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The Goldboro Messenger says that the people of Smithfield, Johnston county, have organized a company for building the Smithfield & Selma Railroad.

AT GETTYSBURG.

I stood to-day upon the ridge Where once the blue brigades were massed, And gazed across the plain below O'er which the charging column passed— That long, low line of gray, flame-tinted Which still is on your movement kept Until it reached the sandy slope By twice a hundred column swept.

And sauntering downward, somewhat sad, Among the stones no longer stained, I halted at a little mound That only the front rank had gained, A little mound left all alone, Unmarked by flower or cypress wreath, To show that some regretful heart Remembered him who slept beneath.

But half way hidden by the grass I found a broken barrel stave— The head-board which some foe-man's hand Had kindly placed above his grave? And on one side I read these words, In letters I could scarce divine: "A rebel, name unknown, who fell First to the foremost line."

No more—and yet what memories Were awakened by that scanty phrase! Again I heard the rallying shout, Again I saw the ranks advance; Once more the air with smoke was thick, The earth below with blood was wet, Where, like two serpents, lithe and fierce, The wrestling squadrons met.

God's peace be with thee in thy rest, Lone dweller in a stranger's land; And may the mould above thy breast Lie lighter than a sister's hand! On other brows let Fame bestow Her endless wreath of laurel-twine; Enough for thee thy epitaph.

"Lead in the foremost line!"

The First Man Who Ate Crow.

The origin of the phrase "eating crow" is appropriately revived in these convention days. An old farmer on the Hudson, below Albany, took summer boarders to eke out the profits of his farm. He sold the best of his farm products, however, and sold often furred off on his boarders "store" articles bought at a lower price. To their murmurs he replied: "I kin eat anything, I kin eat a crow." This remark was repeated so often that one of the guests finally shot a crow and got the cook to prepare it for dinner. Fearful, however, that the farmer might have stomach for even such a dish, the bird was liberally seasoned while cooking with Scotch snuff. The farmer was rather taken back when the dish was placed before him, but had too much pluck to give in beaten without a trial and attacked the bird, with the remark: "I kin do it." At the second bite he repeated, "I kin eat crow," and, as he suddenly sensed the operation of cutting the third mouthful and began a retreat toward the door, he added, "but dang me if I hanker arter it!"—Springfield Republican

The Cost of Liquor.

The retail liquor bill of the United States is \$750,000,000 the present year. The English Bureau of Statistics declares that every shilling spent for rum, another shilling is required to pay for the consequences. Add, then, \$750,000,000 more to take care of the evil results, and we have the enormous aggregate of \$1,500,000,000, no rly enough to liquidate the whole national debt.

According to the last census, the entire value of the furniture and apparel of the nation, including jewels, was less than \$500,000,000, or \$250,000,000 less than the liquor bill of a single year. There is something to show for the money spent for furniture and apparel, but nothing for money spent for rum, except porchouses, jails, penitentiaries, rags, misery, and death.—Contributor.

The Ex-Empress in Zulu Land.

A London paper says that letters received from the Cape state that the Empress Eugenie, during her stay at Durban, was to occupy the same room in government house, to ride in the same carriage, and eat from the same table as Prince Louis Napoleon did. Travelling in Cape carts, she was timed to reach Ityotyoti, where the prince was killed, on the anniversary of his death. Round the spot where the two troopers who fell at the same time as the prince are buried, a ditch has been dug and a wall raised so as to form a small cemetery, in which trees and violets have been planted. Geboods, the leader of the Zulus who attacked the prince and his party, has given a solemn promise in presence of Major Stubb that the graves should never be desecrated.

Prof. C. V. Riley, chief of the United States Entomological Commission, is of opinion that the army worms will move northwards, following in the track of the ripening corn, and he will visit Long Island to advise as to the best method of ridding the country of this destroying pest.

The Methodists in Bombay, India, have built and dedicated their first church building. They were organized as a church eight years ago by Rev. Wm Taylor.

A TOUGH STORY.

OLD JERRY GREENING'S BIG BEAR.

"Ever heard 'bout the scrimmage me and Casa had with a bear 'bout 'long Rattlesnake creek?" asked old Jerry Greening, as he piled the logs on the fire in his cozy little cabin near this village.

Jerry is one of the best hunters in Pike county, Pa., and his reminiscences are peculiarly interesting.

