

M. N. Edwards

D. Hall by C. M. ...

Warrenton, (N. C.) Reporter.

[By Robert N. ...]

THURSDAY, 1st NOVEMBER 1832

VOLUME V—NUMBER XXX.

The REPORTER is published every Thursday morning at Three Dollars per annum, payable in Advance ...

MISCELLANEOUS.

PREMONITORY SYSTEM.

Mr. Archibald Anchory, contrary to the Advice of the Medical Faculty and Board of Health, had cabbage for his dinner; it was his favourite vegetable—for he was a tailor. In this there appears nothing strange, but at the time, people had, from eating half a peach or a slice of melon, died of severe spasms. What then could Mr. Archibald Anchory expect—he having ate heartily of cabbage? His troubles and anxiety commenced with slight cramps, and being pretty well convinced that he had symptoms, he began to think of the remedies. He had heard camphor, alcohol, asafoetida, cayenne pepper brandy, &c. &c. recommended—and concluded, very naturally, that the latter would answer his purpose to a tea. He accordingly swallowed half a tumbler full, and then began a long walk to produce a perspiration and aid the digestion of the cabbage. Unconscious of his route, he soon found himself by the side of a new made grave in one of the burial yards, and thinking conversation might divert him of the thoughts of the cabbage, he began a colloquy with the grave digger. "What did he die of?" asked Archibald. "Cholera," replied the man— "eating immoderately of cabbage."

Cholera, from eating too much cabbage? Archibald took another dose—the cold perspiration ran from every pore of his skin—he thought of church-yards, grave digger and dry bones; and when he reached his house, he fell sprawling in the entry, and was carried to bed senseless. "Alack—alack!" exclaimed his disconsolate wife, "I knew it would be so—he's got the Cholera from eating that plaguey cabbage."

Archibald heard those doleful sounds with fear and trembling; he thought himself in a state of collapse for he could not speak; fear and his liberal potations choked his utterance. At length he fell into a deep sleep-dreamt of fiery dragons; yelling imps, cholera and cabbage.—In the morning he awoke—rubbed his eyes, & exclaimed, "Wife, wasn't I most confoundedly corned last night."

THE WAGS OUT WAGGED.

A well educated, but energetic farmer in the western part of Massachusetts, is fond of going to market in the most ordinary dress, and appearing in the character of the most simple and ignorant bumpkin. Having gone to Boston with a load of butter, fowls and other notions he was met by some wags who taking him to be as raw and simple as he appeared, told him, the best way of disposing of his load would be by auction.

"Do you think so?" said he—for my part, I'm darned ignorant of marketing, having never been in Boston before. "However, if you think it's the best way, I'll do as you say."

How must I work to sell my things by auction?

"Why," said they, you must go to the city authorities and get an auctioneer's license; and then you must strike off your goods to the lowest bidder.

"But the auctioneer's license, said the farmer, will cost a plaguy sight of money, won't it? Hadn't I better hire a auctioneer to sell my things for me?"

"Why perhaps you had, returned the wags, but you must get the privilege of acting as his deputy, and then you can sell your own goods."

The farmer thanked them for their advice and promised to follow it. Accordingly, having made the preliminary arrangement he exposed his goods at auction. The first thing he put up was a pair of fowls. The wags are at hand, and thinking there would be the more sport, and no hazard, in commencing with a high bid, one of them bawled out "Ten Dollars!"

Before a second had time to bid lower the farmer cried out—"Once! twice! three times! the fowls are yours, Mister by gaul."

WESTWARD HO!

We have been favored by the Messrs. Harpers with the sight of a new novel under this title by the author of 'The Dutchman's Fireside,' which was announced as in the press sometime since, and such is the unalloyed pleasure we have enjoyed that we cannot resist the temptation of communicating to the public our first impressions after rising from its perusal, and attempting to shake off the spell in which we have been enchained for hours.

The first, and indeed the most striking feature of the work is the author for adding a choice gem to our national literature. As Americans we rejoice over those productions of native genius, which we think are calculated to enhance the reputation of our country, in a walk she has but attempted. Her claims for more than half a century have been admitted, in arms and in commerce. There was, however, a dearer and more difficult glory to win—that of letters. In the face of ancient monopoly, and full in the teeth of critical prejudice, embittered by national rivalry, and the recollection of past struggles, American writers have had, and still have, the difficulty of proving to the world the existence and the power of genius in this Western Hemisphere.—Every new work of merit, therefore, whether in science, history, poetry, or fiction, tells like a victory.—The wave of opposition rolls back, and the wave of success rolls on at every accession of literary reputation.

'Westward Ho!' is truly and emphatically a national tale. Indeed as a nation, we shall soon be obliged to love ourselves, as delineated by the patriotic, yet discriminating pen of Mr. Paulding. Most of the characters introduced into the work are so entirely national, that they could be pressed into no other service than without violence. This is his great merit; it is the growing excellence; it is what renders him emphatically an American writer, and what, in despite of his apparent disregard of foreign criticism, and utter carelessness of its censure or praise, has given him an honorable station abroad, and at home, among the writers of his country.

