

THE ALAMANCE GLEANER.

VOL. 1.

GRAHAM, N. C., TUESDAY, APRIL 27, 1875.

NO. 12.

THE GLEANER.
PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
PARKER & JOHNSON,
Graham, N. C.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION, Postage Paid

One Year	\$2 00
Six Months	1 00
Three Months	50 00
For 6 copies to one P. O. 1 year	\$10 00
" " " " " " 6 months	5 00
" " " " " " 3 months	2 50
" " " " " " 1 year	15 00
" " " " " " 6 months	8 00
" " " " " " 3 months	4 00
" " " " " " 1 year	25 00
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Transient advertisements payable in advance; yearly advertisements quarterly in advance.

	1 mo.	2 mo.	3 mo.	6 mo.	12 mo.
1 square	\$ 2 25	\$ 3 50	\$ 4 50	\$ 7 50	\$ 12 00
2 "	3 00	4 50	5 50	9 00	15 00
3 "	3 50	5 00	6 00	10 00	18 00
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5 "	4 50	6 00	7 00	12 00	22 00
6 "	5 00	6 50	7 50	13 00	24 00
7 "	5 50	7 00	8 00	14 00	26 00
8 "	6 00	7 50	8 50	15 00	28 00
9 "	6 50	8 00	9 00	16 00	30 00
10 "	7 00	8 50	9 50	17 00	32 00
11 "	7 50	9 00	10 00	18 00	34 00
12 "	8 00	9 50	10 50	19 00	36 00
13 "	8 50	10 00	11 00	20 00	38 00
14 "	9 00	10 50	11 50	21 00	40 00
15 "	9 50	11 00	12 00	22 00	42 00
16 "	10 00	11 50	12 50	23 00	44 00
17 "	10 50	12 00	13 00	24 00	46 00
18 "	11 00	12 50	13 50	25 00	48 00
19 "	11 50	13 00	14 00	26 00	50 00
20 "	12 00	13 50	14 50	27 00	52 00
21 "	12 50	14 00	15 00	28 00	54 00
22 "	13 00	14 50	15 50	29 00	56 00
23 "	13 50	15 00	16 00	30 00	58 00
24 "	14 00	15 50	16 50	31 00	60 00
25 "	14 50	16 00	17 00	32 00	62 00
26 "	15 00	16 50	17 50	33 00	64 00
27 "	15 50	17 00	18 00	34 00	66 00
28 "	16 00	17 50	18 50	35 00	68 00
29 "	16 50	18 00	19 00	36 00	70 00
30 "	17 00	18 50	19 50	37 00	72 00

Transient advertisements \$1 per square for the first, and 50 cents for each subsequent insertion. Advertisements not specified as to time, published until ordered out, and charged accordingly. All advertisements considered due from first insertion. One inch to constitute a square.

POETRY.

TWO PICTURES.

BEFORE MARRIAGE.

My Maggie, my beautiful darling,
Creep into my arms, my sweet,
Let me fold you again to my bosom
So close I can hear your heart beat.
What! these little fingers ben sewing?
One's pricked by the needle I see;
These hands shall be kept from such labor
When once they are given to me.

All mine, little pet, I will shield you
From trouble and labor and care,
I will robe you like some fairy princess,
And Jewels shall gleam in your hair.
Those slippers you gave me are perfect
That dressing gown fits to a T.
My darling, I wonder that heaven
Should give such a treasure to me.

Eight—nine—ten—eleven! my precions,
Time flies so when I am with you—
It seems but a moment I've been here,
And now, must I say it?—Adieu!

AFTER MARRIAGE.

Oh, Mag, you are heavy—I'm tired;
Go sit in the rocker I pray;
Your weight seems a hundred and ninety,
When you plump down in that sort o' way;
You had better be mending my coat sleeve;
I've spoken about it before,
And I want to finish this novel,
And look over those bills from the store.

This dressing gown fits like the d—;
These slippers run down at the heel;
Strange, anything can never look decent;
I wish you could know how they feel.
What's this bill from Morgans? Why surely
It's not for another new dress?
Look here! I'll be bankrupt ere New Year,
Or your store bill will have to grow less.
Eight o'clock? Mag sew on this button
As soon as you finish that sleeve—
Helge-ho! I'm so ducedly sleepy,
I'll pile off to bed I believe.

The *Wilmington Star* collates the following notable parts of a conversation between Hon. L. Q. C. Lamar, member of Congress from Mississippi and a reporter of the *Atlanta Herald*:

Reporter—"You say that you think it possible that New Hampshire will go to the democracy in the next election—do you think it likely that the democrats will elect their next President?"

Mr. Lamar—"I know it to be quite certain that there is an overwhelming majority against the administration in the country. I do not imagine though that this majority is within the ranks of the democratic party. It exists under different names, as separate elements, and is controlled by distinct influences. On the one issue of opposition to the present administration—its centralizing tendencies, its corrupt practices and its incompetent rule—this majority is agreed. On other issues it is divided into elements, more or less antagonistic. If this loose and diverse majority can be harmonized if, in other words, the elements can be brought to believe that the points of union are more essential than the points of difference the administration will be swept from power on the side of a humiliating defeat?"

Reporter—"What do you think of the democratic tidal wave of last year? Won't that be strong enough to sweep the administration from power?"

