

# THE DANBURY REPORTER.

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## THE REPORTER.

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### Senator Vance's Address to the People.

Senator Vance has issued an address to the people of North Carolina. It occupies six columns in the *Charlotte Observer*. We have read it with much interest. It is well written as are all of the distinguished Senators public papers. It is a very strong document, and will be read with profound interest by North Carolinians who have delighted to follow his successful leadership for nearly twenty years. The *Star* not having published the already voluminous discussion, but a few extracts only, is deprived of the privilege of publishing this address, important as it is. If we publish this we must go back and publish the careful and accurate documents prepared by the attorneys of the Richmond and Danville Syndicate, and the interminable literature that will follow in all probability.

Senator Vance makes a clear statement of the matter in dispute. We have no doubt that a large majority of the people who may read it will sympathize with him warmly in the great fight he is waging with a grasping and aggressive monopoly which appears bent on controlling every road which can possibly benefit North Carolina. Senator Vance says:

A corporation chartered by a neighboring State called the Richmond and Danville Railroad Company, having procured control of the great artery of our State commerce, the North Carolina Railroad, has gone on adding road after road until they have secured control of the Western North Carolina, the Northwestern North Carolina, the Charlotte, Columbia & Augusta; the Atlanta & Charlotte Air Line; the Spartanburg & Asheville, the Spartanburg & Union and the Virginia Midland and are said to be treating for the remainder in this region. By these means they denominated the only remaining road by which all that vast region west of Raleigh can find a way to the sea for its products. And now a region of country embracing in North Carolina alone a population numbering more than 800,000 souls, to say nothing of the regions in adjoining States, is under an "astriction" as to everything they buy from abroad. Three men, or at most a half dozen companies, as rigid as positive law, to ship and re-ship everything by their lines of transportation at their own prices. No "multiplication" or "thralldom" of the Middle Ages was more inexorable. Everywhere our corn has to be "ground at the lord's mill."

"Not a bale of cotton, not a pound of our tobacco, not a barrel of our naval stores, not a bushel of our wheat can be sent abroad that these lords do not first sit in council and determine how much thereof shall be theirs. Nor can a sack of salt, or of coffee, or a pound of iron, or anything else that our people need from abroad be brought into them, without a levy of their 'culture.' One hundred and seventy Senators and Representatives of the people meet in the city of Raleigh, biennially, and under the solemnities of an oath and the responsibility of an account to an outraged people if they do wrong, levy with the utmost impartiality and justice, \$500,000 annually upon the people, for the support of the government; this half dozen men without oath, and no responsibility to anybody, in a distant city, without the pride of citizenship, from time to time sit down and levy a tax of more than three times that which our Legislature imposes, and collect it by distress. They levy it too without fairness or justice, making a man in one community pay more for the same service than one in another community, and often making this difference between men in the same community. Truly they sup in our cup, they dip in our dish. These are the leeches who suck our common wealth and they will not bate us a pin.

Truly it may be said that this Giant Monopoly has the appetite of a cormorant and the squeezing powers of a Boanastrotor. It has already swallowed nearly all of the railroads within its reach, and it has about squeezed to death the trade between the sections of the State. The fondness of the horse leech for blood is not comparable to the greed of this corporation for the life's blood of North Carolina. Its managers are now sitting by the banks of the James in Virginia and like that famous hero of antiquity the Macedonian Alexander, who wept because there were no more worlds to conquer, they are grieving with a sorrow that only a scoundrel nature can understand, that there are not a half dozen other North Carolina railroads they can gobble up place safely in their capacious maw.

We believe that Senator Vance is acting under the best impulses of his nature, and doing what he believes sincerely to be for the best for the people of his

native Carolina. His arraignment of Monopoly is made with exceeding force and perspicacity. He has discussed the evils that grow out of monopoly in a way that all may understand. Whatever may be the merits of the discussion, between the Senator and the attorneys of the Buford Syndicate, there can be but one opinion, we apprehend, among fair-minded people, the way the Syndicate is treating the North Carolina shippers over their roads. People may differ as to the merits of certain points raised in the long discussion over this railroad embroglio, but there will be little dispute among honest intelligent people as to two points: that Senator Vance is actuated in what he does by a high sense of public duty and with an eye single to the protection of the people; and, second, that he makes out a very strong case why, as a Commissioner of the State, representing the interests of the people, he should not agree to extend the time asked for by the Buford Syndicate. His charges against that Syndicate that they are discriminating against the people of North Carolina to their serious detriment and in favor of foreigners, and in violation of the express terms of the contract or sale, are fortified by what seems to be very abundant, striking and sufficient facts.

