

THE DANBURY REPORTER.

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 Contracts for longer time or more space can be made in proportion to the above rates.
 Transient advertisements will be expected to remit according to these rates at the time they send their favors.
 Local Notices will be charged 50 per cent. higher than above rates.
 Business Cards will be inserted at Ten Dollars per annum.

SAM'L WHITE, JOHN A. JARBOE,
 G. E. SOBELMAN,
WHITE & BUSCHMAN,
 wholesale dealers in
HATS, CAPS, FURS, STRAW GOODS AND LADIES' HATS.
 No. 318 W. Baltimore street, Baltimore, Md.
WM. J. C. DULANY & CO.,
 Wholesale Stationers and Book-sellers.
 332 W. Baltimore street, Baltimore, Md.
 no. 1 H. H. MARTINDALE, of N. C. 6m
W. W. ELLINGTON, of N. C.,
 with
TRAXTON & NICHOLAS,
 JOBBERS OF
WHITE GOODS; FANCY GOODS; NOTIONS; ETC. ETC.
 No. 9th Governor or 13th street; (E. B. Taylor's old stand)
 RICHMOND, VA. 6m
H. M. LANIER,
 with
R. P. BAILEY & CO.,
 IMPORTERS OF
CHINA; GLASS; QUEENSWARE; LAMPS; ETC. ETC.; AND MANUFACTURER OF STONWARE.
 No. 20 Hanover street (near Baltimore street),
 BALTIMORE, MD. (nov-1y)
L. PASSANO & SONS,
 IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN
WHITE GOODS; NOTIONS; HOSIERY; GLOVES; TRIMMINGS AND SMALL WARES.
 268 W. Baltimore street, Baltimore, Md.
 nov-1y
J. E. GILMER,
 wholesale and retail dealer in
CONDIMENTAL; GROCERIES; DRY GOODS; NOTIONS; GROCERIES; ETC.
BOOTS AND SHOES A SPECIALTY
 no-1y Winston, N. C.
WILSON, BURNS & CO.,
 WHOLESALE GROCERS AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS.
 30 S Howard street, corner of Lombard;
 BALTIMORE.
 We keep constantly on hand a large and well assorted stock of Groceries—suitable for Southern and Western trade. We solicit consignments of Country Produce—such as Cotton; Feather; Glass; Rowan; Wool; Dried Fruit; Furs; Skins, etc. Our facilities for doing business are such as to warrant quick sales and prompt returns. All orders will have our prompt attention. nov-1y
J. W. RANDOLPH & ENGLISH,
 BOOKSELLERS, STATIONERS, AND BLANK-BOOK MANUFACTURERS.
 1318 Main street, Richmond.
 A Large Stock of LAW BOOKS always on hand.
THE LIVE MAN,
W. L. FLEMING,
 WHOLESALE CONFECTIONER.
 1320 Main street, Richmond, Va. 5m-5m
A. L. ELLETT, A. JUDSON WATKINS,
CLAY DREWRY, STEPHEN B. HUGHES.
A. L. ELLETT & CO.,
 Importers and jobbers of
DRY GOODS AND NOTIONS.
 Nos. 10, 12 and 14 Twelfth street (between Main and Cary)
 RICHMOND, VA. 5m-1y
HARTMAN & WHITEHILL,
 WHOLESALE CLOTHING, CLOTHS, CAS-
 SIMERS, ETC.
 31 and 333 Baltimore streets, Baltimore, Md.
 no-1y
O. F. DAY, ALBERT JONES.
DAY & JONES,
 Manufacturers of
SADDLERY, HARNESS, COLLARS, TRUNKS, &c.
 No. 336 W. Baltimore street, Baltimore, Md.
 no-1y
W. A. TUCKER, H. C. SMITH,
S. B. SPRAGINS.
TUCKER, SMITH & CO.,
 Manufacturers and Wholesale Dealers in
BOOTS; SHOES; HATS AND CAPS.
 350 Baltimore street, Baltimore, Md.
 no-1y
B. E. BEST,
 with
HENRY SONNEBORN & CO.,
 WHOLESALE CLOTHING.
 297 W. Baltimore street, corner of Liberty,
 BALTIMORE, MD.
 H. SONNEBORN, B. BEMLINE,
 no-1y
 REFURNISHED 1875.
RED SOLE LEATHER.
E. LARABEE & SONS,
 Importers and Dealers in
SHOE FINDINGS AND FRENCH CALF SKINS.
 Manufacturers of
OAK-TANNED HARNESS AND UPPER LEATHER.
 No. 20 South Calvert street, Baltimore, Md.
 Consignments of Rough Leather solicited,
 no-1y

BEAUTIFUL WHEN OLD.
 How to be beautiful when old?
 I can tell you, maiden fair—
 Not by lotions, dyes and pigments,
 Not by washes for your hair.
 While you're young be pure and gentle,
 Keep your passions well controlled,
 Walk, and work, and do your duty—
 You'll be handsome when you're old.