"I'll tell ye all 'bout it 'fore Case—ye know my son Case, don't ye?—comes in. Wall, me an' Case an' that 'ere old yaller houn' of mine—he's 17 year old this comin' spring—we started out arter a boe tree. Wall, we was a walkin' 'long Rattlesnake creek, when all to a sudden that cussed houn' of mine give the all fridest yell ever I heard, an' outen the brush an' scrub oaks came a tremendous black bear. I'll be banged if that bear wasn't ten foot long. Wall, the bear stood still in the path, an' looked at me an' Case, an' Case an' me stood still an' looked at the bear, an' I'll be banged if 'twasn't so obhical I just sot down on the groun' an' laffed. Then Case he got up on his ear 'cos we didn't have no gun nor nothin' with us, 'ceptin' a ax, so he yells to me:

"Reckon ye'd better git un a tree, 'less ye want ter git chawed into mince meat," sez he.

"Just about that time Mr. Bar made for Case, an' I shinned up a tree.

"Wall, Case he went for the bear with the ax, an' all of a sudden the ole concern flew off the handle; so Case he started furt'er climb a tree as the bear come fur him. Wall, sir, to see Case a climbin' that ar' tree with that bear arter 'im was more'n I could stan', so I just bust out laffin' agin. Then Case he got red hot mad, an' the way he slung the profanity roun' were a caution. Just about the time he begin a callin' me all sort o' names, that bear reached one of his paws up an' pulled off one of Case's bates. He slid down the tree with the bato, and when he tetched the groun' he struck that ar' bato just like that 17-year-old dog of mine wud a rat. But the bato didn't seem to satisfy him, so he clim the tree agin. Case saw him a comin', so he yells out, 'I'm a goner, dad!' I sez, 'Hold the fort, an' give him t'other bato.' Just then Case sez, 'I'll fix the ole cuss."

"Wall, sir, that bear clim a'most to where Case were a-settin', when all at once I see'd Case makin' some motions with his fingers. Sez I, 'Bo you a-fixin' him?' Sez he, 'I be.' Just then the ole devil gwo a terrible roar an' let go the tree. I s'pose ye'll hardly believe it, but gosh lang me if that bear didn't turn a summerer in the air an' light on his head. Yes, sir, it's a solemn fact that the bear fell on his head so hard that he broke his neck. The whole thing were so cussed comical that I got a laffin' an' fell clean off the limb I was straddlin' an' nearly broke my neck. When Case come down outen the tree, sez I, 'What made the bear tuable?' He looks at me a minnit an' then pulls out a pepper-box. Wall, sir, that ar' boy—I allers calls him boy, though he's 38 year ole comin' hayin' time—had stole the ole woman's pepper-box, just to tant'lize her, an' 't'her what saved his life. He sprinkled the pepper in the bear's eyes, an' nearly drove him frantic, so he dropped. But the strangest part of the story is the dog. When me an' Case went back arter the bear with a houn' wagon, I'll be blasted if we didn't see that ole yaller houn' up 'nother tree, yellin' like sin. Truth, sir, truth, yes, sir, that ar' dog he'd been so scart that he just clim that tree 'bout this kin'. Mebbe you think I'm lyin' when I say that bear weighed 550 pound. But it's the truth, sir. I never lied yet, an' I'm gettin' too ole to learn, fur I'm nigh 70 years ole."

The Greenback Prayer.

Probably 1,500 persons were in the hall when F. P. Dewees, of Pennsylvania, called the Convention to order. The clergyman who was invited to make the opening prayer tickled the fancy of so many persons in the audience that they frequently interrupted him with laughter and applause, particularly when he thanked God that Jesus was a mechanic, and when he reminded the Creator that, while the Democrats and Republicans had been prayed for in many pulpits, not one prayer had ascended for the Greenback Party. "We come to Thee, O Lord," he said, "on our own hook."—Chicago telegram to N. Y. Times.

During the last year the Gospel was preached in one hundred towns and cities in China where it had not been previously heard.

A Curious Historical Error.

Probably ninety nine persons in a hundred believe that Sir Walter Raleigh visited America, for it is so recorded in many books; but a New York paper denies that the ill-starred favorite of Queen Elizabeth ever came to these shores, and makes the following statement in support of its assertion—a statement which will be news to many readers.

