HIGH POINT REPORTER.

DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, USEFUL INFORMATION, AND TO DOMESTIC AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Vol. 1. HIGH POINT, N. C., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1860. No. 48.

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 [illegible] and twenty-five cents for each [illegible].

Business cards, not exceeding 10 lines inserted one year for $5,00.

Other advertisements as follows:

	1 YEAR.	6 MONTHS.	3 MONTHS.
1 Column,	$50,00	$30,00	$20,00
1/2 "	30,00	18,00	12,00
1/4 "	20,00	12,00	8,00

For all transient advertisements the cash in advance will be required [illegible] 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 [illegible] 1860.

JACOB T. BROWN, ATTORNEY AT LAW, HIGH POINT N. C. [illegible] High Point, Jan. 12th 1860.

PORTER & GORRELL. *East and West [illegible]* GREENSBORO N. C. Wholesale and Retail dealers in Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, Perfumery. FINE TOILET SOAPS. Fine *Hair* and Tooth Brushes, Surgical and Dental Instruments, Trusses, Supporters and SHOULDER BRACES. pure Wines and Liquors, for medical uses, Glass, Putty, Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Dye-Stuffs, Grass and Garden Seeds, manufactured Tobacco Snuff and Cigars. Feb. 10th, 1860. 5—1y

J. D. MYERS, COMMISSION MERCHANT AND WHOLESALE GROCER, (LIQUORS EXCLUDED.) Agent for J. M. Singer & Co. Wilcox & Gibbs and Jesse C. Conner's Sewing Machines; keeps constantly on hand a supply of Red Cord [illegible]. Solicits consignments and orders and will promptly attend to all business entrusted to him. Office at Old County Wharf. Newbern, Jan. 28th, 1860. 5—1y

W. W. PEIRCE, GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANT. Wilmington, N. C. Refers to Dr. R. C. Lindsay, High Point. Feb. 17th, 1860. 6—tf

A. S. NEWLIN, Manufacturer in *TIN AND SHEET IRON,* AND DEALER IN COOKING STOVES, &c. High Point, N. C. Feb 10, 1860. 5—tf

C. H. STODDARD. J. CLARK. STODDARD & CLARK, COMMISSION MERCHANTS, 150 Font Street, NEW-YORK. January 27th, 1860. 3—1y

N. M. MARTIN, BRO., & Co., GROCERS AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS. Petersburg, Va.

N. M. MARTIN, SON & co., COMMISSION MERCHANTS. RICHMOND, VA. March 2d, 1860 11—1y

J. SHELLY. [illegible] LADIES' FINE SHOES, BOOTS AND GAITERS. [illegible] March 21 1860 8—1y

SHEEK & BOWMAN, DEALERS IN GENERAL MERCHANDISE. Groceries, Oils, Paints, Salt, Fish, Castings, Iron, Leather [illegible] Flour, Bacon, Lard, [illegible] Feathers, Furs, &c. High Point Jan 12th 1860 1—1y

WORTH & DANIEL, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL GROCERS AND Commission Merchants, No. 2 Granite Row, Front Street, Wilmington N. C. Dealers in all kinds of Groceries, Provisions, Fruit, Liquors, Wines, Cigars and Tobacco. Solicits consignments of Flour, Dried Fruit, Feathers, Bees Wax, Tobacco, and Country Produce generally. Agents for Howe's celebrated Scales. D. C. WORTH. N. C. DANIEL. Late of Asheboro' N. C. For the past 7 years with T. C. & B. G. Worth.

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—1y

L. M GILLAM & BROTHER. DEALERS IN GENERAL MERCHANDISE, [illegible] Dried Fruit, Beeswax, Feathers and Rags. High Point, April 12 1860 14—tf

HUNT'S HOTEL. *HIGH POINT, N. C.* NATHAN HUNT, Jr., Proprietor. THIS New and conveniently arranged Hotel is now open for the reception of the travelling public [illegible]

J. T. ELLIOTT, TAILOR. Shop nearly opposite Sheek & Bowman's Store [illegible]

"BY INDUSTRY WE THRIVE." J. J. TURNER, Tailor. [illegible]

J. C. HEDGCOCK, ATTORNEY AT LAW, LEXINGTON N. C. Will practice in the courts of Davidson, Randolph, Guilford, Forsyth and Rowan and will give strict attention to all business entrusted to his care. August, 1860. [illegible]