Snow-white locks are fair as golden,
 Gray as lovely as the brow,
 And the smile of age more pleasant
 Than a youthful beauty's frown;
 'Tis the soul that shapes the features,
 Fires the eye, attunes the voice;
 Sweet sixteen! by these your maxims,
 When you're sixty, you'll rejoice!

[For the Danbury Reporter.]
"Cast Oil."

The vessel was appointed to sail on a certain Saturday early in June.

A little after noon, on that distinguished Saturday, I reached the ship and went on board. All was bustle and confusion. (I have seen that remark before, somewhere.) The pier was crowded with carriages and men; passengers were arriving and hurrying on board, the vessel's decks were encumbered with trunks and valises; groups of excursionists, arrayed in unattractive traveling costumes, were moping about in a drizzling rain and looking as droopy and woe-begone as so many molting chickens. The gallant flag was up, but it was under the spell, too, and hung limp and disheartened by the mast. Altogether, it was the bluest, bluest spectacle! It was a pleasure excursion. There was no ginsaying that, because the programme said so—it was so nominated in the bond—but it surely hadn't the general aspect of one. Finally, above the banging, and rumbling, and shouting, and hissing of steam, rang the order to "cast off," a sudden rush to the gangways, a scampering ashore of visitors, a revolution of the wheels, and we were off, the picnic was begun. Two very wild cheers went up from the dripping crowd on the pier; we answered them gently from the slippery decks; the flag made an effort to wave and failed; the "battery of guns" spoke not, the ammunition was out.

We steamed down to the foot of the harbor and came to anchor. It was still raining, and not only raining, but storming. Outside, we could see ourselves that there was a tremendous sea on. We must lie still in the calm harbor till the storm should abate. Our passengers hailed from fifteen States, only a few of them had ever been to sea before, manifested it would not do to pit them against a full-blown tempest until they had got their sea-legs on.—Towards evening the two steam tugs that had accompanied us with a rollicking champagne party of young New Yorkers on board who wished to bid farewell to one of our number in due and ancient form, departed, and we were alone on the deep. On deep five fathoms, and anchored fast to the bottom, and out in the solemn rain at that.—This was pleasuring with a vengeance.

It was an appropriate relief when the gong sounded for prayer-meeting. The first Saturday night of any other pleasure excursion might have been devoted to whist and dancing, but I submit it to the unprejudiced mind if it would have been in good taste for us to engage in such frivolities, considering what we had gone through and the frame of mind we were in. We would have shone at a wake, but not at anything more festive.

However, there is always a cheering influence about the sea, and in my berth that night, rocked by the measured swell of the waves, and lulled by the murmur of the distant surf, I soon passed tranquilly out of all consciousness of the dreary experiences of the day and damaging premonitions of the future.

TRIBUTIONS AMONG THE PASSENGERS.
 By some happy fortune I was not seasick. That was a thing to be proud of. I had not always escaped before. If there is one thing in the world that will make a man peculiarly and insufferably self-conceited, it is to have his stomach behave itself, the first day at sea, when nearly all his comrades are seasick.—Soon a venerable fossil, shawled to the chin and bandaged like a mummy, appeared at the door of the after deck-house, and the next lurch of the ship shot him into my arms. I said, "good morning, sir. It is a fine day." He put his hand on his stomach and said, "Oh, my!" and then staggered away and fell over the coop of a skylight.