"Every few weeks we see in print something about Sir Walter Raleigh's visits to this country and sojourns in Virginia, where, indeed, some persons have assumed to have his blood through connections formed by him when in that colony. Hardly any historic error is commoner than this. It occurs continually, not only in newspapers here and abroad, but in books claiming to have been prepared with care. The cause of this wide-spread mistake is doubtless that Sir Walter Raleigh did set sail hither, 1579, with his half brother, Sir Humphrey Gilbert, who had obtained a liberal patent for establishing a plantation in America. One of their vessels was lost, and the other was so crippled, it is said in an engagement with a Spanish fleet, that they put back without making land. Four years later, Raleigh, weary of inactivity as a courtier, used his influence with Queen Elizabeth to promote a second expedition to these shores. Prevented at the last moment by accident from coming in person, he left the command to Sir Humphrey, who sailed from Plymouth with five ships (June, 1583), and reached Newfoundland of which he took possession in the name of the Queen. The voyage was very unfortunate in many ways, and Gilbert himself, in returning home, went down with one of the only two vessels he had left. Raleigh fitted out other expeditions to America, and is reputed, but incorrectly, to have named Virginia after Elizabeth in honor of her supposed maidenhood. She herself so designated the colony, and conferred upon her favorite the order of knighthood for the efforts he made to further its progress. Raleigh, however, never set foot on or even saw this land. Still a work with so much reputation and of such pretense as 'Chamber's Encyclopedia,' says, in an article on Raleigh (we quote from the London edition of 1877): 'The spirit of enterprise was however, restless in the man, and, in 1583, a patent having been granted him to take possession of land to be discovered by him on the continent of North America, he fitted out two ships at his own expense, and shortly achieved the discovery and occupation of the territory known as Virginia.' What does this mean if it does not mean that Raleigh came over in his ships? The Encyclopedia commits the same blunder in divers places, of which this is one: Speaking of the potato, it says it was once carried to England without attracting much notice, till it was a third time imported from America by Sir Walter Raleigh. If a standard work, ranked as an authoritative work of reference makes the glaring mistake, is it strange that newspapers and hastily written books should trip on the same points?"

PENNSYLVANIA FEET.—Hampton told a rather funny but evidently true story about a Steubenville girl who rode on a narrow-gauge road up in Pennsylvania the other day. They had to put her on a nail keg on a platform car. She sat cross, of course, and for over ten miles scraped the bark off the trees on both sides of the road with her feet. A tan-yard man happened along and got over forty dollars' worth of new bark that was lying along the road. He offered the girl \$300 a year and traveling expenses to travel on the narrow-gauge roads and scrape the bark off trees; but she belonged to a wealthy family, and said he was "a mean, assy thing," and that she would "tell her pa on him."

"Do you like your champagne dry?" asked A. of B., who didn't know how he liked his champagne, because he had only made his strike the day previous and never before seen any champagne to which he felt justified in applying a pronoun in the possessive case. "I dun no," replied B., "but I guess you'd better gimme some that's wet. I'm sort o' thirsty."

One of his ardent admirers lately sent Prof. Huxley a check for \$5,000.

Death of James A. Bayard.

The death of James Asheton Bayard occurred in Wilmington, Delaware, on last Sunday, the 13th. He was a former Senator, and father of Thomas F. Bayard, present Senator from Delaware.

The dead statesman was eighty years old, and was of the fourth generation of the Bayards who have flourished in this country with honor for more than two centuries, and who are descended from the family of the Chevalier Bayard. The direct ancestor of the American Bayards was a French Huguenot minister and professor of languages, named Balbazar Bayard, who is said to have escaped from La Rochelle to Holland in a hogshead from the religious persecutions of the Catholics and who gathered about him in that country a congregation of his fellow-countrymen in exile and served as their pastor until his death. Balbazar Bayard's widow with her three sons accompanied Stuyvesant to America arriving at New York, May 11, 1647. Their descendants were men of note before and during the Revolution. One of them, James Asheton Bayard, began the Senatorial line of his family. He was chosen to Congress in 1796 and served until 1803 as an acknowledged leader of the old Federal party. He was sent to the United States Senate in 1806 and served there until 1813. His son, Richard H. Bayard was chosen Senator in 1836 and again in 1841, was sent as Minister to Belgium in 1850, and died in Philadelphia in 1868. The third Senator in the line was Richard's brother, James Asheton Bayard, just now dead. He represented Delaware in the Senate from 1851 to 1864, when he resigned although he had just been elected to serve for a third term. Nevertheless, in 1867, he was appointed by the Governor of Delaware to fill the unexpired term of Senator Riddle, and retiring finally in 1869 was succeeded by his son, Thomas Francis Bayard, in whom the courtesy and integrity of his distinguished father and the political genius of his grandfather are united with the disinterested gallantry and high courage characteristic of all the race.

Exit the Drum.

