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## THE GLEANER

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DR. C. McLANE'S

CELEBRATED

LIVER PILLS,

FOR THE CURE OF

Hepatitis, or Liver Complaint,

DYSPEPSIA AND SICK HEADACHE.

Symptoms of a Diseased Liver.

AIN in the right side, under the edge of the ribs, increases on pressure; sometimes the pain is in the left side; the patient is rarely able to lie on the left side; sometimes the pain is felt under the shoulder blade, and it frequently extends to the top of the shoulder, and is sometimes mistaken for rheumatism in the arm. The stomach is affected with loss of appetite and sickness; the bowels in general are constive, sometimes alternative with lax; the head is troubled with pain, accompanied with a dull, heavy sensation in the back part. There is generally a considerable loss of memory, accompanied with a painful sensation of having left undone something which ought to have been done. A slight, dry cough is sometimes an attendant. The patient complains of weariness and debility; he is easily startled, his feet are cold or burning, and he complains of a prickly sensation of the skin; his spirits are low; and although he is satisfied that exercise would be beneficial to him, yet he can scarcely summon up fortitude enough to try it. In fact, he distrusts every remedy. Several of the above symptoms attend the disease, but cases have occurred where few of them existed, yet examination of the body, after death, has shown the LIVER to have been extensively deranged.

AGUE AND FEVER.

DR. C. McLANE'S LIVER PILLS, IN CASES OF AGUE AND FEVER, when taken with Quinine, are productive of the most happy results. No better cathartic can be used, preparatory to, or after taking Quinine. We would advise all who are afflicted with this disease to give them a FAIR TRIAL.

For all bilious derangements, and as a simple purgative, they are unequalled.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

The genuine are never sugar coated. Every box has a red wax seal on the lid, with the impression DR. McLANE'S LIVER PILLS.

The genuine McLANE'S LIVER PILLS bear the signatures of C. McLANE and FLEMING BROS. on the wrappers.

Insist upon having the genuine DR. C. McLANE'S LIVER PILLS, prepared by Fleming Bros., of Pittsburgh, Pa., the market being full of imitations of the name McLane, spelled differently but same pronunciation.

### PRESIDENTIAL ASPIRANTS.

A WISE MAN, WHOSE ANCESTORS KNEW HOW IT WAS THEMSELVES, DISCOURSES OF HIS RIVALS FOR 1880.

[Gen. Dick Taylor in the World.]

On an island in its bay the good town of Boston maintains a school for the education of homeless boys, the Arabs of Modern cities. Annually an inspection is held of the condition of the school, the moral and mental progress of the pupils, and the like, when the most solid of the selection present delivers an address adapted to the supposed credulity of his audience. On one occasion the orator of the day after dilating upon the noble charity and elegant culture of Boston, manifested in the care bestowed on the bodies and minds of the young sinners before him, related the story of an ideal, angelic boy who had passed through this reformatory establishment; how he ever obeyed rules and orders, devoted to study the time wasted by his companions in play, and instead of squandering halfpence in the purchase of taffy, peg-tops and marbles carefully hoarded them for a capital upon which to begin life, concluding with the question, "Where do you think this boy is now?" "In heaven," answered a small urchin. "No," was the stern and rebuking response. "No, he is in a store in Boston." Even the credulity of infancy would have rejected the statement that so immaculate a character had become President of the United States.

During the minority of Louis XIV. Cardinal Mazarin governed France. The Order of the Holy Spirit, the Saint Esprit, with those of the Garter and the Golden Fleece, was much prized as the noblest in Europe and its possession sought by the seigneurs of the time.

Deresting the French nobility, which opposed him in the wars of the Fronde, Mazarin bestowed the 'Cordon Bleu' on farmers of the revenue, contractors and such small deer, remarking that its possessors would feel ashamed to wear it, while these without it would complain of neglect. Some of the incumbents of the Presidential office prove that the American people are capable of as much malice as was the cunning Italian. Whatever may be its future fate, the office has not yet fallen so low in popular estimation as to prevent many eminent men from aspiring to hold it, and I frankly confess myself to be of the number. To the end that my sons and grandsons may understand the characters of my rivals, as well as the motives of those who seek to promote their claims, I set down my opinions of the most conspicuous of the aspirants who will solicit the vote of the country in 1880. And this I do with the more freedom as it is not intended to give them to the public. On the contrary, I hereby charge my sons, as they value a father's blessing, to preserve these lines sacredly and secretly among the archives of the family.