T. C. & B. G. WORTH COMMISSION & FORWARDING MERCHANTS, WILMINGTON, N. C. Personal attention given to the sale of produce, and prompt returns made. May 10th 1860 18—1y

B. B. BULLA, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Asheboro', N. C. Will practice in the County and Superior Courts of Randolph and adjoining counties. July 5th, 1860. 22—1m

C. M. & G. LINES. MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS IN HEAVY DOUBLE-SOLED BROGANS, SINGLE-SOLED BROGANS, GENTS' KIP Brogans AND OXFORD TIES, At Wholesale and Retail. Thomasville, N. C. Particular attention paid to Double-Soled Brogans, for negro wear, which are warranted to do good service at a Low Price. The patronage of the Southern people is respectfully solicited to this Home Establishment with the assurance that every article sold by us shall be of a good quality. And at a Moderate Price. March 21 1860 8—1y

W. I. VESTAL. *General Agent for the Collection of* [illegible] NEWBERN N. C. [illegible]

GILL AND PAUL, General Commission Merchants. DEALERS IN [illegible] PROVISIONS [illegible] Cheese Oils Dried Fruits. [illegible] No 31 North Water [illegible]

John M Clark, COMMISSION MERCHANT, *WILMINGTON, N. C.* Will give prompt personal attention to the sale or shipment of Naval Stores [illegible] and other kinds of Country Produce. Regular dealer in Lime, Plaister, Cement and Hair. Can supply parties in want of these articles on better terms than any other house in North Carolina. Orders promptly attended to. Agent for Steamer KATE McLAURIN, AND Steamer SUN. July 25th, 1860 27—1y

POETICAL.

Don't Be Angry With Me!

[illegible]

VANITY'S REWARD.

[illegible]

A few years ago, in winter, James Stoneburn, a rich and miserly lawyer, living in the [illegible] part of the city of New York, rang the bell in his private sitting room, and summoned his step-daughter, Ellen Grayam, to his presence.

Ellen, a fair and lovely girl of eighteen years, soon stood before her stepfather, with more of dread than affection in her manner.

"You ever ignored, Miss," said Stoneburn, in a sharp voice, "You remind me of my late wife, your mother; she did nothing but whine and weep until she died. Sit down."

"She had cause enough to weep," said Ellen, with much spirit, and indignant that her mother should be alluded to so scornfully. "She never made but one mistake in her life, and that was when she married you, James Stoneburn. So great a mistake that for ten years she grieved over it, and then died."

"Enough! I have sent for you to know whether you will marry Simon Cline or not?"

"My answer shall be given to Simon Cline, and not to you, sir," replied Ellen.

"Your dignity demands that, I suppose," said Stoneburn, with a sneer. "Mr. Cline."

As he spoke, a large curtain, hiding an alcove window, was moved aside, and a tall, elderly man, with dark and sinister face, placed himself before Ellen Grayam.

"Simon Cline awaits his doom," said this man, bowing and grinning.

Ellen started at his unexpected presence, but, recovering her natural firmness very soon, said to him:

"I inform Mr. Cline that I can never be his wife. Mr. Cline is old enough to be my father."

"The greater your chance of being a rich young widow, my dear," said Simon Cline.

"I have given my final decision," said Ellen, haughtily. "I will now retire, hoping never to be again insulted by either of you."

"Stay," said Stoneburn, "I will tell you the consequences of your refusal, that, having heard them, you may be inclined to reconsider your decision, and change it."

"Nothing can force me to change it; so let me retire," said Ellen.

"You must listen," said Stoneburn. "Your [illegible] lover, my young [illegible], Henry Tyler, a convict."

[illegible]

New York Dec [illegible] 1860.

Dearest Ellen—[illegible]

Your affectionate lover, Henry Tyler.

Poor Ellen sank into a chair, and covered her face with her hands.

"O! this is terrible!" she said. "But he is innocent—I know he is innocent! Poor Henry!"

"A jury shall decide with my evidence and Mr. Cline's," said Stoneburn. "I intercepted that note to you. Come, come—no more tears. I've been drowned with tears these ten years. Go to your room, and think of all I have said."

[illegible]

When she recovered her senses she found herself lying on her bed, and the housekeeper, Mrs. Stevens, bathing her temples with vinegar.

"Ah! I am so miserable," sighed Ellen as she caught the benevolent glance of the housekeeper.

