

# Warrenton (North-Carolina) Reporter.

By M. W. DUNNAVANT.]

FRIDAY, 8TH JULY, 1825

[VOL. I—NUMBER LXXVIII

Published every Tuesday and Friday afternoon, at \$3 per Annum, in Advance — Advertisements not exceeding a square, inserted 3 times for \$1, and 25 Cents for each continuance—Letters addressed to the Publisher, must be post paid—Subscribers cannot withdraw their patronage, until arrearages are fully settled.

**A LIST OF LETTERS.**

*Remaining in the Post Office at Warrenton, N. C. 1st of July, 1825.*

- |          |                          |                      |
|----------|--------------------------|----------------------|
| <b>A</b> | Alston Willis L.         | Alston Mrs. Mary     |
|          | Allen George M.          | Andrews John         |
|          | Andrews Miss Pamela J.   | Anthony Whitom-el H. |
| <b>B</b> | Bobbet John              | Bobbet Miles         |
|          | Baker John               | Basket Pleasant      |
|          | Balthrop Wm.             | Bartholomew Ma-tilda |
|          | Barnes George            |                      |
| <b>C</b> | Coleman Dr. L. H.        | Carrol Ezekial       |
|          |                          | Clanton Abraham      |
| <b>D</b> | Day John Jr. 2           | Davis Jesse H.       |
|          |                          | Duke Myrick          |
| <b>E</b> | Egerton Miss Silly       | Egerton John J.      |
|          | Epes Peter               |                      |
| <b>F</b> | Fouler H. G. W.          |                      |
| <b>G</b> | Griffis John D.          | Green Mrs. Eliza-    |
|          | Gardner Rev. Tho.        | beth or Betsy.       |
| <b>H</b> | Hardaway Miss Ann H.     | Harris Burrel        |
|          |                          | Harris Bennet        |
|          | Hawkins Miss Mar-tha H.  | Hawks Fredrick       |
|          |                          | Harwell Miss Ma-ry   |
|          | Hunter Jacob             | Hill John H.         |
|          | Hunter John              |                      |
| <b>J</b> | Jones Hill Rev. 5        | Jones Robt. H.       |
|          | Jones Capt. Frances      | Jones Mrs. Eliza-    |
|          | Jene Mrs. Elizabeth      | beth                 |
|          | Johnson Robt. R.         | Jenkins Turner       |
| <b>K</b> | Kearny Richard B.        |                      |
| <b>L</b> | Loyd William 2           | Langly Mrs Jane J    |
|          | Johnson Caswell          | Langford George      |
|          | Lodge                    | Laughter John        |
| <b>M</b> | Mitchell Peter           | Mestion Wilkins      |
|          | Maning Miss Cloe         | Map John             |
|          | Mayfield Thomas          | May Joseph E.        |
| <b>O</b> | Owen John Jr.            |                      |
| <b>P</b> | Paschall Mrs. Aggy       | Paschall Thos.       |
|          | Pitchford Elijah         | Parrish John         |
|          | Palmer Horace            | Powers Col.          |
|          | Paine Mrs. Cynthia       | Pujho Mr.            |
| <b>R</b> | Riggan Mrs. Catha-rine   | Riggan Wm. W.        |
|          |                          | Randal Peter         |
|          | Robinson Clack 2         | Robinson John 2.     |
|          | Robinson Henry C.        | Robinson Mar-chus    |
|          | Robinson Wm. 2           |                      |
| <b>S</b> | Sledge Sherwood 3        | Stabbs Lewis E.      |
|          | Smith Charles E.         | Soot William         |
|          | Saddler Branch           |                      |
| <b>T</b> | Tompson Horret           | Thomas David         |
|          |                          | Taylor James F.      |
| <b>Y</b> | Yancy Mrs. Mary          |                      |
| <b>W</b> | Williams Mrs. Eli-zabeth | Williams Wm.         |
|          | Worrel Miss Nancy        | Walker Ransom        |
|          |                          | Ward James           |
|          |                          | Watkins Moses        |

JOHN ANDERSON, P. M.