THE "RAIN CONJURER" ASPIRANT—GRANT

Livingstone, Anderson and other travellers who first penetrated the interior of the 'dark continent' from Cape Colony encountered the Damara nation, whose king was a wooden-headed tyrant. He murdered his subjects on the slightest pretext, elevated favorites and pulled down opponents, and destroyed the peace and prosperity of the people; but the Damaras adored him. They believed that he had power to control the elements and give or withhold rains. When drought parched their soil, blasted their crops and threatened them with famine, they said, 'Wicked chiefs have angered him. Let us punish them.' When refreshing showers fell they exclaimed, 'Behold the graciousness of our King.' It was the profound remark of eminent German—Professor Dryasdust—that there was much human nature in man no matter what might be the color of his skin or texture of his hair, and the favorable consideration given to the aspirations of ex-President Grant for a third term proves its truth. During the eight years in which he administered our Government he exhibited not only an utter ignorance of but a profound contempt for civil laws. The old practices and traditions of administration were as effectually destroyed as would be the contents of a china shop by the intrusion of a wild bull. The great statesman who founded the Republican party, extinguished the national disgrace of slavery and preserved the Union—Sumner, Greeley, Trumbull, Schurz and others—attempted to restrain his violence, but they were overthrown by his henchmen, under the lead of the venerable Simon Cameron, a Senator from Pennsylvania who shared his detestation of 'literary fellers.'

Yet he has a large following, for he has ever been true to his friends not only in good but especially in evil report. Thousands of office holders, hundreds of ring

men, relatives and connections surpassing in numbers the descendants promised to Abraham rejoice in his prospects of success, but a selfish joy is the only emotion awakened even in their hearts. When the British Government made the short lived peace of Amiens with the great Napoleon, then First Consul, Sheridan wittily said in the House of Commons, 'That it was a peace of which many were glad, but no one proud.' And so of this candidacy. To explain why this is true would require much space and time, and I content myself with a quotation from Ramsay, one of Scotland's sweetest poets: 'Ah! gentle shepherd, tell us why? You, beloved children, who live at a time when our country is happily at peace and war is but a tradition can hardly estimate the glamour of feathers and shoulder straps on the public mind, still less the influence of office holders and elections before the era of the great reform in the civil service of the country so faithfully inaugurated in accordance with his promise by our present enlightened Chief Magistrate—President Hayes—and so successfully promoted by two of the leading members of his Cabinet—the Secretaries of State and of the Treasury. I cannot permit myself to doubt of the entire completion of their upright and patriotic labors.

THE MOGUL (OR MULLIGAN) ASPIRANT—BLAINE.

After a careful comparison of many texts from the Institutes of Menu and the sacred Vedas, a learned Orientalist—the late Sir William Jones—was persuaded that in the ancient Sanscrit, Mogul signified Mulligan. This interesting fact, philologically uniting the dwellers of Hindostan to the inhabitants of the 'Gin of the Ocean,' establishes the truth of the Aryan race now so widely separated; and I recall it because my theme carries me among the weeping Begums and crouching Bengalees on the banks of the Ganges. The victory of Plassey put India at the feet of Clive. On his peacock throne at Delhi the Great Mogul trembled for his zenana and his treasure, the objects most prized by Eastern rulers. Humiliating himself, after the manner of frightened tyrants, before the conqueror, the Mogul led Clive into his treasure chamber, where gold mohurs by the bushel, silver rupees by the lac and countless jewels were stored, and begged him to consider it all his own. Clive, a poor man with large necessities, graciously accepted a million. Returned to England, Robert, Lord Clive, was impeached by the Commons for high crimes committed during his administration of Bengal, and the million taken from the Mogul was especially dwelt upon.

Defending himself before the Peers, he graphically described the scene in the treasure chamber, the millions upon millions exposed to his view, which he had only to stretch out his arm and take. "When," said he, "I recall the event and remember that I limited myself to two poor hundred thousand pounds, by God, my Lords, I am amazed at my own moderation."

In his Mulligan (or Mogul) difficulty James G. Blaine exhibited as much audacity and readiness as did Lord Clive, and the people were convinced that he had used the position of Speaker of the House of Representatives with commendable moderation; and although, my sons, he is one of the most da'rous of my rivals, candor compels me to admit that I really believe he could have made more money out of the place; and you will agree that our free and enlightened people could hardly allow themselves to be outdone in generosity by the Peers of England, who forgave Clive.