"Will you tell me what is the matter, my poor child?" asked Mrs. Stevens, as Ellen rose and sat up.

"You were always my dear mother's friend," replied Ellen, "and I will tell you all, but I fear you cannot aid me."

She then related all that had passed, and Mrs. Stevens listened with eager attention.

"Henry Tyler is innocent," said Mrs. Stevens, as Ellen concluded. "I know the young man well, and I know his mother—kind hearted widow [illegible]. What a blow it will be to her to hear of this disgrace! You could not have given your love to a more worthy young man, my dear child, and be sure that God will not suffer him to become the victim of those wretches. James Stoneburn, I believe to be a villain; the manner in which he treated your poor mother is proof enough. But you said Simon Cline had given you his likeness."

"His likeness when he was a young man," said Ellen; "and here it is in my hand all the time, as if it was worth—[illegible]?"

She tossed it from her in disgust.

Mrs. Steavens picked the miniature up, saying:

"I would like to see it; for though I have seldom seen Mr. Simon Cline, when I did, he always reminded me of somebody I knew in Alabama nearly thirty years ago. May I look at it?"

"Oh, yes; and then fling it out of the door," cried Ellen.

"Ah!" screamed Mrs. Stevens, as she opened the golden case, and glanced at the picture.

"What is the matter?" cried Ellen, starting in great alarm.

But Mrs. Stevens had fainted, and lay back in her arm chair, pale and senseless.

Ellen knew that the miniature had something to do with [illegible] and secured it before she rang for assistance.

When Mrs. Stevens was restored to consciousness, Ellen dismissed the servants, [illegible]

[illegible]

"Let Mr. Simon Cline ask for [illegible]," [illegible] Ellen.

[illegible]

"We do not live in Turkey, nor among the Mormons," said Ellen. "Mr. Cline has a wife [illegible]."

"What! I? Never!" cried Cline.

The same curtain that had hidden [illegible] the night before was now displaced, and Mrs. Stevens appeared, saying:

"I am that wife, George Grow!"

[illegible] Ellen Mulford and changed my name, that disgrace might not come to me, George Grow!"

In a moment the detected rascal glanced towards James Stoneburn.

[illegible] Henry Tyler before you, for [illegible]"

With these words he hurried away.

[illegible] I am ruined. [illegible]

[illegible]

Mr Simon Cline finally died in Sing Sing, but we have never heard Mrs. Ellen Tyler say that Mrs. Stevens shed a tear about [illegible].

A SKELETON NOVEL.

Blighted Hopes and Broken Hearts, and a Restoration of Both

BY THE "BRILLIANT" EDITOR OF THE NASHVILLE [illegible].

Long story, but must make it short. [illegible] Got the particulars from [illegible] who had it all by heart.

Young man of the name of William. Young lady of the name of Belinda. Lived in the same neighborhood, near neighboring town.—Young man good looking, but not rich—[illegible] money. Young lady [illegible] the death of her grandma went under year ago and left her pile of ten cent pieces large as a pound of wool. Young lady desperately in love with young man, and young man desperately in love with young lady. Young man wouldn't let concealment feed on his cheek; told his love tempestuously.—Young lady acknowledged the corn—'thine forever thine, dearest William,' and wilted into young man's arms as sweet as you please.

Such is life and love. Young lady told young man to interrogate old folks. Young man did. Old folks said "not if they could help it." Young lady broken-hearted—quit combing her hair—took off hoops—wore shoes slipshod, and wanted to find relief in the silent tomb. Young man met young lady by moonlight alone, wanted young lady to throw bundle of clothes out back window, climb down rope-ladder 'into these arms,' and fly to the squire and happiness. 'I must die—I know I shall die, William—but never, never will I wed thee, dearest one, without consent of my parents.' Young man pleads [illegible] Young lady [illegible] Young man [illegible] indignant—upbraids young lady—exeunt.

He [illegible] to find so cold
A heart he deemed so true;
A [illegible] all,
If love like his should woo:—

[illegible]

Young lady went off next day to Kentucky, and young man soon starts for T[illegible]—in a [illegible].