It seems to us the simple question resolves itself into this: has the Buford Syndicate complied with the act of Assembly as to the construction of the road (the two branches); and has there been discrimination against North Carolina towns and cities in the matter of transportation rates; and has there been "discrimination made between the towns and cities of North Carolina?" These things are forbidden positively in the act of Assembly. In other words, has the Buford Syndicate performed its part of the contract? Has it been guilty of sins of omission and has it been guilty of sins of commission? If Senator Vance does not show that the Syndicate has not complied with the terms of the act, then we confess we do not understand the matter at issue. If he does not prove that it failed to do what it bargained to do, then we are stupid. If he does not prove that they have done what they were bidden by express enactment not to do, then write us down simpletons.

If then, these things be so, what right or claim has the Buford Syndicate upon the generosity, forbearance or long suffering of the Commissioners of the State? What claim have they to ask for further indulgence and for a blanket of charity to cover over their invasions of the rights of the people and of law?

There is very much in the address that is excellent reading for these times, and the people should weigh well what their trusted leader says. In no part of our eventful history; at no time since the people first called him from the head of his regiment until now, has Zebulon B. Vance ever forgot his allegiance to North Carolina or has he ever deceived the people. He will not deceive them now. He is not infallible, but like the wisest of the children of men he is liable to error. His judgment may falter, his wisdom may not be always equal to every emergency; but that he is honest, worthy of trust, worthy of the confidence of all good men he has proved in a hundred ways, in the most critical times, in war and in peace, at home and abroad, in Legislative halls, in the Gubernatorial Chair, and in the high office he now holds. When the honest, true people of North Carolina learn to mistrust to denounce the man who has been as true to them as the needle is to the pole, it must be because of some wanton act of treachery hereafter, and not because he is being pursued by the hired attorneys who represent a corporation without soul or mercy or fear, and that has never shown that it cared a baubee for the people they are hoodwinking, binding and dis-crowning—*Wilmington Star*.

**BOGUS CERTIFICATES.**—It is no vile grugged stuff, pretending to be made of wonderful foreign roots, barks, &c., and puffed up by long bogus certificates of pretending miraculous cures, but a simple, pure, effective medicine, made of well known valuable remedies, that furnishes its own certificates by its cures. We refer to Hop Bitters, the purest and best of medicines.—*Republican*.

A few days since twenty eight convicts were sent up to the Western North Carolina Railroad from the Penitentiary.

### The Young Lawyer's First Case.

JUST WHAT THE OLD FELLOWS HAVE ALL BEEN THROUGH.

The young lawyer conducting his first case before a jury is worthy of the deepest commiseration. Take him, for instance, in the criminal court, before which he has a case. While the prosecuting attorney is tying the first witness into bow-knots and untying him again, the amateur sits listening, but endeavoring to look as unconcerned as a marble statue in a thunderstorm. He throws in timid objections every time he thinks he sees a hole, and as each one is overruled by the Court, he puts on a stern look, as much as to say, "I'll knock the wind out of that in the Supreme Court!" When the prosecutor, usually an old-able attorney, dryly says, "Take the witness," the youthful aspirant trembles a little and endeavors to swallow something that is sticking in his throat. He feels that every eye in the room is upon him and that they are as hot as stove lids. He fires a few questions at the witness, and warms as he proceeds until he is brought up standing by, "Oh! your honor, we object to such irrelevant questions," followed by a few scathing remarks from the prosecutor. The Court sustains the objection, and advises the young lawyer to keep within the bounds, which sets him to wondering where in thunder the bounds are. Objections follow objection, and each one is promptly sustained. He wonders why it is that a free and independent people will tolerate such one-sided justice. He lunges ahead blindly now until he becomes so confused that he does not know whether he is a practicing attorney with a gilt sign, or a fly-wheel on a steam wood-saw. Finally he runs out of questions, and with a sigh of relief or some thing tells the witness "That's all." So he grinds through, and at last the prosecutor rises and proceeds to address the jury in a masterly style. As he progresses he picks up the evidence adduced by the defence into particles fine enough to be incorporated into codfish balls. The youthful Blackstone wrestler begins to feel uneasy as his mind reverts to the fact that in a few moments he must deliver his maiden speech. He wishes the prosecutor would hold his grip and keep it until time to adjourn court, feeling satisfied that he could make a splendid speech the next day after a night's fighting on the evidence. He tried to remember what the witness swore to, but cannot recall the evidence to save his life. The prosecutor finally winds up with a grand peroration, and as he says: "And in conclusion, gentlemen of the jury," the youth nervously fingers his moustache, if he happens to have one about him, and wishes he had never begun the abominable business. Cold chills are fingering him all over the back as if measuring him for a new shirt, and his spinal column acts like it was tired and wanted to sit down a while. Like Baucis's ghost, the lump in his throat won't down by an obstinate majority, and he swallows at it and wonders what he is going to say and how long it will take him to say it. As the prosecutor calmly takes his seat the young lawyer rises and moves to the front. He dare not look at the audience, and tries to imagine there is no one in the room but himself and the twelve sphinx-like forms in the jury-box. The eyes of each juror are fixed upon him, and he would almost relinquish his hope of heaven if some one would raise a cry of fire to divert their attention until he gets a start. Finally he blugs his shoulders and manages to remark, "Gentlemen of the (swallows) jury:" Very good. He then surveys them a moment, and every man in the box thinks he is endeavoring to read their thoughts, but he isn't. He is wishing to gracious he could read his own thoughts. At last he strikes out and goes for them about their intelligent looks, and how he feels that his client's interests are safe in their hands. At the same time he feels serious doubts as to their safety in his own hands. He worries through his speech with an average of two swallows at that lump to the sentences. The prosecutor closes the argument and the case goes to the jury, who retire to a secluded room to chew tobacco and ask each other what they thought of it. It so happened that the flimsy testimony against the accused war-

