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## THE REPORTER.

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### THE SOUTHERN SOLDIER BOY.

BY FATHER RYAN.

Young as the youngest who donned the gray,  
True as the trust that wore it—  
Brave as the bravest, he marched away,  
(Hot tears on the cheeks of his mother lay,  
Triumphant waved our flag one day,  
He fell in the front before it.Firm as the firmest, where duty led,  
He hurried without a falter;  
Bold as the boldest, he fought and bled,  
And the day was won—but the field was red,  
And the blood of his fresh young heart  
Was shed on his country's hallowed altar.On the trampled breast of the battle plain,  
Where the foremost ranks had wrestled,  
On his pale, pure face, not a mark of pain,  
(His mother dreams they will meet again),  
The fairest form, amid all the slain,  
Like a child asleep—he nestled,In the solemn shades of the woods that swept  
The fields where his comrades found him,  
They buried him there—and hot tears crept  
Into strong men's eyes that had seldom wept,  
(His mother—God pity her—smiled and slept,  
Dreaming her eyes were around him).A grave in the woods with the grass o'ergrown,  
A grave in the heart of his mother—  
His clay in the one lies lifeless and lone;  
There is not a name, there is not a stone—  
And only the voice of the wind maketh moan  
O'er the grave where never a flower is sown,  
But his memory lives in the other.An ex-Mayor of St. Louis asked his  
wife to sign a conveyance of some prop-  
erty that he desired to sell, and she  
surprised and outraged him by refusing.  
He swore that, unless she complied, he  
would never speak to her again, and  
she was still obdurate. That was sixteen  
years ago, and although they had been a  
loving couple, and have since lived in  
the same house, they have never ex-  
changed a word directly. They roomed  
apart, but sat at the same table, and  
were never guilty of any disrespect  
toward each other, save that of silence.  
When circumstances made communica-  
tion between them absolutely necessary,  
they respectively addressed their daugh-  
ter, and she spoke for both. Their  
questions, so put, were always framed in  
the third person. The daughter died a  
few days ago, but the parents are said to  
still decline to become reconciled.The Chinese in California may now  
learn that, should they find living under  
the new Constitution disagreeable, they  
will receive a welcome in the French  
colonies in Asia and Polynesia. The  
French Governor of Saigon has written  
to the Governor of New Caledonia to  
the following effect: "The Chinese  
have been and are still of great service  
to us; they are abstemious, strong, intel-  
ligent, and laborious. We find them as a  
rule good workmen and mechanics,  
while as traders they are active and skil-  
ful." In the Philippine Islands, which  
are under the dominion of Spain, the  
Chinese, on the contrary, are detested,  
and the harshest and most proscriptive  
measures have been used to remove  
them.JAY GOULD'S GENEROSITY.—The rav-  
ages of the yellow fever continue to an  
alarming extent, and an earnest appeal  
for aid has been made. Jay Gould, of  
New York telegraphs to J. W. Smith,  
acting President of the Howard Associa-  
tion, Memphis, as follows: "I send you  
by telegraph five thousand dollars to aid  
the stricken city. At any rate keep on at  
your noble work till I tell you to stop,  
and I will foot the bill. What are your  
daily expenses? Answer."SOMETHING WORTH KNOWING.—Every  
little while we read of some one who has  
stuck a rusty nail in his foot or some  
other part of his person; and lookjaw  
has resulted therefrom. All such wounds  
can be healed without any fatal conse-  
quences following them. The remedy is  
simple. It is only necessary to smoke  
such wounds, or any wound or bruise  
that is inflamed, with burning wool or  
woolen cloth. Twenty minutes in the  
smoke will take the pain out of the worst  
case of inflammation arising from any  
wound we ever saw.The only cure for indolence is work;  
the only cure for selfishness is sacrifice;  
the only cure for unbelief is to shake off  
the ague of doubt by doing Christ's bid-  
dings; the only cure for timidity is to  
plunge into some dreaded duty before  
the chill comes on.The bed of the river along the front  
of New Orleans is being covered with  
thick mats of cane, strongly wired to-  
gether, and weighted with bags of sand.  
The object is to protect the shore from  
being washed out by varying currents.

