

HIGH POINT REPORTER.

Vol. 1.

HIGH POINT, N. C., FRIDAY APRIL 20, 1860.

No. 15.

THE REPORTER

IS ISSUED WEEKLY BY
JAMES H. MOORE,
Editor & Proprietor,
At \$2.00 per annum, strictly in advance

Terms for Advertising.
Transient advertisements inserted at \$1.00 per square of twelve lines for the first insertion, and twenty-five cents for each continuation.

Business cards, not exceeding 12 lines inserted one year for \$5.00.
Other advertisements as follows:
1 Year, 2 Months, 3 Months,
1 Column, \$50.00, \$30.00, \$20.00
" " " 25.00, 15.00, 10.00
" " " 20.00, 12.00, 8.00

For all transient advertisements the cash in advance will be required, and upon contracts payment must be made quarterly. For all advertising and job work from a distance, the cash must accompany the order.

JOB WORK
Executed with neatness and dispatch at this office, and on moderate terms.
High Point, Jan. 12th, 1860.

JACOB T. BROWN,
Attorney at Law,
HIGH POINT, N. C.

Will attend the Courts of Guilford, and the adjoining counties, and punctually attend to the collection of all claims entrusted to his care.
High Point, Jan. 12th, 1860. 1-17

A. R. WALL,
ARCHITECT & HOUSE BUILDER,
HIGH POINT, N. C.

Will undertake contracts for buildings in the various styles of Modern Architecture.
Jan. 12th, 1860. 1-17

W. & A. A. WELCH,
DEALERS IN
Staple and Fancy
DRY GOODS,

Hardware, Cutlery, Hats, Caps, Boots and Shoes, Queensware, Groceries, &c.
High Point, N. C. Jan. 12th, 1860. 1-17

ROBERT C. LINDSAY,
DEALER IN
FLOUR, WHEAT & GUANO,

Robinson's Manipulated Guano,
HIGH POINT, N. C.
Jan. 12th, 1860. 1-17

FISHER, FORD & HOOKER,
IMPORTERS AND WHOLESALE
GROCERS,

(EXCEPT LIGHTS)
FLOUR, PRODUCE,
AND
General Commission Merchants,
NEWBERN, N. C.

SHEEK & BOWMAN,
DEALERS IN
General Merchandise

Groceries, Oils, Paints, Salt, Fish, Castings, Iron, Leather &c. and will buy Wheat, Corn, Flour, Bacon, Lard, Dried Fruit, Beeswax, Feathers, Furs, &c.
High Point, Jan. 12th, 1860. 1-17

J. T. ELLIOTT,
TAILOR,
Shop nearly opposite Sheek & Bowman's Store;

Is ready at all times to put up work in his line in a neat and durable manner.—Coats, Pants and Vests cut on moderate terms.
High Point, Jan. 12th, 1860. 1-17

B. SILVERBERG
WITH
L. SONNEHILL,
Dealer in
DRY AND FANCY GOODS,

Clothing, Jewelry and Watches, Hats, Cas, Boots Shoes, Trunks, Valises, Carpetbags &c.
High Point, N. C., Jan. 12th, 1860. 1-17

FAMILY GROCERY,
BY
ENGLISH, JONES & CO.,

North R. R. Depot, High Point, N. C.
WHERE may always be found Sugar, Coffee, Molasses, Salt, Fish, Bacon, Lard, Candles, Sole and Upper Leather, and all other articles usually found in a
Family Grocery.

And which will be sold on reasonable terms by the quantity or at retail, for Cash or Barter.
High Point, Jan. 12th, 1860. 1-17

J. SHELLY
MANUFACTURER OF
Ladies' Fine Shoes,
BOOTS AND GAITERS,

Which he sells at Wholesale and Retail, Thomasville, Davidson County, N. C. Orders for Shoes by the quantity promptly attended to.
March 24, 1860. 8-17

POETICAL.

For the Reporter.

Lines to my Father.

Dear Father, thou art growing old,
Thy form begins to stoop,
But let the thought of age not cause
Thy way-worn heart to droop.
Time's steady hand hath made some marks
Upon thy gentle face,
And silvery hairs are coming fast,
And silvered to thy grace.
Yet in the vineyard of the Lord,
Thy soul delights to toil;
And when thy work of love is done,
No one thy rest can spoil.