rants a verdict of not guilty, whereupon the amateur grasps the client's hands, whispers "It was a hard fight, but I got you out of it!" Then he rises, loads up enough law books to swamp a mud scow casts a triumphant look at the Prosecuting Attorney, who smiles pleasantly in return, and walks slowly and majestically down the aisle to the door, with as much dignity as if he owned a western railway. Oh, you can't deny it, even you old veterans—you've all been there!

### Ex-Senator Merrimon.

The party of tourists who visited Asheville from here returned and were much pleased with their trip. We hear that one old native of Buncombe, a Mr. Pullman, speaking of Judge Merrimon told Mr. J. R. Webster that the first time he ever remembered seeing Merrimon was one day at Merrimon's father's saw mill when he noticed him, a mere boy, dressed in a tow shirt, tow pants, a chip hat, and barefooted sitting on the end of a log reading a Webster's dictionary. The next time he heard of him some gentleman was speaking of a distinguished Senator who was said to have few equals in ability in the United States, and inquiring who it was he referred to, was told Senator Merrimon. Boys, there's a lesson for you. Not college bred. No dancing master to put the polish on. But sitting on the end of a log studying it out himself. The man was in him to come out. And to day in ability he would rank with Coaling and was regarded as next to Stanley Matthews the best constitutional lawyer in the United States Senate. So don't complain, boys of having no chance. Remember Merrimon's tow breeches and chip hat.—*[From the Reidsville Times.]*

### President that Have died in office.

Gen. Garfield was President only six months and fifteen days. Three years, five months and a half of the Presidential term remain for Gen. Arthur's incumbency.

All the President who have died in office have died in the early part of the term. Gen. Taylor lived sixteen months after his inauguration, leaving two thirds of the term to be filled by Mr. Fillmore, Abraham Lincoln was assassinated one month and eleven days after his second inauguration, and Andrew Johnson therefore held the office three years, ten months and a half. Gen. Harrison's term of power was the briefest of all. He died just one month after his inauguration: Tyler was three years, eleven months in office.—*New York Sun*.

### How he Fooled 'em'

The Laurinburg *Enterprise* tells how one of the "little pug-nosed shapers" accompanying "Old John Robinson's" circus, swindled the credulous masses. He brought with him a carpetbag full of pill-boxes, and early in the morning filled them with axle grease, of which he bought two boxes from a Laurinburg merchant. Then he mounted a stump and began to harangue the crowd on the wonderful virtues of "Dr. Paragon's Curative Corn Salve." Ere nightfall he had sold an hundred or two pill-boxes, and pocketed \$25 for 25 cents worth of axle grease! It ought to have been "Goose grease"—to suit the gulls who purchased it.—*Farmer and Mechanic*.

**A TRAP FOR SHEEP-KILLING DOGS.**—The Lynchburg *Virginian* describes an ingenious trap devised by a Virginia farmer to capture sheep-killing dogs. Having suffered severely from the depredations of dogs upon his sheepfold, he built around a number of sheep that dogs had killed an inclosure of rails twelve feet high, and about ten feet square at the ground, and the sides sloping inward until an opening was left about five feet square. Any dog could easily climb such a sloping fence and enter the pen, but not a grey-hound could jump out of it. In three nights the farmer captured 46 dogs, including fifteen or twenty that had never been seen before in that neighborhood. This, after there had been a public slaughter of all dogs suspected of sheep-killing, save one, whose master could not be convinced of his guilt. The trap was built for his special benefit, and it caught him the first night.

A poultice of fresh tea leaves moistened with water will cure a sty on the eyelid.

For earache, dissolve assafetida in water; warm a few drops and drop in the ear, then cork the ear with wool.