Young lady been two weeks at small town in Kentucky—telegraphic dispatch one night—'Pa quite sick, see if company can be had at hotel, and come home at once.' Young lady [illegible] to know if anybody going to—[illegible] Yes, got a young man going right [illegible]. Early next morning [illegible] young lady and goes round [illegible]. Young man gets in. [illegible] don't say a word—[illegible] 'That distinguished myself.' 'Wretch, where are you going to take me?' 'To the Parsons.' [illegible] hotel last week. Telegraphed old man about it. Old man comes down next day with all the necessary feelings and arrangements to take young lady home a premature widow. But doesn't do it. Young son-in-law gentlemanly and polite—loved daughter so well he couldn't help it. Young wife [illegible] again, with equal proportions of [illegible] 'Kill me if you will, my father, but spare William.' Old man's feelings goes down several pegs; thinks it no use to cut up over [illegible]—get your hats and bonnets and let us go home. Young couple happy as infants with [illegible] of molasses and feathers, [illegible] of baggage; old man pays hotel [illegible].

[illegible] know the only [illegible] fire with snow [illegible] to quench the fire of love with words."

How Sal Disgraced the Family.

A traveler in the State of Illinois, some years ago, came to a log hut on the prairie [illegible]. He went into the [illegible] of logs. It was a wretched affair, with [illegible] a long box for a table, while two or three old chairs and disabled stools graced the [illegible] apartment; the dark walls of which were further ornamented with a display of [illegible] tinware and a broken delf article or two.

The woman was crying in one corner, and the man with tears in his eyes, and a pipe in his mouth, sat on a stool with his dirty arms resting on his knees, and his sorrowful looking head supported by the palms of his hands.

[illegible] a word greeted the interloper.

"Well," said he, "you seem to be in awful trouble here; what's up?"

"Oh, we are most crazed neighbor," said the woman, "and we ain't got no patience to see folks now."

"That is all right," said the visitor, not much taken aback by this polite rebuff; "but can I be of any service to you in all this trouble?"

"Well, we've lost our gal; our Sal's gone off and left us," said the man in tones of despair.

"Ah, do you know what induced her to leave you?" remarked the new arrival.

"Well we can't say, stranger, as how she's so far lost as to be indeed, but then she's gone and disgraced us," remarked the afflicted father.

"Yes, neighbor, and not as I should say it as is her mother, but there wasn't a prettier gal in all the West than my Sal; she's gone and brought ruin on us and on her own head now," [illegible] the grief-stricken mother.

"Who has she gone with?" asked the visitor.

"Well, there's the trouble. The gal could have done well and might have married Martin [illegible], a capital shoemaker who, although he's got but one eye, plays the flute in a lively manner and earns a good living. Then look what a home and what life she has deserted. She was here surrounded by all the luxury in the country," said the father.

"Yes, who knows what poor Sal will have to [illegible] now," said the old woman.

"And who is the fellow that has taken her from you to lead her into misery?" quoth the stranger.

"Why, she's gone off and got married to a [illegible] as lives in the village, and the devil only knows how they are going to get a living."

[illegible]—"John Maynard was well known in the Lake district as a God-fearing, honest, intelligent pilot. He was a pilot on a steamer from Detroit to Buffalo one summer afternoon. At that time those steamers seldom carried boats. Smoke was seen ascending from below, and the Captain called out: "Simpson, go down and see what the smoke is."

Simpson came up, with his face pale as ashes and said:

"Captain, the ship is on fire!" Then "Fire! fire! fire! fire on shipboard!"

All hands were called up. Buckets of water were dashed on the fire, but in vain. There were large quantities of rosin and tar on board, and it was useless to attempt to save the ship. The passengers rushed forward and inquired of the pilot:

"How far are we from Buffalo?"

"Seven miles."

"How long before we may reach it?"

"Three quarters of an hour, at our present rate of steam."

"Is there any danger?"

"Danger, here—see the smoke bursting out!—go forward if you would save your lives!"

Passengers and crew, men, women, and children crowded the forward part of the ship—John Maynard stood at the helm. The flames burst forth in a sheet of fire; clouds of smoke arose [illegible].

"John Maynard!"

"Aye, aye, sir!"

"Are you at the helm?"

"Aye, aye, sir!"

"How does she head?"

"South-east by east, sir."

"Head her South-east and run her on shore."

Again the Captain cried out:

"John Maynard!"

The response came feebly, "Aye, aye, sir!"

"Can you hold on five minutes longer, John?"

"By God's help I will!"

The old man's hair was scorched from the scalp; one hand disabled; his knee upon the stanchion, and his teeth set, with his other hand upon the wheel, he stood firm as a rock. He beached the ship—every man, woman and child was saved, as John Maynard dropped, and his spirit took its flight to his God."