Not many years shall sinners hear,
Thy kind inviting voice,
But some who hear, we hope, will make
A holy life their choice.
And should thy labor be the means,
Of saving but one soul,
The glory that shall crown thy head,
By angels can't be told.
Thy life hath been one even course
Of firm unshaken trust
On him who keepeth all his saints,
And watches over their dust.

And when thy days are ended here,
May victory be thy song,
May angels wait thy spirit home,
To join the blood washed throng.

S. A. P.

Greensboro, N. C., April 12th, 1860.

AN OVERPOWERING WEAPON

TO SUBDU

AN OLD BACHELOR.

BY MISS F.

"Why don't you marry, Joe?"

"Marry?" was the answer, made in the most contemptuous manner, and accompanied by a tilt of the chair to allow his slippers feet to rest comfortably upon the carpeted floor.

"Yes, marry. I am, sure you want a wife. You are making ducks and drakes of your income, wasting so much in the house-keeping. House-keeping! The idea of an old bachelor keeping house?"

"Why not? Hannah makes me very comfortable!"
"Comfortable! Look at this room. Everything in the wrong place, dust on the table, and no one of the pretty 'fixes' which women usually furnish at a trifling expense. I am, you fairly support Hannah's family, if I may judge by the quality of provisions, clothes, and fuel she smuggles out of the gate."

"What?"
"Down came the chair, feet and all, and the bachelor, who was tall, handsome, and yet on the right side of forty, stood up before his little cousin, who was flinging home truths so lavishly in his face."
"Fact, Joe, I've seen her do it. Now, a wife would make this house-keeping all straight. Now, do marry, Cousin Joe. I want you to get a real nice wife."

"Where is she to be found?"
"Well, let me see. And the little beauty knit her brow and looked as much puzzled as if the name of the person proposed had not been on the tip of her tongue for the last hour. 'Let me see! Oh, I know! Meta Snow!'"

"What! Meta Snow! The most extravagant girl in the village. Now, if you had said Mary Wright, who dresses simply and has her house furnished so neatly and plainly, I might have consented; but Meta Snow—why, her dresses and bonnets would cost a fortune, not to mention the expensive furniture she delights in. No chairs, sofas, or curtains but embroidered ones suit her, and, oh, worst of all, she spends half her time reading trashy magazines. Meta Snow!"

And Joseph Harris sank back in his chair, utterly overpowered with the magnitude of the idea.
"So Meta's extravagance is the only objection?"
"Well, yes; she is pretty, intelligent, lively, accomplished, but, you know, Jennie, my poor brother's experience makes me dread an extravagant wife—I think he owed his failure entirely to Margaret's love of jewels, fine clothes, and expensive furniture. I am not mean—"

"Indeed you are not, Joe!"
"But I know what a weight on a man's energies an extravagant wife is."
"Then, if I can prove Meta Snow the most economical girl in the village, and that she spends less in one year than Mary Wright in six months, you will give me a new cousin, your wife?"

"Yes, I will; but I bet a dozen pair of kid gloves and a new bracelet against a smoking-cap—mine is very shabby—that you fail!"

"Done! Come spend this evening with me. Good by." And away went Jennie Harris, on matrimonial schemes intent!

The evening found Joe early at his

cousin's. To tell the truth, Meta Snow's pretty face and winning manners had won the bachelor's heart long before, but her apparently expensive habits frightened back the offers often on the tip of his tongue, and he was willing enough to pay the wager, could it but be fairly won.

"Now, Joe," said Jennie, meeting him at the door, "I am going to hide you, and have a little talk with the girls, to which you must listen. If you are here, I should not like to ask all the questions I intend to, and they might be shy of answering."

"Play eavesdropper, Jennie?"
"Exactly; it is fair in such a case. Hark! the bell! There they are. In this closet, Joe?"

"But, Jennie—"
"Hush! You win a wife or a smoking-cap, anyhow. Go in! And, with a parting push, Jennie locked the closet door. Joe, forced to comply now, sat down in the large closet, on a stool considerably provided for the purpose, put his eye to a hole in the pane, took a survey of the visitors just entering. After this, he, with a sling of his shoulders, placed his ear where his eye had been.

The young ladies, both pretty, were dressed in very different styles. Meta wore a light blue silk, with flounces, bonnets of velvet, and a pretty head-dress of blue ribbons on her luxuriant light hair. Mary was attired in a pearl-colored silk, and perfectly plain, with a rich lace collar and sleeves, and wore her dark hair in simple braids, with gold-headed pins at the back.