But you would have an utterly false conception of Mr. Blaine were you to consider his weakness, now contended, and not regard his strength. Ready, fertile, felicitous, he is the Hotspur of wordy war. Generous to friends, full of magnanimity, he is a great party leader, guiding his followers as the bell wether his flock. Besides, he is a civilian who refuses to worship military idols, and many discreet men believe that if the country could forget the unclean steps by which he climbed he might prove an acceptable Chief Magistrate. A certain master of an Ohio river steamer advertised for a clerk, and a young man presented himself who seemed to be well qualified for the place. "Have you a gold watch and chain, shirt stud, sleeve buttons and a diamond pin?" inquired the master; and learning that the applicant possessed none of these articles of personal adornment, he declined to employ him, because he had found that such things were a necessity to steamboat clerks, and preferred to engage one already provided with them. Now the vast majority of our politicians enter public life destitute of the above mentioned gear, and the people must expect to supply it. Should the voters propose the master's question to Mr. Blaine he could doubtless give an affirmative answer; and this is a recommendation not to be overlooked.

THE ASPIRANT WHO IS THE NEPHEW OF HIS UNCLE—THURMAN.

Altho', my sons, you inherit the family taste for books, your attention may not

have been directed to "Peter Schlemihl" an amusing German story, but with a great moral. Deeming his shadow to be a useless, unsubstantial appendage, Schlemihl sold it for gold. He received untold sums of gold and found himself utterly wretched. Acquaintances fell away, servants abandoned him, and two charming women whom he was about to marry were filled with horror when they discovered that he had no shadow. People jeered him in the streets, boys stoned him, dogs barked at him, and to conceal the want of this airy fabric of vision he fled the light of day and only ventured abroad in darkness, for even the silvery shimmer of the moon betrayed his miserable secret. Association of ideas depends upon contrasts as well as upon resemblances, and though many years have passed since I read 'Pe'er er Schlemihl,' the story comes back as I think of Tilden, the uncle, and Pelton, the nephew. In this case there may have been an exchange instead of a purchase, but however acquired the shadow of the nephew constantly attends the uncle, over whom it appears to exert a baleful influence.

In 1860 the Democratic party lost control of the Government and has not yet wholly regained it. The great Republican party, which extirpated slavery, saved the life and maintained the credit of the nation, achievements to which its members continually "point with pride," fixed upon its adversary the stigma of sympathy with rebels during and of an alliance with them since the civil war. A sense of justice forces me to admit that Democrats expended blood and treasure to save our glorious Union as freely as Republicans, yet the blundering incapacity of their leaders long made them objects of distrust to the loyal masses of the North. As has ever been the practice of victorious armies, the Republicans sullied their triumphs by abandoning themselves to plunder, so that in the year 1876 the Democrats "took heart of grace" and thought to regain possession of power. With singular unanimity for a party so given to wrangling they selected Mr. Samuel J. Tilden, of New York, as their candidate for the Presidency. Known as a manager of local politics and a shrewd man of business who had made a great fortune, Mr. Tilden suddenly blazed forth as a reformer and led the van of the contest against the band of thieves which had seized upon the revenues of the city of New York. Elected Governor of his State he broke up a corrupt canal ring and reduced the expenses of the State Government. Whatever his motives, he certainly deserves credit for these acts, and many thoughtful, dispassionate persons believed him to be possessed of a knowledge of finance and political economy peculiarly fitting him to fill the office of President.

Alarmed by the abuses of Republican administration the country gave the Democratic candidate a majority on the popular vote, although his opponents controlled the machinery of elections. Whether, as his friends declared, Mr. Tilden was entitled to the majority of the electoral votes and the office of President, you, who are far removed from the passions and confusion of the contest, can determine. While positively asserting his right to the Presidency, Mr. Tilden did nothing to enforce it, but left his supporters, whom he has since been scolding, without orders or even advice. Should the late Chairman of the "Democratic National Committee," as did the king-making Warnick, Clarence, pronounce his candidate a failure, there are those who would hold him guiltless. More recently the shadow of the nephew has appeared in many cipher dispatches and will be seen by the public eye whenever the uncle steps into sight.

The last words written by the unhappy Schlemihl to his friend, Von Chamisso, were: "Mr friend, while you live among mankind, learn first to reverence your shadow and next your money." And then: with a slight modification I commend to this aspirant.