We will not, at this early period, anticipate the plan of the work by entering into its analysis. The scene opens like the lift of a curtain, and discloses to the charmed reader the wildness of Kentucky some half a century ago—of old Kentucky, which, having now arrived at the age of almost forty years, is entitled to assume the honors of a patriarch among the young fry of empires, springing up like mushrooms in the vast valley of the great father of waters. Its soil a garden—its women half angel, half heroine—and a portion of its men, as hath been credibly asserted, half horse, half alligator, with a small sprinkling of the steamboat, &c.

touched wildness of that 'newest of all possible worlds, the Western country;' we smell the virgin odour of the woods and, see the majestic roll of the unvoyaged rivers—and the scene suddenly shifts to the ancient dominion, where the story commences, and from whence, by a natural easy transition, the reader is again led by the hand into the wilderness where commences a series of adventures of singular interest and variety.

There is an air of freshness and originality diffused over the whole work; the characters are marked with distinct features of individuality; the style is rapid and vigorous; and the story is neither spun out or delayed by long, dull, diffusive dialogues, which neither develop the plot, or advance the action. Here and there we detect slight traces of haste and carelessness, which seem to indicate that the writer is too full of the main subject to pay particular attention to the Minor objects. But the din of politics is in our ears, and we cannot devote sufficient time or space to point them out just now.

We say no more. The work will speak for itself. Cannot one see the Ohio roll along in such descriptions as the following?

'Late in the still starry night, as the captain and one Zephi Teal, his first officer, sat watching the course of the broad horn while she glided along, by the bright beams of the full moon, the former observed that the river was rising rapidly, and the force of the current increasing.

There has been a mighty grist of rain lately up above, and the snows on the mountains must have melted in a hurry, I reckon we shall have a powerful freshet, Zephi.'

'Yes,' said Zephi; 'it's above high water mark already, and rises like the water in a boiling pot. I never

that was when Orson Upson's broad horn was carried clean over the tops of the button woods, & Divine Good-year's house floated all the way down to the Big Bend with the family in it.'

'Whew—w—w!' whistled Capt. Hugg; 'in what year of our Lord was that, Zephi?'

'Why, the year you got such a licking from the Yankee pedlar at Pittsburg, I calculate.'

'I'll be shot,' exclaimed Hugg, 'if any Yankee pedlar that ever stepped twice here and the other side of the end of the year ever ticed Sam Hugg. It's a lie whoever said it.—But did you, in good earnest, see Divine Goodyear's house floating down stream, with the family in it?'

'If I didn't, may I be rowed up Salt River.'

'I should like to have seen the old sinner; I dare say he prayed like a horse.'

'Yes, that he did. I heard him snortin' Now I lay me down to sleep, as he went past the cove were I tied my boat to the top of a big tree, a hundred foot high.'

Thus they communed together till the first blush of the morning appeared in the east, and the gradual opening of the scene showed the swelling stream rolling down in boiling eddies, and its dark brown surface strewn with the spoils of the earth. The gigantic trees on the bottoms, as they are called in the language of the West, stood midway quivering in the waters, with nothing but the branches visible. The first and second banks of the river had disappeared, and where-ever the banks receded from the shore the waters repelled over the earth, sweeping along with them every loose thing on its surface. The picture of the Deluge was renewed; for the solid ground was no longer a place of safety, and the scene was as solitary as that which the world exhibited when all that remained of its living myriads was sheltered in Noah's ark floating about at the mercy of a shortness ocean that tumbled round the ball.

We close this brief notice with a whimsical and humorous narrative of a boatman, giving a full and true account of the discovery of a famous lannel and turpiss go by our house-traveller, who was, all the world knows, set ashore or threatened to be set ashore from a steamboat of the Mississippi, for intruding again into the Ladies' Cabin.

Well the captain, if he won't sing, suppose you tell us another story, quoth Cherab Spooney.

'Ah! do now, Captain; tell us the story of the strange creature you you picked up going down the river, said another.

'Ah! now do, Massa Cappin Sam,' quoth blackey.

'Well, I'll tell you how it was.—We had landed in the broadhorn close ashore to wood; wind was up stream, so we could not make much headway any how. Bill told the nigger to cook a few steaks of Crumsey; that was what he called the bear I shot the day before; well, while we were a wooding—'

'That story's as long as the Mississippi,' said one.

'Shut pan, and sing dump, or I'll throw you into the drink,' exclaimed Spooney.

'Why, I heard that story before.'

'Well supposing you did, I didn't; go on, captain.'

'Well, as I was saying, Spoon, the nigger—'

'I think he might call un gemman of cholera,' muttered blackey.

'The nigger went to cook some bear while we were wooding, so that we might have something to eat upon.—When we came back, what kind of a varmint do you think we started in the canoe?'

'I reckon an alligator,' said blackey.

'Hold your tongue, you beauty, or you shall smell brimstone through a rail hole,' cried Spoon; 'go ahead, captain.'