Jennie opened her batteries at once.
"What a pretty dress, Meta?"
"And that I made it to-day!"
"Made it?"
"O yes, I make all my own dresses; it is quite a saving!"

"I should think it would be," said Mary Wright; "my dressmaker's bills are enormous. I won't have my dresses made anywhere but in Philadelphia, and it costs as small fortune!"

"My patterns come from there," said Meta. "Jennie, I am making you a head-dress like mine. Do you like it?"
"Yes, thank you, very much!"
"It is made out of the ribbon I had on my last blue dress. I got a receipt for renovating ribbons last week, and tried it. My bretelles are of the same."

"I thought it was bran new," said Mary.
"What an economical girl you are, Meta!"
Jennie tittered. "I heard Meta called extravagant to-day," she said. "Come, Meta, deny the charge and prove it false!"
"I think I can without vanity," said Meta. "Father is not rich, and since my mother died I have learned to be economical. I make all my own clothes, bonnets, cloaks, and dresses included, embroider all my collars and sleeves!"

"What?" cried Mary, "those elegant collars and sleeves you wear? Why, I have often said that, although mine cost me so much, they do not compare with yours!"
"It is pretty work to take out when my hands would otherwise be idle," said Meta. "See! I have one here. I will work as I defend myself. Then, Jennie, I make many of father's things—his dressing-gowns, underclothes, slippers—and I embroider seats for all the worn-out chairs and sofas. Our parlor furniture got very shabby, and we could not afford to refurbish; but the curtains I embroidered, and new seats for ottomans, sofas, and chairs, with some of my tidies and a coat of varnish here and there, made it look quite respectable!"

"The prettiest parlor in the village!" said Jennie. "But, Meta, the many fancy articles must be expensive!"
"What, the vases, hanging baskets, lamp shades, and all those things? Oh, no, I make them, and they cost very little. Then, father likes a good table and I have learned to be quite a cook. I put up all our preserves and pickles, make the cake, and can provide new dishes constantly!"

"Mercy!" cried Mary; "why, the preserves, pickles, and cake alone, at our house, cost me a mint of money!"
"But, Meta," said Jennie, "how do you find time for all this? I was informed that you spent half your time reading a trashy magazine!"
"Oh, Jennie, how can you call it so, when you make it so useful yourself?"
"But repeat another's assertion!"
"But, Meta," said Mary, "I should think the patterns and receipts you require for so much work would cost a fortune!"
"They cost me three dollars a year!"
"Where do you get them?"
"From the trashy magazine. Godey's Lady's Book furnishes all this valuable information; and father says his three dollars' expenditure is a clear saving every year of half his former expenses!"
"Let me out! let me out!" cried a voice from a closet behind the young ladies.
"What's that?" cried Mary and Meta, both at once.
"Only my Cousin Joe. Come out, sir!" And Jennie opened the door.
"But what is he doing there?" said Meta.
"Eating my preserves," cried Jennie, giving her cousin a pinch.

"No such thing," said Joe, frankly; "I was eavesdropping, I am ashamed to say. Miss Meta, forgive me the unfounded charges I made, which Jennie has repeated. She defended you at the time, and shut me up here to convince me what a mistake I had made. I take it back; and," he added, in a whisper, to Jennie, "the bracelet and gloves shall be sent here in the morning." I forgive you," said Meta, laughing.
"Mary," said Jennie, "come with me to the dining-room a moment. I want to show you a new basket I made to-day."
Meta was following them, but Joe, inwardly blessing his Cousin Jennie, took her hand and gently detained her.
Reader, my tale is told. Joe Harris lost his wager, and won Meta for his wife. To all bachelors I would say, at parting, "Go thou, and do likewise!"

THE ROCKINGHAM TOBACCO LANDS.

Dr. Emmons has kindly handed us following for publication in relation to the tobacco lands of Rockingham county—

TO THE EDITOR OF THE STANDARD:
Sir: I am induced, for certain reasons, to request the publication of the following analysis of the tobacco leaf raised upon the plantation of Daniel W. Courts, Esq., of Rockingham county, N. C. I obtained the tobacco during my visit to Mr. Courts' plantation last fall, together with the soil upon which it grew. The county of Rockingham is underlain by two kinds of soil, the gray and deep red. The gray is at the surface, and is the true tobacco soil. The soil beneath is red, and very stiff, and is excellent in its place, as it holds both manure and water. By itself it is a wheat soil, while, if mixed with the gray, the tobacco, though it grows larger, does not make so fine and valuable an article. The great extent of this gray soil in Rockingham undoubtedly makes this county one of the best for tobacco in the State. But the quality of it is variable more in consequence of the different modes of using guano and other fertilizers, than from the soil itself. A fine article requires less guano. If, however, a heavy and large leaved variety is wanted, and is worth more than the fine and light, heavy manuring is called for; but then, there is more danger from an early frost, as it will ripen later. On comparing the analysis of the Rockingham and Havana tobacco, it will be observed that there is a very close resemblance, and I have no doubt that Mr. Courts' tobacco will make a fine cigar.