### HOLY LAND MEMORIES.

THE CLIMATE OF THE REGION ONCE  
STYLED CANAAN, PALESTINE AND JUDAH.The costumes of the Orientals resem-  
ble the fashions of the most distant times.  
Customs of dress are as settled there as  
the eternal hills—they never change.  
The girdle of Judah and of Paul, the  
sandals of the Gibeonites and of the  
Apostles, the mantle of Elijah and of  
John, the turban of Daniel, the cloak of  
St. Paul, the seamless robe of Jesus,  
may all be seen in an hour's observation,  
any day, in the streets of Jerusalem and  
Damascus, and these are so many wit-  
nesses of the unparalleled accuracy of  
the Holy Writings.The climate of the region once styled  
Canaan, Palestine and Judah, sufficiently  
confirms the allusion of Holy Writ-  
ings. When the South wind blows there is  
heat; when the clouds arise there is rain.  
The year is divided into seasons  
by the early and latter rain, and ac-  
companied with famine, sickness and  
death.The diseases that afflict the Orientals  
are of the same type as those that ex-  
isted in Bible days, and they, too, bear  
witness of the astonishing exactness of  
the text. Around the sea of Galilee  
fever abounds, such as proved fatal to  
the little daughter of Jairus, and  
threatened the life of the mother-in-law  
of Peter.At Bethany sudden and fatal diseases  
are experienced like that which brought  
mourning to the family "that Jesus  
loved." Sunstroke is common in the  
plain where Shunem is situated, as when  
the son of the Shunemite woman was  
prostrated by its influence. Leprosy, in  
isolated loathsome spots, prevails at Jeri-  
cho, Jerusalem and Nablous, as when  
Moses made it a type of moral sin, and  
Jesus cured it as an evidence of his  
omnipotence. Blindness is fearfully fre-  
quent, and the blind still sit by the  
wayside begging, clamoring for aid, as  
in the piteous cry of blind Bartimeus,  
that touched the pitying heart of our  
Lord.The domestic life of the inhabitants  
of Palestine, so vividly pictured on the  
sacred pages, has remained substantially  
the same for centuries, and so bears its  
part in Bible testimony. In the sultry  
hours, the people still sit under their  
vine and fig tree, and sleep at night in  
booths upon the housetops. The bread  
of the people is that "daily bread," for  
which Jesus taught us to pray. It is  
seen in the thin, small loaves, five mak-  
ing a modest meal, baked daily and  
eaten fresh. New wine is poured into  
new bottles (of leather), so that both  
can be preserved. Guests at a feast re-  
cline at the table while eating, as at the  
last Supper. The sound of the grind-  
ing is still heard at the early dawn in  
every dwelling; the mill stones are  
small, and handled only by women, as in  
olden time. The salt used is of that  
sort (fossil salt) which early loses its  
savor, and is thenceforth "fit for nothing  
but to be cast out and trodden under  
the foot of men." The virgins still go  
forth with lighted lamps, to meet the  
bridegroom, singing the same epithala-  
mium that was sung when Sarah was  
espoused by Abraham; and the dead at  
the funeral is still carried upon a bier  
without a coffin, amid the death song of  
the bearers and the shrieks of the  
mourning women.The husbandmen of Palestine wield  
the tools of their calling, and practice  
the primitive forms of agriculture to  
which so many references are made in  
the Scriptures. Traveling there, you  
shall see Cain a tiller of the soil, and  
Elisha plowing with oxen. When the  
ravages of war are intermitted, and  
peace changes the sword into the plow-  
share, the ground is made to yield in  
historic abundance. Then the moun-  
tains drop down their sweet wine, as in  
the poetical figure of Joel, and the hills  
flow with milk. The olive tree "sucks  
its oil from flinty rocks," and the honey  
bee stores her lucious treasures in the  
hollow rock. Then the glowing words  
of Josephus are literally fulfilled; in  
the descriptions of Moses are verified,  
where he describes the Promised Land  
as a "land of wheat and barley and  
vines and fig trees, pomegranates, a land  
of olive oil and honey, a land in which  
the inhabitants eat bread without scarc-ness," for there is no lack of anything  
in it. The sower going forth to sow,  
still scatters a portion of his seed among  
the thorns, a portion among the rocks,  
and a portion by the way-side, where  
the fowls of the air gather it up; and  
still that which falls in good ground  
brings forth some thirty, some sixty,  
some an hundred fold.The geography of the Holy Land is  
a solemn witness that He who created  
the country created the book. The trav-  
eler will feel that he is standing upon  
"the old ways," even the ways of God.  
The sacred places are there just where  
they must be to conform the verity of  
the holy narration. There is Bethle-  
hem, you can almost fancy you follow  
the Star from the East that lead to it,  
the birthplace of Jesus. There are  
Bethany and Bethel, Jerico and Jerusa-  
lem; Shiloh and Thechem and Samaria,  
Nain and Nazareth, Tiberias and Caperna-  
um. Looking more critically we see  
Gethsemane, where Jesus was betrayed,  
and Akeldama, which was bought with  
the wages of that betrayal, and the  
fountains of Siloam and Gihon. All  
memorable localities are recognizable,  
and they affect the traveler's mind like  
the well-remembered features upon the  
countenance of a beloved one. The  
fountains are there that once slaked the  
thirst of prophets, priests and kings:  
that of Elisha near Jerico, that of David  
near Hebron, that of Joab near Gibeath,  
and the wells, near Bethlehem and  
many others of which the traveler re-  
joices to drink, and goes away blessing  
God. The mountains, sterile and awful  
in their sublimity, rise up as mountains  
of God's power. Nebo, where Moses  
gathered his last view before ascending  
the celestial hills; Hermon, glittering  
with his diadem of unmelting snows;  
Carmel, lying westward over the broad,  
blue sea; Tabor, Gilboa, Ebel, Gerizem  
—glorious summits that afforded prophe-  
ets their best images of God's majesty—  
all are there, faithful to their trust,  
speaking witnesses to Bible truth, as  
they will be to the end of time.