Presently another old gentleman was projected from the same door with great

violence. I said, "Calm yourself, sir. There is no hurry. It is a fine day, sir." He, also, put his hand on his stomach and said, "Oh, my!" and reeled away. In a little while another veteran was discharged abruptly from the same door, clawing the air for a saving support. I said, "Good morning, sir. It is a fine day for pleasuring. You were about to say—" "Oh, my!" I thought so. I anticipated him, anyhow. I staid there and was bombarded with old gentlemen for an hour perhaps; and all I got out of them was "Oh, my!" I went away then, in a thoughtful mood. I said, this is a good pleasure excursion. I said, the passengers are not garrulous, but still they are sociable. I like those old people, but somehow they all seem to have the "Oh, my!" rather bad. I knew what was the matter with them; they were seasick, and I was glad of it. We all like to see people seasick when we are not ourselves. Playing whist by the cabin lamps when it is storming outside, is pleasant; walking the quarter deck in the moonlight, is pleasant; smoking in the breezy foretop is pleasant, when one is not afraid to go up there; but these are all feeble and commonplace compared with the joy of seeing people suffering the miseries of seasickness.

A DISASTROUS BANQUET.
 The Portuguese pennies or reis (pronounced rays), are prodigious. It takes one thousand to make a dollar, and all financial estimates are made in reis.—We did not know this until after we had found it out through Blucher. Blucher said he was so happy and so grateful to be on solid land once more, that he wanted to give a feast—said he had heard it was a cheap land, and he was bound to have a grand banquet.—He invited nine of us and we ate an excellent dinner at the principal hotel. In the midst of the jollity produced by good cigars, good wine and passable anecdotes, the landlord presented his bill. Blucher glanced at it and his countenance fell. He took another look to assure himself that his senses had not deceived him, and then read the items aloud, in a faltering voice, while the roses in his cheeks turned to ashes: "Ten dinners at 600 reis, 6,000! Ruin and desolation!" "Twenty-five cigars at 100 reis, 2,500 reis! Oh, my sainted mother!" "Eleven bottles of wine at 1,200 reis, 13,200! Be with us all! Total, twenty-one thousand seven hundred reis! The suffering Moses, there ain't money enough in the ship to pay that bill! Go—leave me to my misery, boys, I am a ruined community." I think it was the blindest looking party I ever saw. Nobody could say a word. It was as if every soul had been stricken dumb. Wine glasses descended slowly to the table, their contents untasted. Cigars dropped unnoticed from nervous fingers. Each man sought his neighbor's eye, but found in it no ray of hope, no encouragement. At last the fearful silence was broken. The shadow of a desperate resolve settled upon Blucher's countenance like a cloud, and he rose up and said: "Landlord, this is a low, mean swindle, and I'll never, never stand it. There's a hundred and fifty dollars, sir, and it's all you'll get. I'll swim in blood, before I'll pay a cent more." Our spirits rose and the landlord's fell, at least we thought so, he was confused at any rate, notwithstanding he had not understood a word that had been said. He glanced from the little pile of gold pieces to Blucher several times, and then went out. He must have visited an American, for when he returned he brought back his bill translated into a language that a christian could understand. Thus:

10 dinners, 6,000 reis, or \$ 6.00
 25 cigars, 2,500 reis, or 2.50
 11 bottles wine, 13,200 reis, or 13.20

Total, 21,700 reis, or \$21.70

Happiness reigned once more in Blucher's dinner party. More refreshments were ordered.

EUROPEAN COMFORT.
 Afterward we walked up and down one of the most popular streets for some time, enjoying other people's comfort and wishing we could export some of it to our restless, driving, vitality-consuming mart at home. Just in this one matter lies the main charm of life in Europe—comfort. In America, we hurry, which is well; but when the day's work is done, we go on thinking of losses and gains, we plan for the mor-

row, we even carry our business cares to bed with us, and toss and worry over them when we ought to be restoring our racked bodies and brains with sleep.—We burn up our energies with these excitements, and either die early or drop into a lean and mean old age at a time of life which they call a man's prime in Europe. When an acre of ground has produced long and well, we let it lie fallow for a season; we take no man clear across the continent in the same coach he started in—the coach is stabled somewhere on the plains and its heated machinery allowed to cool for a few days. When a razor has seen long service and refuses to hold an edge, the barber lays it away for a few weeks, and the edge comes back of its own accord. We bestow thoughtful care upon inanimate objects, but none on ourselves.—What a robust people, what a nation of thinkers we might be, if we would only lay ourselves on the shelf occasionally and renew our edge. "Innocents abroad."

Grant's New War Secretary.
 The Fat Contributor has this to say of Gen. Grant's new Secretary of War: Although one of the best lawyers in the country, Judge Taft don't know anything about war. He never fired off a two-horse lumber wagon. But he is determined to learn. The other day Grant dropped in at the War Office, and found his new Secretary deep among official documents.

Posting yourself up, Alphonso? said the President, with an encouraging smile.