J. EMMONS,
STATE GEOLOGIST.
Raleigh, April 2, 1860.

Analysis of the leaf of tobacco grown in Rockingham county on the plantation of Daniel W. Courts.

Tobacco Leaf.	Hav. Tob.
Carbonate of potash,	11.18 6.18
Sulphate of potash,	3.30 1.95
Chloride of sodium,	4.12 8.64
Carbonate of magnesia,	10.60 7.09
Carbonate of lime,	43.00 51.38
Sulphate of soda,	6.70 7.39
Phosphate of lime and mag,	9.00 9.04
Silex with some coal,	12.00 8.26
	100.10 99.93

Analysis of the soil on which the tobacco grew.

Gray Soil.	Red Soil.
Water,	2.00 3.40
Organic matter,	3.10 2.70
Silex,	89.10 65.14
Iron and alumina,	4.80 23.90
Magnesia,	.60 .40
Carbonate of lime,	1.00 1.00
Potash,	.12 .20
Soda,	.10 .10
Sulphuric acid,	trace .10
Chlorine,	.00 trace
	100.83 98.87

"CAN THE ETHIOPIAN CHANGE HIS SKIN?"
—We have noticed, some time since in some of our exchanges, a statement that the skin of a certain negro, living we think in Savannah or Augusta, Ga., was changing color and becoming white.—We recall to mind this instance, from the fact that there is an old negro on one of our river steamers, who has followed the business of a pilot since 1819, whose skin is now likewise changing from jet black to the fairest white. His neck, and arms as far down as his fingers, are of a smooth, delicate whiteness, that would rival that of the tenderest, purest Circassian. His lips are of a soft, ruddy hue, and his face and body beginning to show the same radical wonderful change. His name is Peter, and a more faithful, true-hearted servant can't be found. He has been the means of rescuing from watery graves several persons in cases of accident to boats on the Chattahoochee River; and, but a few years since, saved from drowning a lady now living in our city. The Ethiopian's skin changes; not by his own power, it is true; still it changes. What is the explanation of this strange physiological phenomenon?—Enfalua (Ala.) Spirit

For the Reporter.
Philadelphia, April 10th 1860.

Mr. Editor:—On a certain day very recently, we left our home and friends (I say we because our better half came with us,) in order to make a tour North, as far as Philadelphia:—and as an idle moment has presented itself, I propose to give your Reporter, a few passing items.

In the first place, we left our home (Trinity College,) and proceeded to your village in the evening, where we had to await the arrival of the two o'clock train next morning. On arriving at your village we stopped at Hunt's Hotel, where we partook of the hospitalities of the ever obliging Landlord and lady—and just here allow me to say, there is no better House north or south; it is not to be denied that there are Houses of like character, which make extra pretensions, but they amount to nothing more than pretensions, with extra charge. On the arrival of the train, we embarked for Weldon, N. C.,—and found the Conductors equally as obliging as our landlord had been the preceding night. On arriving at the place where the conductor proclaimed "Breakfast House, twenty minutes for breakfast"—it would have amused a man with a full stomach, to have seen the passengers rush for the twenty minute repast. Of course we were among the hungry tribe, and if you will enquire of those who know us best, they will tell you that we are hardly ever found in the rear, upon such occasions. Now it is our custom, when we cannot speak well of a thing, not to speak at all—and of course it will be considered that we speak well of the twenty minute breakfast house, when we say that one piece of soap the size of a piece of chalk, had to serve thirty or forty passengers and some of them from the pine woods of Georgia, who, if they did wash before they left home, called loud for soap on this occasion; and then for the dining room we went, not unlike 'May's Charge'—but, instead of consuming the twenty minutes, which was allowed by the polite conductor,—the repast was so provided, in quality and quantity, that it was consumed in less than one fourth the time. We say then, that this twenty minute breakfast house is a very accommodating affair, for there is no danger of the train leaving before you have done eating.