### Acting President of United States.

At the present writing William K.  
Rogers is *de facto* President of the  
United States. He occupies the White  
House, the mansion occupied by Presi-  
dents from Adams down to Grant, and  
conducts the executive business neces-  
sary to the administration of the affairs of  
nearly fifty million people.The Fraudulent Administration has  
dispersed itself to the four corners of  
the continent. Mr. Hayes, accompanied  
by Mr. Devens, is in Ohio. Mr. Evarts  
is, or was at last accounts, in the British  
Provinces, astonishing the Lornes with  
the exuberance of his rhetoric. Schurz's  
wanderings have taken him into the far  
Northwest, and his exact whereabouts  
are unknown, except, perhaps, to some  
hostile Indian chief who holds him cap-  
tive in the delusive hope of obtaining a  
ransom from the Republican party. Mr.  
Richard W. Thompson is in Indiana,  
whence he writes that that State is safe  
to go Republican in 1880. Mr. Key is  
inspecting post offices. McCrary's last  
utterances came from the bowels of the  
earth in the Schuylkill coal regions of  
Pennsylvania. The only member of  
Mr. Hayes' Cabinet now in Washington  
is John Sherman, who is too busy with  
affairs that closely concern himself to  
give much attention to the public  
business.Under these circumstances William  
K. Rogers becomes a person of national  
importance. He is an ex-clergyman, and  
was at one time the partner of Le Duc  
in the commission business—a business  
which resulted disastrously to the credi-  
tors of the concern. As a public man  
he is best known by the celebrated letter  
which he addressed to the actress, Miss  
Boyle, accompanying a basket of cut  
flowers from the greenhouse for which  
the taxpayers of the United States pay  
many thousands dollars every year.The remarkable thing about William  
K. Rogers in his new and responsible  
position is, that his title to occupy the  
Executive Mansion and act as President  
of the United States is quite as good in  
every respect as Rutherford B. Hayes's.  
—N. Y. Sun.The editor wrote, "Women's Wills,"  
but the compiler knew better, and  
put it "Woman's Will." Poor fellow!  
he had been the victim of such wiles.