The true physiological way of treating burns and scalds is to at once exclude the air, with cotton batting, flour scraped potato, or anything that is handiest. The following drink for relieving sickness of the stomach is said to be very palatable and agreeable: Beat up one egg very well, say for twenty minutes, then add fresh milk one pint, water one pint, sugar to make it palatable; boil, and let it cool; drink when cool. If it becomes curdled and whey it is useless.

### Meeting of a Portion of the Business Men Last Night.

[From Charlotte Observer.]

At a meeting of the business men of Charlotte held this evening, there were present R. M. Miller & Sons; Thos. H. Gaither; A. R. Nisbet & Bro.; E. D. Latta & Bro.; B. Nichols; J. G. Shannhouse; W. C. Morgan; Jas. F. Johnston; Springs & Burwell; Kyle & Hammond; J. S. Spencer & Co.; H. M. Smith; Brem & McDowell; Tiddy & Bro.; LeRoy Davidson; Brown & Weddington; J. L. Brown & Co.; Elliott & Remley; J. C. Burroughs; J. Brookfield & Co.; Oates Bro's; Elias & Cohen-Schiff & Bro.; Schiff & Grier; Witt; Kowsky & Baruch; A. A. Gaston, Mayer & Ross; J. McLaughlin; L. Berwanger & Bro.; W. W. Grier, Brothers; Henderson & McGowan.

R. M. Miller was called to the chair, and W. B. Griffith acted as Secretary. The object of the Meeting being stated, on motion the following committee were appointed to draft resolutions: S. Witt-kowsky, R. N. Tiddy, W. Brem, J. F. Johnston, E. D. Latta and J. A. Elliott. The committee reported the following resolutions which were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, in the issue made between the commissioners for the Western North Carolina Railroad and the Clyde Syndicate regarding the Western North Carolina Railroad, Z. B. Vance has taken the part of the people of this State, and is making a fight in behalf of North Carolina against the discriminations made against our people; therefore,

Resolved, That we, business men of Charlotte, endorse the course of Senator Vance in each and every particular in this contest with the Clyde Syndicate in behalf of the interests of our State; and that we will support Senator Vance in every way in our power, feeling confident that in this contest Senator Vance is right, and is sustaining, as far as he can, the rights of the people of North Carolina; and, further

Resolved, That the course pursued by the *Charlotte Observer* in this controversy does not in any respect reflect the opinions of the business men of Charlotte.

Resolved, That all papers in the State that have copied any part of the articles of the *Charlotte Observer* on this controversy be respectfully requested to publish these resolutions and the proceedings of this meeting.

Upon motion a committee of two was appointed to present these proceedings to the *Charlotte papers* and such other papers in the State as the committee may see fit. The meeting then adjourned, subject to the call of the chairman.

WM. B. GRIFITH, Sec.  
Charlotte September 16, 1881.

### Colored vs. Bald-Headed.

Years ago the then well-known firm of W. & C., Boston, agents for a popular line of Australian packet ships, received a letter of inquiry from Cincinnati. Correspondence followed, and second cabin passages were engaged for Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Hatfield, their son Joseph, Jr., and Miss Blanche, who were politely urged to put in an appearance in Boston on, or before May 5th, as the good ship Daniel Sharp, whereof Joseph D. Cushing is master for the present voyage, would sail on the following day, weather permitting.

On the morning designated, a young darkey ex-pensive, sporting a tall hat and ivory-headed cane, sauntered into the elegantly appointed office and demanded:

"Is dis yer de office of W. & C.?"

"Yes, it is," growled the senior W. from behind his desk, frowning over his gold bowed spectacles at the intruder.

"Well, sah, me and my folks are gwine out to Melbourne in your ship Daniel Sharp, and I—"

"Not if I know it—you are not going to do any such thing."

"How so, sah? Didn't I correspond wid you from Cincinnati, and engage passage for my fadder and mudder and Miss Blanche?"

"What is your name Hatfield?" roared the dismayed agent.

"Yes, sah, my name's Hatfield, and"—

"Why in de debil didn't you notify me dat you were bald-headed?"

The pertinent rejoinder silenced old W., and although two or three passengers who preferred to have the color line drawn outside of a ship's second cabin gave up their berths and were refunded their passage money, the Hatfields complacently sailed in the Sharp.

The editor of the *Statesville Landmark* wrote to the Auditor of the Treasury at Washington asking if it was true that the Government had declared coins with holes in them to be worth only half prices. The Auditor replied that no such order had been made and that that the government would have no right to make such an order, that such coins will be received as bullion and will be valued according to amount of silver in them.

The *New York Herald* says that Coaling will succeed Windom as Secretary of the Treasury.