July 5 3r

**Davidson's Cotton Gins.**

I have for sale a FEW OF DAVIDSON'S best COTTON Gins.

ROBT R. JOHNSON.

May 6.

Clerks' and Sheriffs' Blanks,  
Accurately printed at this Office.

**POESY.**

"It is the gift of POETRY to hallow every place in which it moves; to breathe round nature an odour more exquisite than the perfume of the rose, and to shed over it, a tint more magical than the blush of the morning."

*From the Charleston Courier.*

**TIME'S COLD HAND.**

Here are the laurels to twine round the warrior's brow,

With the soft hand of beauty to wreath them;

Here are songs for the ear of the warrior now,

With the bright lip of beauty to breathe them.

But tears on those songs and those laurels must fall;

Time's cold hand will touch them and with-er them all.

Here are diamonds to sparkle in beauty's black eye.

Yet fade in the lustre before them;

Here are flowers in her dark flowing ring-lets to lie,

And shed all their fragrancy o'er them;

Yet tears on those flowers and those dia-monds must fall;

Time's cold hand will touch them and with-er them all.

Here are visions to shine in the eye of the youth,

That appear that they ne'er will be fa-ded;

Here are hopes that will beam with the splendor of truth,

But soon will that splendor be shaded.

For tears on those hopes and those visions must fall;

Time's cold hand will touch them and with-er them all.

Here are perfumes to steal on the senses of wealth,

And wrap them in heavenly slumbers;

Here's a harp whose soft notes will flow by as in stealth,

And call up sweet dreams with its num-bers.

Yet tears on that harp and those perfumes must fall;

Time's cold hand will touch them and with-er them all.

Here is Fancy, the poet to crown with its bays,

And from heaven fire ethereal to borrow;

Here is Feeling, with mildness to hallow his days,

And steal a few pangs from pale sorrow;

But tears upon Feeling and Fancy must fall;

Time's cold hand will touch them and with-er them all.

**Melancholy Occurrences:**

*Melancholy.*—There cannot now be a reasonable doubt of the loss of the Packet Sally Havens, which sailed from Philadelphia on the 29th ult. for Wil-mington, in this State. We under-stand that a letter has been received in town from Mr. Patton, of Philadelphia, the owner, stating that boxes directed to a gentleman of this place, which were shipped on board the Sally Havens, have been picked up at sea. We learn that Mr. Benjamin H. Talbot, formerly of Providence, R. I. but lately of this place and Wilmington, who had been to Philadelphia to supply himself with printing materials for the purpose of publishing a paper in Wilmington, was

on his return in the Sally Havens, ac-companied by two Journeymen Printers, whose names we have not heard, and that a youth, brother to Mr. Patterson, Editor of the Fayetteville Sentinel, was also on board, on his way to this place. Neither vessel, crew, nor passengers have been heard from since they sailed. All must have perished in the late de-structive gale.

*Fayetteville Observer.*

Morris Birkbeck, Esq. Secretary of the State of Illinois, was lately drown-ed, in crossing a stream on his way home from a visit to Mr. Owen at Har-mony. Mr. B. was the founder of New Albion, the zealous promoter of emigra-tion from Great Britain, and the author of a vivid description of the Western country. His loss will be severely felt by the emigrants of the West. His door was ever open, and his purse was ever at the service of "the houseless wanderer." He has left four sons and two daughters.—*Gaz.*

At Brentsville, Va. a casualty occur-red on the 19th inst. Peter Owens, a man about 60 years of age, who had pursued the occupation of well-digger for the last forty years, was employed by John McCrac, Esq. of Prince Wil-liam county, Va. to clean a well on his plantation. During the whole of the day above named, he was closely en-gaged at his business, and at night, throwing his coat across his lap, sat down on the brink of the well to rest himself. Having drunk freely of ardent spirit, which was not unusual for him to do, and being much fatigued with the labor of the day, he soon fell asleep, and tumbled backwards into the well—85 feet deep, and containing 10 feet water. The body was reclaimed as soon as practicable, and a jury of inquest held over it, who gave for their verdict, that the deceased came to his death by an accidental fall into a well, or by a bruise on the head in falling.