### Western North Carolina—The Switz- erland of America.

The points of beauty are almost num-  
berless. One might spend a dozen sum-  
mers exploring the country, and still in  
the thirteenth find new and beautiful  
views, superior in some respects and in-  
ferior in others to those which he had  
seen before. Every lofty hill top affords  
a view of the Roan chain and different  
modifications of the interior mountains  
and the Blue Ridge. Every branch  
affords picturesque scenery. When  
there are only a few views they can  
be exhausted in a few summers, but  
when the views are unlimited in number  
the visitor is tempted to return again and  
again. No lover of grand scenery prob-  
ably leaves Western North Carolina  
without a determination to return and  
see the places of which he has heard,  
but which he has not seen.There is again a much greater variety  
than is customary in our Appalachian  
chain. The tops of the mountains yield  
the best tobacco, and the first crop will  
more than pay for the land, the fences  
and the tobacco barns; so that the uni-  
versal woods are cleared away in spots  
and the summits are diversified. The  
geological formation is old and uniform,  
but there is, nevertheless, more variety  
of shapes than elsewhere. Our Ameri-  
can mountains have too frequently the  
long, level tops of the Scotch moors, the  
chief difference being that while they  
are covered with marshes, ours are cov-  
ered with low woods. In North Caro-  
lina the growth is larger and bolder.A third recommendation is the hospi-  
tality of the people, and their willingness  
to incommode themselves for the sake of  
their visitors, and to accept a reasonable  
recompense for their trouble \* \* \*  
The "Land of the Sky" is much indebted  
to "Christian Reid" (Miss Fisher, of  
Salisbury, N. C.) for bringing it into  
notice. Her story is the best guide  
book. Its charm consists in its truthful-  
ness. The houses where her party lodged,  
the guides whom they employed, and the  
spots which they visited, can all be easily  
identified from the descriptions and pic-  
tures in her book.The eastern gate of the "Lands of the  
Sky," through which Christian Reid's  
party entered the country, is the Swan-  
nanoo Gap. Now a railroad is completed  
to the summit of the Blue Ridge, and  
soon it will reach Asheville. The ascent  
of the mountain will interest all railroad  
travellers. The old stage road was three  
miles long, but the railroad takes eight  
and three quarter miles to reach the  
same spot, climbing in the distance  
eleven hundred feet. It follows the side  
of several mountains, doubling and re-  
doubling in many a wind. In many  
places the track is visible in four places,  
and it would be possible to cast a biscuit  
from the track above to the same track  
immediately below. Five short tunnels  
cut through as many spurs, and the cut-  
tings, the fillings and the trestle works  
were uncounted. A "mud cut" adds to  
the interest of this railroad curiosity.  
The whole hillside seems to be a vast  
spring, and as fast as the mud is removed  
it flows back, raising the track, and af-  
fording constant employment to a gang  
of convicts.—Louisville (Ky) Christian  
Observer.SEEKING BURIED TREASURE.—Tradi-  
tion has it that in days long since gone  
by, when buccaneers and pirates swept  
the Atlantic of vessels richly freighted  
with treasures from the Indies and the  
Spanish Main, when Black Beard, Cap-  
tain Kyd and other historic cut throats  
and adventurers swooped down upon de-  
fenceless merchantmen, and made captive  
sailors and luckless passengers "walk the  
plank," these freebooters had their try-  
ing place in and about the mouth of  
the Cape Fear River. Handed down  
from father to son, the story that count-  
less treasures of gold and jewels lay  
buried somewhere in the swamps or sands  
below this city, time and again efforts  
have been made to find the mythical de-  
posit. Even now the work goes on, and  
travelers over the county roads in that  
direction often see mysterious excava-  
tions by the roadside, and at night catch  
glimpses of weird looking groups furtively  
plying the pick and the spade, by the  
light of a torch, in quest of the hidden  
treasure. The mysterious seekers for  
these hoards of the freebooters are gen-  
erally colored people, whose cupidity and  
superstitious fancies are worked upon by  
so-called diviners of their own color.  
No one has ever heard of their being re-  
warded for their toil and trouble, and in  
all probability no one ever will.—Wil-  
mington Star.