The French army is about to discontinue the use of the drum, and as the military customs of France are infectious it is quite probable that other civilized nations also may soon rid themselves of the noisiest nuisance that the world has ever endured. The drumbeat is a sort of barbaric starting point of music, and, as until long range weapons turned fighting into a serious matter of fact business, noise had been an effective indication of war, the drum has found its way into all civilized lands. Now, however, its usefulness is almost gone, the bugle is more effective for all military purposes, the cornstalk fiddle is more musical, and, (every sane man knows,) as for convenience, even the hand organ is not more cumbersome. As a frightener of horses the sound of the drum is as effective as the noise of an elevated railroad, while its effect, when tried suddenly upon humanity, is as discomposing as a thunder clap. The soldier who carries a drum is as useless for fighting purposes as the drum itself, whereas a bugler or flier may use sword or musket as well as any other man. As an occasional assistant to the drill master of recruits the drum may yet be endured in armies, but it is not of sufficient consequence to reduce from ten to thirty members of every regiment into non-combatants, while as a militia substitute for music its disappearance will be hailed by thousands and thousands whose ears it has tortured.

ACCEPTED.—Gov. William R. Hall, D. D., has accepted the chair of Modern Languages tendered him by the trustees of Wake Forest College, and Mr. W. I. Potest has accepted the assistant professorship of Physical Science at the same institution. Mr. Potest will attend a series of lectures on Science at Harvard University this summer. Both the newly elected professors will be on duty at the beginning of the next session of the college on Sept. 1st.

Cadet Whitaker, it is surmised, has failed to pass his examination. He made but a poor show, especially in natural philosophy.

What N. Carolina Radicals Think.

RALEIGH, N. C., June 8.—Garfield's nomination is met with no favor among the Republicans of the city. The disappointment over Grant's defeat is intensely mortifying. All hope of carrying North Carolina is utterly gone, and the party is disarrayed, disorganized, and confounded. Republicans consider the sectional conflict renewed, that the South will be solidly Democratic, and that the Republicans of the Southern States are handed over to the Democrats for an indefinite period. It is not believed that the party can be rallied for State officers or members of Congress. The election will probably go by default. The resentment against the false position of the Republicans of the State, as set forth by the votes of the delegation at Chicago, is at white heat, and cannot be allayed. The attitude of the Republicans when the news of the nomination came, was as if news had been received of some great and appalling public calamity. Not a cheer was heard. The crowd which surrounded the telegraph office for two days dispersed as from a plague-stricken spot. Denunciations were loud, and declarations that they would not support him were freely indulged in by the Republicans present. Any other man mentioned would have been more acceptable than Garfield. He is regarded as the lineal descendant of Hayes and John Sherman, and North Carolina Republicans have had enough of both.—Special to the N. Y. Times.

"It is Written."

"Our blessed Saviour, whenever he was tempted, chose as his defence some word of God. In this he is an example to us. A Scotch pastor found an aged Christian looking downcast. 'Well, Betty, what is wrong with you to day?' 'Ah!' replied the good old woman, 'he's been at it.' 'And what has he been saying to you?' inquired the minister. 'He's been saying to me,' replied Betty, 'that it's a delusion—that the Bible's a lie—that there's no heaven—no hell—no Saviour; that I'm not saved—that it's a delusion.' 'And what did you say to him?' asked the minister. 'I say to him! I say to him! I lent better than that; I say there was no use o' arguin' w' him; I just referred him to the Lord.'"

"What's wrang w' yo' noo? I thought you were rich," said a ragged boy, himself rejecting in the Saviour, to another, who a few nights before professed to be able to trust Jesus, but who had again begun to doubt. "What's wrang w' ye noo?" "Mas, I'm out rich yet," replied the other, "for Satan's eye temptin' me." "And what d'oe ye do yet?" asked his friend. "I try to sing a hymn," said he. "And does that no send him awa?" "N; I'm as bad as ever." "Well," said the other, "when he tempts you agin, try him w' a text; he can't stand that."—S. S. Workman.

CAN THE HEAD RAISE THE TAIL?

It is a source of deep satisfaction that amid the general disappointment with the work of the convention the result gave us a nominee of such good record as Mr. Garfield. Whether he is strong enough to raise the tail attached to his kite remains to be seen, for the kindest thing to be said of Mr. C. A. Arthur is that he is no help to the ticket.—Forney's Sunday Mirror, Republican.

Dr. John Hall is reported to have said that he knew a preacher in Ireland who used to come down from his pulpit every Sunday, after the sermon, and the people passing in line in front of him would shake hands and pass the compliments of the day. One elder told the pastor one day, "Let the Lord keep you humble, sir, and we will keep you poor!"

DENVER, Col., June 14.—The excitement at Leadville continues. On Saturday afternoon the strikers were dispersed by a charge from the citizen cavalry without bloodshed, and quiet restored. The Governor has declared martial law, with Major General D. G. McCook in command.

The Rev. Asahel Foster, of Baltimore, is clergyman of the Methodist Episcopal Church has accepted the pastorate of the Reformed Episcopal Church of the Redeemer, Washington, D. C. This is the church to which Dr. Moran was called.