We are requested to state, that he has several children somewhere in Virginia, and that his property will more than pay his debts.—*Alex. Gaz.*

*Distressing Accident.*—On Saturday week Captain John Lowell, aged 39 years, was killed by the fall of a beacon monument, which he and three other persons were engaged in erecting at Stage Island, in winter harbor, near Saco, in Maine. The monument was of stone, and was to be 60 feet in height. It was then 54 feet, and while they were at work upon it, suddenly gave way about 20 feet from the base, and the un-fortunate persons on it fell among its ruins. Captain Lowell was instantly crushed to death. Mr. Samuel Knight, of Otisfield, and Mr. Jacob Grover, of Bethel, were both badly injured. Mr. Wm. Barbour, who was very near Captain Lowell, and fell with him, es-caped without much injury. The mon-ument was based partly upon a rock and partly upon earth, by which it is sup-posed one side of it must have settled more than the other and occasioned the accident.

FREDERICKSBURG, June 25.

On Tuesday last about 5 o'clock, Mr. Joseph Walker, of Madison, was killed in his own house, by a stroke of light-ning. He had risen from a bed on which he had been lying, for the pur-pose of shutting a window, and in the act received the stroke. He had been

married about four months; his wife was in the room at the time, but receiv-ed no injury.

*Casualty.*—We are informed that on Thursday last, a man named James Fa-ris was accidentally killed while blow-ing rocks at the Balcony Falls. He has a wife and three children, we are told in Washington City.  
*Lynchburg Virginian.*

**MISCELLANY.**

*Brazilian Laziness.*—I was amused, says Mrs. Graham, in her *Journal*, at the apparent apathy of the Brazilian shopkeepers. If they are engaged, as is now frequently the case, in talking poli-tics, or reading a newspaper, or perhaps only enjoying a cool seat in the back of their shops, they will often say they have not the article inquired for, rather than rise to fetch it; and if the custo-mer persists to point it out in the shop, he is coolly desired to get it for himself, and lay down the money.

*From the New York Albion.*

**MR. BROUGHAM.**

Brougham rises amidst the deep sil-ence of the house, and muttered curses of the Reporter, whose pens must now be worn down to the stumps. His air and his manner, at first, put you very much in mind of those of a field preach-er. He is tall, and bent, and pliant in his appearance, and though tones be full and melodious, he hesitates, as if he were either at a loss what to say, or as-hamed to say it. He stands crouched together, pulls up his shoulders, hangs his head, and there is a tremulous mo-tion in his upper lip and nostril, which makes you fancy that he is trembling through fear. His first sentences, for an opening sentence with him is ten min-utes matter at least, come forth hesitat-ing and ambiguous, so that for the soul of you, you cannot perceive the drift of them. Each is indeed, a clear satisfac-tory proposition in itself, but the whole seems bent in one direction by a mov-ing force, which is yet viewless as the wind. When however, a sufficient number of these have been drawn out in a line, the whole march solemnly and steadily to one conclusion, and the po-sition meant to be carried, is carried as completely and irresistibly as by a bay-one charge of the most powerful British troops. One point being thus won, the orator rises upon it, both in body and mind, and wins a second by a more bold and brief attack. Then he vaults upon the subdued basis, rises in figure and in tone till he overtops the starting mem-bers and shakes the astonished house; and when he has gratified what you im-agine to be the very summit of powerful speaking and has kept beating upon a table and looking towards every corner of the house as if to see and sneer at the admiration which he has called forth, his voice and his figure sink again to a dimension lower than that ever.

You would imagine that he was terrif-ied at the echo of his own voice, but no such thing; it is like the bending of the wrestler, in order that he may twist his antagonist in his grasp, or like the drawing back of the tiger, in order that he may spring the more terribly on his prey. Woe be to the wight, to whom those half whispered words & leers are a prelude to the storm which is on the wing. You are of course a stranger, and know not what is to happen; you merely see a man putting on an air of