'Well, as I was saying, we started the frollest varmint perhaps you ever did see. Its face was covered with hair, like a bull buffalo, all but a little piece for his eyes to see through. It looked mighty skeery, as though it thought itself a gone snake, and calculated we were gone as we started it aboard the broadhorn, and took compassion on the poor thing. I slapped it on the back, and told it to stand up on its hind legs, and I wish I may run on a sawyer if it didn't turn out to be a live dandy.'

'Had it a tail?'

'(H) wool lighting out of you, Bill, if you interrupt me.'

'That's actionable in New Orleans.'

'Ha! ha! whoop! wake snakes; go ahead, go ahead, and don't do so ranklerous,' shouted the arriduous sawyer, as he once gets his tail up, he'll find I'm from the forks of the river, and a bit of a screamer,' said Captain Hugg.

'Well, go ahead—go ahead—tell about the dandy, ha, ha, ha! I should like to have seen it when it stood upon its hind legs. What did say?'

'Why I asked what they called such queer things where it came from, and it said Basil; and that the captain of the steamboat had put it shore because it insisted on going into the ladies' cabin. Well some of us called it summer-savory, some camp, some sweet basil, and we had high fun with the cretur, and laughing till we were tired. And then we set him on a barrel forked end downward—'

'Tough! yough! yough!' ejaculated blackey bursting into one of his inscribable laughs.

No laughing in the ranks there; they that nigger overboard if he legs before I come to the right lee, and then you may all begin. Well, then, I began to ask him about himself; and he told me that he was great traveller; and that he had been so far North, that the North was south of him. And then I asked me if I knew any thing of navigation and the use of the globes. 'To be sure I do,' said I 'aint they ade for people to live on?'—Then I inquired if I ever heard of Horrell, or Hissshell, I forget which, and I told him as well as a squirrel paws a hickory-nut from an acorn. 'He's dead,' said the queer cretur.

'No no,' says I, 'that won't do her's no mistake in Shavetail, you may swear. I saw a pedlar with some splendle sausages made of red lannel and turpiss go by our house and I changed with him some wookin bacon hams. He came from Lutchfield, were Hershell lived, and didn't say a word about it.' Here he

made a note in his book, and I began to smoke him for one of these fellers that drive a sort of trade banking books about old Kentuck, and the Western country; so I thought I'd set him barking up the wrong tree a little; and I told him some stories that were enough to set the Mississippi afire; but he put them all down in his book. One of my men alisting, and sung out, 'Well, Sam, you do take the rag off the bush, that's sartin; and I was fearful dandy would find out I was smoking him; so I jumped up and told 'em a short horse was soon curried, & I'd knock him into a cocked hat if he said another word. And that broke up the conversation.'

DOMESTIC.

CHOLERA INTELLIGENCE.

The Board of Health have not reported since our last. Our fellow citizens are daily returning to their homes. A death may now and then occur, from some old inveterate case, which baffles the skill of the Physician. Such as that of the lamented James Brown, a respectable citizen of this city. He died on Saturday, after an illness of several days. But we hear of no case nor of any attack of the Cholera description, which is calculated to excite the least alarm. Still, we must not suddenly relax from the precautionary measures, which the most ordinary prudence recommends to our adoption. Be cautious, and we are safe!

The 'Scottville Farmer' of the 18th states that its village was never more hearty—that it hears of no more cases on the river—the boatmen seem willing to trust themselves down; that our mountain friends need not fear coming to market.

The Cholera has not travelled further South than Edenton in N. C. There had been 20 cases, not more than half of which had terminated fatally. Only one remained on the 10th.

West of us it has re-appeared at Hargersstown with considerable violence. The Press of that town says, that for the week, ending on Thursday morning, there were 19 deaths,—7 white, 11 colored.—There is, however, less panic than formerly, & the sick are well taken care of.

Among the victims, is Thomas Kennedy, Esq. editor of 'The Mail,' and Deputee elect to the Legislature of Maryland. He died in a few hours after the attack.

It has broken out with great violence in Chamberburg, Pennsylvania, where there were seven deaths from Saturday evening the 14th; and a number of persons attacked on Sunday. The alarm was said to be without precedent. The supreme court broke up immediately.

GREAT MORTALITY.

The Cholera has made its appearance at Rockport, near Cleveland, Ohio, with fearful fatality in the family of a Mr. Cunningham. On the morning of the 20th ult. all the members of it breakfasted together in usual health. Before sunrise of the following day four of them had been summoned to eternity. A fifth soon followed, and two others were lying in a hopeless state at the latest dates. The head of the family who had just returned from New York, was first attacked, but is believed to be on the recovery.

It has also appeared on the line of the Ohio canal, as far south as Dresden.

The Cincinnati Board of Health reports for the 11th Oct. four deaths of Cholera, and cases remaining. For the 12th October, eighteen deaths, and eleven cases remaining.

A person residing above three miles from Mount Vernon, who had recently visited Cleveland, was attacked with spasms, and died two days after. On the next day, Dr. Maxfield of Mount Vernon, one of the physicians who had attended on the deceased, was suddenly seized with the most alarming symptoms of cholera, and arrived only 12