### The Month of September.

The anniversaries of September are  
quite in harmony with the stormy sea-  
son of the equinox, being for the most  
part of a very warlike character. The  
1st witnessed General Sherman's occu-  
pation of Atlanta. The 3d was a promi-  
nent day in the life of Oliver Cromwell,  
as that of his birth, of his two great  
victories at Worcester and Dunbar, and,  
finally, of his death. The 6th witnessed  
the capture by Lord Peterborough, in  
1705, with a handful of men, of the  
strong Spanish fortress of Monjuich, till  
then believed impregnable. On the  
8th, the capture of the Malakoff Tower  
by the French sealed the fate of Sebast-  
opol, within a few days of the anniver-  
sary of their first landing the year be-  
fore. The same day, by a curious co-  
incidence, decided the fate of Moscow,  
in 1812, by Marshal Kutuzoff's retreat  
after the battle of Borodino, which was  
fought on the 7th. Frederick the  
Great's capture of Dresden, in 1756, oc-  
curred on the 10th. The 20th has had  
the two-fold renown of the battle of  
Valmy, in 1792—which changed the  
history of Europe by checking the Austro-  
Prussian invasion of France—and  
that of the Alma, in 1854. The 23d is  
memorable for Paul Jones' capture of  
the British ship Serapis, in 1779, after  
one of the hardest fights on record. The  
28th witnessed the investment of York-  
town by the Americans, in 1781, which  
brought about the surrender of Lord  
Cornwallis in the ensuing month. In  
addition to all these, this warlike month  
can reckon on its list the British defeat  
at Stillwater (1777) and at Eutaw  
Springs, (1781.) the memorable "Sep-  
tember massacres" of the French Revolu-  
tion, several of Wellington's hardest  
battles in the Pyrenees, (1813), Marshal  
Ney's defeat at Dennewitz in the same  
year, the battles of Antietam, Chicksa-  
manga and Winchester, together with  
Napoleon III.'s capture at Sedan, and  
the consequent fall of the Second Empire.

### Poor Girls.

Unlike many foolish Christians, the  
Jews teach their children, girls as well  
as boys, some occupation by which they  
may earn a living. An exchange incul-  
cates a similar practice upon all parents.  
The poorest girls in the world are those  
who have never been taught to work.  
There are thousands of them. Rich par-  
ents have petted them; they have been  
taught to despise labor, and depend upon  
others for a living, and are perfectly help-  
less. If misfortune comes upon their  
friends, as it often does, their case is  
hopeless.The most forlorn and miserable wo-  
men upon earth belong to this class. It  
belongs to parents to protect their daugh-  
ters from this deplorable condition. They  
do them a great wrong if they neglect  
it. Every daughter ought to be taught  
to earn her own living. The rich as well  
as the poor require training. The wheel  
of fortune rolls swiftly round; the rich  
are very likely to become poor, and the  
poor rich. Skilled to labor is no disad-  
vantage to the rich, and is indispensable  
to the poor. Well-to-do parents must  
educate their children to work. No re-  
form is more imperative than this.—Ex.Thomas Wilson, the Baltimore mil-  
lionaire who died recently, was of the  
opinion that large fortunes should be  
cut into small slices and passed around.  
His estate is estimated to be worth be-  
tween two million and three million  
dollars. By his will, just admitted to  
probate, a few dozen nieces, nephews and  
other relatives are enriched in sums that  
run from \$5,000 up to \$50,000, not be-  
yond. Besides the personal bequests there  
are charitable bequests—one of  
\$200,000 to the Thomas Wilson loan  
fund of the city of Baltimore, for the  
benefit of struggling young men and  
poor widows, another of \$500,000 to the  
Thomas Wilson sanitarium for the chil-  
dren of Baltimore, and smaller sums to  
five or six asylums and homes.I am past sixty years old, and every  
now and then I meet a relic who knu  
me forty-five years ago, and remembers  
some devilry I was guilty of then.  
Ain't it strange how tenacious the mem-  
ory is of these things, and how weak it  
is of anything good a fellow may have  
accidentally done?—Josh Billings.Find out what men laugh at and you  
know exactly how refined and intelligent  
they are.