Yes, said the Judge eagerly, I want to know everything pertaining to the bureau business. I have been running over the disbursements of the department for the last year, to see what was expended for catapults.

For cats—what? said the President, pausing as he was about to strike a match on his boot to light a fresh cigar.

Catapults. You have them in the army, haven't you? said the Judge in rather an uncertain tone of voice.

The President smiled a little, and said they did have a few left over from the war, but he believed they had all been used up. Then the Secretary said he should certainly order some more made, for he considered the catapult one of the most effective weapons in modern warfare. They did great execution at the siege of Jerusalem, as I remember reading, mused the Secretary, and it is doubtful whether Tiberius would have been able to have reduced the city without them.

Grant looked at his new Secretary through the cigar smoke a few moments, and then told him if he ordered any catapults he had better have them rifled, with an adjustable, muzzle-loading bayonet, and the Secretary made a memorandum to that effect.

I see that considerable money has been spent in experimenting with torpedoes, continued the Secretary, looking over the disbursements. That seems to be a waste of money, and it encourages a bad habit among children. Serious accidents have frequently resulted from little boys throwing torpedoes under horses' feet on the Fourth of July, and it ought to be stopped.

The President allowed the torpedo wasn't a thing to fool with, and the Secretary read on. Suddenly he jumped to his feet, while the hot, indignant blood flashed to his very temple, as he exclaimed: No wonder the country is impoverished, and the taxpayer groaning beneath his burdens. Here, while trade languishes and the wheels of industry are clogged all over the land, my predecessor has been shipping luxurious delicacies to the garrisons of our forts, thinly concealed under the term "shell." What does shell mean? Shell oysters, of course! That's what it means.—But they don't get any shell while I am Secretary. I'll settle that.

That's right, said the President. If they get any oysters make them "shell out" for them themselves; and then he added, aside to himself, they would have to if they bought them of one of Belknap's post traders.

Yes, continued the Secretary, look at the quantity of grapes on hand, classed among the Munitions of War. What does grape mean, and what is it for?

It is to wash down the shell oysters with, I suppose, said Grant with a merry

wink in his eye, which the Judge didn't see.

That's it exactly, cried the Judge.—Keeping the soldiers on wine and oysters, while thousands of people are wandering around in a hopeless search for a free lunch. I tell you, Lysis, this is scandalous!

The President, as he arose to go, said he was glad he had a Secretary of War, at length, who was determined to look into things and reform abuses, and cautioning him not to forget to have those catapults rifled, he returned to the White House with a broader grin on his face than anybody had ever seen there before.

More of the Ideal.
 "The immortality of the age" is the Jeremaid all are chanting—the wail that goes up from press and pulpit, and with truth, for it is plain to the shallowest observer that cynical licentiousness and brazen dishonesty have increased amazingly in the last decade, until society has become an Augean stable which will take a greater Hercules than Moody & Co. to clean. The chief cause of this I believe to be the want of imagination—the little culture that is given to this one mental attribute that lifts us above bestial grossness. Immortality has increased in the same ratio as decay of reverence for poetry and contempt for the ideal. Since the war, we of the South have taken it as our saving creed that being now poor, we must become thoroughly practical. We must throw aside all aesthetic or sentimental hindrances, and become a sharp, pushing, money-getting people. To this end we must pull up from our path every soft, impracticable flower of feeling or fancy. We must sneer at poetry, neglect the little graces and refinements of life, shut our eyes to the glories of nature; make our homes places to sleep, to eat, to carry out economical plans and cogitate scheme for earning money; we must not take time to make friends with our children, to enter into their natures and draw out all that is lovely and endearing in their characters, but seeking to make them sharp on the main-chance, we must put a curb-rein on their fancies and shut out the world of generous, loving impulse and poetic aspiration by clapping to their eyes a magnifying tube whose only object in range is the potent dollar.

Work is noble and necessary; bread must be earned, but we cannot live, in the fullest sense of life, by bread alone; we crave the wine of feeling and fancy.

If you pull up the flowers that sweeten life's furrow, be sure that weeds will take their place, for the soil of the heart is fertile, and will produce evil if the germ of good is trampled out. Sneer down poetry, pure, poetic romance, with its lofty ideals and its grand, chivalrous codes; measure everything by narrow, "practical" gauges; frown down all generous impulses and day-dream aspirations, and though you may sit in your pew every Sunday, and may insist at the rod's point on your children's reciting catechism with the glibness of a parrot, you will yet be a demoralizer. For the exuberance of human nature will have an outlet somewhere. If you clip its wings so that it cannot soar, it will burrow. If you shut up your poets, you will turn to the police gazettes. If you discount the romances and call their lofty codes of honor Quixotic, and their elevated sentiment sickly moonshine, we shall be sure to hear of you defaulting in office, or swindling in business, or guilty of some low, sensual act—from all of which the cultivation of the ideal might have saved you.—Sunny South.

