

M. N. Edwards

D. Hall by C. M. ...

Warrenton, (N. C.) Reporter.

[By ROBERT N. VERILL.]

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MISCELLANEOUS.

PREMONITORY SYSTEM.

Mr. Archibald Anchory, contrary to the Advice of the Medical Faculty and Board of Health, had cabbage for his dinner...

Cholera, from eating too much cabbage? Archibald took another dose of the cold perspiration...

Alack—alack! exclaimed his disconsolate wife, 'I knew it would be so—he's got the Cholera from eating that plaguey cabbage.'

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...

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...

'But the auctioneer's license, said the farmer, will cost a plaguy sight of money, won't it?'

FROM THE N. Y. ADVOCATE AND JOURNAL.

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'...

'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...

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...

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...

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...

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 white she glided along, by the bright beams of the full moon, the former observed that the river was rising rapidly...

'I didn't, may I be rowed up Salt River.' 'I should like to have seen the old sinner! I dare say he pruned like a horse.'

'Yes, that he did. I heard him snort! 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 all 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...

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 turpits go by our house...

Well the captain, if he won't sing, suppose you tell us another story, quoth Cherub 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, white 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 genman 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 Spooney; go ahead, captain.'

'Well, as I was saying, we started the jolliest 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 it rounded the broadhorn, and took compassion on the poor thing. I snatched 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?' '(It) 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 arrant nigger, 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 Hersell, 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 turpits go by our house, and I changed with him some wook in bacon hams. He came from Latchfield, were Hershell lived, and he's dead,' said the queer cretur.

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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 'Scottsville 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