artisan, who misled by six-penny histories of England, and conceiving his country to have been united at the Heptarchy, goes forth from his native town, to stitch freely in the sea-girt limits of Albion. Him the Mayor, him the Alderman, him the Recorder, him the Quarter-Sessions would worry. Him the Justices before trial would long to get into the Tread Mill, and would much lament, that by a recent act they could not do so, even with the intruding tradesman's consent; but the moment he was tried, they would rush him in with redoubled energy, and leave him to tread himself into a conviction of the barbarous institutions of his corporation-divided country.