To indicate the character of his contemporaries, Mirabeau bestowed upon them composite names, as for instance, the name of Grandison-Cromwell upon Lafayette. Like Moliere, "je prends mon bien on je le trouve," and will imitate this practice of Mirabeau by calling Mr. Roscoe Conkling.

THE PEAECOCK SPHINX ASPIRANT—CONKLING.

Perhaps in your day, my children Egypt will have become as hackneyed to the American citizen as is Clapham Junction to the London cockney, but in my youth a Nile voyage was only taken

by those who desired to complete a polite education, and for this I passed a winter on the banks of the ancient river. Nothing in the land of Tothmes impressed me more than the Sphinx—its majestic beauty, its solemn silence, silence that seemed ever on the point of breaking into speech of wonderful import. The experience of ages rested on its awful brow, for it had seen the Shepherd and the Ethop dynasties, Pharaoh and Joseph, Cambyse, Alexander, Caesar, Saracen, Maneluke, French, English and Turk. Even the last and most dire invader, the Jew, fails to disturb its repose. In liveliness of form and feature Mr. Conkling resembles this prehistoric statue. A look of profound, unfathomable wisdom in the midst of silence, a certain "I could-an-I-would" expression is common to both. Indeed, Mr. Conkling's enemies have not hesitated to charge him with hypocrisy, as did Fox Lord Thurlow, because it has not been given to mortal man to be as wise as he looks. During the recent contest for the Presidency Mr. Conkling in his place in the Senate delivered a very able and statesmanlike speech by which was overthrown by the pretended right of the presiding officer of the Senate to open and count the electoral votes. In this, opposed to the majority of his party, he exhibited courage and patriotism and is entitled to the gratitude of the country. Since, he has preserved a Sphinx-like silence, though friends authorized to speak for him assure the public that he condemns the acts and methods of the successful candidacy for the Presidency and is possessed of information to sink him and his advisors in an ocean of infamy. The natural curiosity of the public mind for information concerning these matters from Mr. Conkling's own lips was for a time stayed by a belief that he was gestating and would in due course be delivered of a speech—"the greatest effort of his life."

"She had not lived four months in garrison when she was seized with frequent qualms and retchings; in a word, she congratulated herself on the symptom of her own fertility. She knew this was the proper season for vindicating her sovereignty and accordingly employed the means which nature had put in her power. There was not a rare piece of furniture and apparel for which she did not long, and exhibited such a specimen of her taste and magnificence as afforded speculation to the whole country. Her pride seemed now to lose all hereditary respect and prompt her to outline and undervalue the elders of her family, and she behaved with sort or civil reserve that implied a conscious superiority. She every day communicated her importance to the whole parish, under pretence of taking the air in her coach. Nor was this an undertaking attended with great difficulty; for all persons whatever capable of maintaining a certain appearance will be rated in point of character according to their own valuation, without subjecting their pretensions to the smallest doubt or examination. In all her visits and parties she seized every opportunity of declaring her present condition, observing that, she was forbid by her physicians to taste such a pickle, and that such a dish was poison to a woman in her way. Meanwhile she happily advanced in her reckoning, the midwife was in the house, the gossips were summoned and the most interesting expectations prevailed; but the symptoms of labor gradually vanished, and as the matron sagely observed, this was no more than a false alarm." And so of "the greatest" effort of Mr. Conkling's life, although the usual term of gestation has long passed. This description of Mrs. Truncheon, from the writings of the ingenious Tobias Smollett, M. D., is quoted because in your time a superior and refined taste will have probably driven this author from your libraries.

If the peacock be the emblem of pride and vanity, it must be admitted that the bird is ever solicitous for the cleanliness of its brilliant plumage, and conceding that his enemies are justified in ascribing his qualities to Mr. Conkling, I have always heard and believed that he is an upright man who sojourns in mean things and actions. No shadow should be forgotten that Chatham, the loftiest, ablest statesman of England, draped his flannels theatrically, arranged his curl to lend increased terror to his frown and practiced his gestures before a mirror. Bold and defiant to foes, Mr. Conkling is devoted and faithful to friends, is a ready and effective speaker, a good lawyer, and has much of the ability of a statesman. Indeed I am not disposed to deny that with his character and acquirements he would make a dignified, worthy Chief Magistrate, but he is of too haughty a nature to make

friends, and there not a formidable rival. It is remarkable that Mr. Conkling has ever been a supporter of and an apologist for our "Rain Conjurer" aspirant, to whom in ability, in education and in capacity for administration he is as superior as was Prospero to Caliban.