Things are pretty well balanced in this world so far as taking comfort goes, and I begin to believe that, high or low, all have their tribulations. Fishes are hooked, warms are trodden on, birds are fired at. Worry is everywhere. Poor men's wives worry because the bread won't rise, or the stove won't draw, or the clothes line breaks, or the milk burns, or the pane of glass is mended with putty, or can't afford to hire help. Rich men's wives worry because the pre-serve dish is not of the latest pattern, or because some grandee's wife overlooks them, or because their help saucers them, breaks up tea sets, spoils dinners, gets drunk, and cuts up sheets into underclothes. Causes vary, but worry averages about the same. The scale of miles is different on different maps, but places remain just so far apart, and so do humanity and content.—N. Y. Observer.

"Politics in the South."
 Under this caption a correspondent of the New York "Herald" writes a letter. His conclusions, are measurably correct except so far as relates to North Carolina, which may be safely counted for the party. The writer says:
 "I have made a careful and complete reconnaissance of the political outlook in the South in regard to the Presidential contest. The Democratic, or, as they call themselves in the South, the Conservative members from the late Confederate States, comprise among them many men of parts and experience in affairs, though all of them, except Lamar, of Mississippi; Regan, of Texas; Ben. Hill, of Georgia, and perhaps a few others, lack ante-bellum political experience. They, however, have had the training in the command of men that fits them, more than others, to lead and to follow, to command and to obey.—They know each other, having generally served together in the southern army and Legislatures, and they are cool, discreet, self-controlled, and rapidly falling into the line and habits of party discipline and parliamentary tactics.—You have observed that notwithstanding the efforts that have been made to entrap them into indiscreet discussion few have been successful, save the outbreaks of Ben. Hill and Randolph Tucker, which were at once suppressed, and which will never be repeated. They are resolved to show by word and deed that they intend to maintain the Union, the Constitution and the laws, and the administration of the Government honestly and fairly to all sections and all citizens.—It is this determination and spirit that is now controlling them in reference to the presidential election. Correctly stated, they advocate no candidate and they object to none. This judicious and wise temper and this perfect control of themselves may be observed all over the South. They are in dead earnest, and mean, if it is possible, to aid the northern Democracy to get possession of the Government in March next. Their power is pretty well organized and compacted for that purpose. No Radical party of capability or force exists in many of the Southern States. With a Democratic candidate of fair record, a good Union man, but one who has never been extreme in his opinions against the South, all the Southern States can and will be carried except North and South Carolina. In Virginia, Georgia, Tennessee, Kentucky, Alabama and Texas there is really no Republican party worthy of the name of a party. It is routed and disorganized, and cannot be brought into a canvass. In Louisiana, Mississippi, and Florida there is a remnant resting on the old carpet-bag basis of public plunder, but that will be permanently scattered in November. South Carolina is hopelessly controlled by the thieves and plunderers who have ruled her so long. North Carolina, however, is essentially doubtful. Both parties claim her, but neither can foretell what her vote will be."

Glass Hats.
 It is announced that the beautiful glass hats for female wear produced in Bohemia, and which have attracted so much attention in Vienna, are to be manufactured on an extensive scale in this country, arrangements to this effect having already been made. An exchange says these hats are of the most artistic and beautiful design, and though the substance is presumably fragile, it is declared to be stronger and more durable than the delicate materials commonly in use for the same purpose. The body of the hat is made of loose pieces of fine glass fastened together by a gutta percha band, which allows it to conform to the head. Inside there is a lining of silk, which is the only piece of fabric used in the manufacture. The trimmings on the outside are after the prevailing mode, consisting of wreaths, flowers, feathers and ribbons, all made of delicately spun glass of wonderful beauty. All the trimmings have their natural colors, and by a peculiar process, the glossy appearance of the glass is so well subdued, that the material is not suspected. Only a very small amount of glass enters into the construction of one of these hats, for the threads is so fine that a great space is covered without any perceptible increase in the weight. They weigh but a few ounces.

THE FLOWERS COLLECTION.