Mr. Editor, we shall have to leave out Weldon and some other important points. On arriving at Portsmouth we took the magnificent boat "Louisiana" for Baltimore. Under the present schedule, the boat leaves Portsmouth, about 4 o'clock in the evening; so that passengers who are curious can get a view of the most important points on the Bay, before the darkness hides them from view. On arriving at Baltimore we had an hour to spend before the train left for Philadelphia, which we spent in examining the most interesting places of that city. We are now in the city of brotherly love, where we are visiting various objects of interest, of which I will speak hereafter.

TEARS A MARK OF POWER.—There is a sacredness in tears. They are not the mark of weakness, but of power. They are messages of overwhelming grief, of deep contrition, of unspoken love. If there were wanting any argument to prove that man was not mortal, I would look for it in the strong, convulsive emotion of the breast when the soul has been agitated, when the fountains of feeling are rising, and when tears are gushing forth in crystal streams. Oh! speak not bashfully of the stricken one weeping in silence! Break not the solemnity by rude laughter or intrusive footsteps. Despair no woman's tear; they are what make her an angel. Scoff not if the sterner heart of manhood is sometimes melted into sympathetic tears; they are what help to elevate him above the brute. I love to see tears of affection. They are painful tokens, but still most holy. There is pleasure in tears, an awful pleasure. If there were none on earth to shed tears for me, I should be loath to live; and if no one might weep over my grave, I could never die in peace.—Dr. Johnson.

A minister of God from a foreign land once remarked to a Christian assembly in this city, "To one sinner that reads the Bible there are twenty who read professing Christians." How important, then, that we should all shine as moral light-houses, that men may not, from our shortcomings and sins, make shipwreck of their immortal souls!

A FORTING COUNTY.—A citizen of Memphis, Tenn., has just returned from a trip to Arkansas, and tells the following, which will convey an idea of how they do up matters in that State:—

Having occasion to stop at a small town on the river, he was compelled to remain over Sunday. After the usual cogitations incident to a Sabbath morning, he strolled through the only street in the place, and halted at the "grocery," around which a crowd of a dozen people were congregated. He remained there three hours, and in that time one man was shot and fatally wounded, and two others seriously stabbed, in three separate fights.

After a fighting country himself, our friend's equanimity was not seriously disturbed; but he was rather surprised that, after the affray were over, the perpetrators of the shooting and stabbing should resume their previous occupation with seeming unconcern. Turning to an acquaintance, he inquired: "Don't you arrest the body here?" "Oh, no!" was the answer, "we ain't incorporated yet!"

A FARODY.
TOBACCO, DRESSMAKERS AND SWIGGERS:—
Head for your own sake, and lay aside your cigars that you may hear; believe me for your welfare, and have respect for your welfare, that you may believe;—consent me in your sober moments, and be sensible that you may the better judge.—If there be around this table any dear lover of ardent spirits, to him I say that Stingo's love of ardent spirits was no less an his. If then that lover demand, why Stingo rose against ardent spirits, this is my answer: not that I loved ardent spirits less; but that I loved health and a sound constitution more. Had you rather that ardent spirits were ruling, and die a ruzbunt knave, than that ardent spirits were contemned, and live a stout hearty yeoman? As ardent spirits were pleasant, I tasted them; as they were exhilarating, I sipped them; as they recruited my strength, I drank them; but as they were ruinous; I spurned them. There are tasters for their pleasurable sips, for their exhilaration, draws for their recruiting power, but banishment and destruction for their ruinous tendency. Who is here so brutal as would be a drunkard? If at a gulp—hickup—reel—for him I have offered. Who is here so foolish as would be a swaggerer? If any brawl, for him I have offended. Who is here so mad as will not mind his health! If any, let ferre speak his burning rage—for him I have offended. I pause for a reply.—Not! Then none have I offended. I have done no more to ardent spirits than you should do to Stingo. The act of their banishment is recorded on the private pages of Stingo's journal; their usefulness not extended wherein they were wof-by, nor the injurious tendency enforced for which they were banished.

CHILDREN BURNED TO DEATH.—A death from Orion, Richland county, Wisconsin, states that a house in that village, occupied by a family named Reagan, was destroyed by fire last Tuesday, and six children perished in the flames, the eldest of whom was sixteen years old.

"A man is, in general, much better pleased," says Dr. Johnson, "when he has a good dinner upon his table, than when his life talks Greek."