And now, my sons, I go to the region called by its inhabitants "the mighty West," which in your time I trust will have become as "mighty" in culture, taste and knowledge of the laws of finance and currency as it is now weak. From this quarter comes my next subject—

THE ASPIRANT WHO IS THE NEPHEW OF HIS UNCLE—THURMAN.

The works of Charles Dickens are so rapidly losing their popularity that before you read these sketches they may be quite forgotten. In one of his early stories—"Barnaby Rudge"—appear two characters, old Joe Willet and his son young Joe. Old Joe was perhaps the most ignorant stolid and leather headed inn-keeper in all England. He believed in nothing but his own limited experience scouted the opinions of others and was filled with profound reverence for his own wisdom. After young Joe had become a fine, brisk young man having inherited some brains from his mother, the father continued to treat him as a child, never permitting him to open his mouth and in every way making his life a burden, and in this old Joe was assisted by some miserable parasites who smoked their pipes in his tap-room. At length, out of sheer desperation, young Joe ran away and enlisted for a soldier. Some years elapsed before he returned minus an arm, and old Joe died in the vain attempt to understand these new and singular facts.

Of the great Scottish Earldom of Mar Lord Kaim said that its origin was lost in the mists of antiquity; and so of the time of William Allen, of Ohio, "uncle" of Allen G. Thurman. Among other sapient utterances vouchsafed to his fellow-citizens by "old Mr. Allen," is that of the superior value of a currency since known as the "Ohio idea." 'Tis only by comparison with his venerable uncle that the nephew can be called young.

Past sixty years, ripe in experience and knowledge, Mr. Thurman formerly occupied the seat of justice in his State, and proved a learned and upright judge, on whose shoulders the crime has suffered no stain. For many years he has been the acknowledged leader of his party (the Democratic) in the Senate and is widely known and respected as an able debater and profound jurist whose voice is always heard in defence of liberty and law. Record of the great controversies about gold silver and greenbacks will doubtless survive until your times and enable you to determine their merits; but I will say a word about silver, so that you may understand how the public whale was gulled into swallowing the book baited with the private sprat.

Necessities of war induced our Government to resort to forced loans in the form of irredeemable legal-tender paper, which of necessity drove gold and silver out of circulation, and so effectually that a coin of either of these metals was hardly to be seen for some fourteen years. In 1875, ten years after we had put down the rebellion and our beloved country was at peace, Congress passed an act to resume specie payments on the 1st of January 1879. The financial crash of 1872 enforced habits of economy upon our people to such an extent as to turn the balance of foreign trade largely in our favor. This especially, and in some measure the Resumption act, enhanced the value of greenbacks—Government paper money—and approximated them to gold. Meanwhile the commercial nation of Europe had adopted a gold standard, using silver for subsidiary coin. Even the Latin Union, as it was called, while theoretically holding to bimetalism practically relegated silver to a secondary place. The price of silver bullion in the London market fell some ten or twelve pence per ounce. This was of no consequence to the vast majority of our people, but a few score silver miners in Nevada were astute enough to arouse the entire West. From the anxiety to "make a market for silver" one might have supposed that every man west of the Alleghenies had tons of the metal for sale. A sentimental enthusiasm was evoked and people tearfully clamored for the dollar of their fathers. This, too, in a region a large proportion of whose inhabitants to prove that their fathers ever existed, would have been forced to visit cemeteries in the Eastern States or across the sea—fathers who in the flesh would have assuredly castigated them for uttering nonsense. Representatives from the South, so generously readmitted to their seats in Congress, joined in the hue and cry, although the cotton and tobacco pronounced by their constituents sold for gold prices while all they bought was paid for at increased rates in depreciated currency. The influence of Uncle William Allen and the popular outcry dragged Mr. Thurman from his position.

One of the most eminent barristers of England once related to me during a residence in his interesting country, the following: In his arduous for the cause of the cause of his client he mistook a point of law, whereupon the learned judge presiding in the court said: "Sir, this is no law, and no man in England knows it better than you."

I am disposed to think that the people have reached a similar conclusion about Mr. Thurman's more recent course on finance and currency, and that he will not receive much support for the Presidency. He will lament that he did not follow young Joe's example and run

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