Mr. Lamar—"Certainly, if the union of parties which produced that result can be kept unbroken. The victories were not strictly democratic victories. They were not achieved by the democratic party, as a party, but by democrats, conservatives, liberal republicans and anti-administration men, fighting for the time under the democratic flag, just as the democrats in the Greeley campaign fought under the liberal republican flag. They were allies of the democratic party, not converts to its doctrines. It is all important for us to

realize that it was a triumph achieved by co-operation, not by conversion. These allies though friendly still to the democratic party, and hostile to the present administration, are not bound indissolubly or even securely to ours. If they are content to fight the next fight with us, we will whip it. If they are driven off we will lose it.

Reporter—"Do you think that this harmony will be maintained?"

Mr. Lamar—"I am hardly prepared to answer that question. The great liberal and conservative elements would like to see the democrats in power, I think, provided it would show some difference to liberal opinions, and some appreciation of liberal leaders. There is a pungent apprehension through the minds of the whole liberal or conservative party, that as soon as the democrats get into power they will inaugurate reactionary legislation, and will throw the liberal leaders overboard. I have already heard a point made on the defeat of Schurz. Now, we are all glad to have Gen. Cockrell in the Senate. He is an able and patriotic man. But Schurz was undoubtedly the leader of the liberal movement. He was the most brilliant, daring exponent it had. He led all the great republican captains out of the ranks, and joined them to the democratic party. He organized the revolt, as far as it is in his power to organize anything. Added to this, he was one of the very ablest statesmen that ever sat in the Senate; and as pure as he is able. There is no man who did more, none who did as much the liberals say, towards the disruption of the radical party, and the consequent democratic triumph, as Carl Schurz. And yet, (they say distinctly) the very first thing the democrats do when they get into power is to throw Schurz contemptuously overboard, without giving him even a complimentary vote. This sort of work, if persisted in by the democrats, will, the liberals and conservatives say, drive these party friends back into the republican ranks."

Reporter—"You seem to be very certain that victory will be the result of a combination of all of the elements of opposition to Grant?"

Mr. Lamar—"I am. Look at the auspices under which we go into the canvass. In the last canvass, we had as a nominee, a man whose nomination disappointed Schurz and the other liberal leaders, and who excited a revolt in the democratic camp. The very department of the Federal Government was in the hands of the enemy. Not only this; an overwhelming majority of the State governments were in their hands. Now, we find the new canvass opening with a vast majority of all the officers directly dependent upon the elective principle under control. We have carried over two-thirds of the States, and in a decided majority of them have control of both the Executive and Legislative Departments. The revolution has gone further; we have a large majority in the only branch of the Federal Government that is directly respondent to the elective principle. The House of Representatives, the only channel through which the popular life of this country is poured into the Federal Government is democratic and is completely in our hands.

Now, if nothing is done to disturb the alliance under which these victories were won, they can be repeated, and repeated with an emphasis that will startle the most sanguine, it is impossible to predict the result."

Reporter—"Do you think Grant will try a third term?"

Mr. Lamar—"I do. I think that he is now a candidate for renomination. An immense effort will be made to defeat him in the nominating convention; but I have no idea can be done. We may count pretty certainly on having Grant to run against in the Centennial canvass."

Reporter—"This harmony being secured, do you think the democrats can carry the country?"

Mr. Lamar—"I think they can elect Charles Francis Adams, or Judge Davis, of the Supreme Court; either of them with a large degree of certainty. Either of these men can consolidate the whole opposition vote. They could carry the liberal conservative element without trouble, and the democratic organization leading this, can carry the country. I think either of these men could be elected by an overwhelming majority. It is probable that Blaine could be elected by the same influences. He is an immense power, and possibly the ablest man in the republican party. I see that the democrats of Philadelphia gave him a formal banquet the other day."

Reporter—"Do you think a straight

and pronounced democrat can be elected?"

Mr. Lamar—"It is possible that Thurman, Hendricks or Bayard might be elected. These gentlemen have the entire confidence of the democracy of this country. Either of them would develop its fullest strength. If they can carry the liberals there would be no doubt of it. This might be well done by a proper platform. In this matter of the platform we have a Scylla and Charybdis to steer between. We must have no more O'Conner movements. On the other hand we must not be trotting out dead issues, drive off our allies. With all the elements of opposition combined, we have a certain victory. Without that I am afraid the democratic party is not strong enough to carry things."

The reporter asking him why he didn't deliver a speech when rose to do so during the John Young Brown excitement in Congress, Mr. Lamar replied by relating what happened at a splendid banquet in Washington. He said: Mr. Sam Bowles, of the Springfield *Republican*, rose and peeping over his wine glass in a wicked way, said, "Mr. Lamar, we want you to repeat to us right now and here the terrible speech you were going to fulminate against Hoar in the House during the John Young Brown discussion!" Now there was a startling proposition for me. I wasn't mad with the pleasant people in front of me. I had no reason to hurl a storm of indignant remarks at their heads. Besides I was not in a rage about anything, and I really didn't have any indignant remarks at hand. I was in a dilemma—I knew that I was in a brilliant company, and that no half-way manners would do. Right in front of me sat Gail Hamilton; I didn't know it was her at that time but I did know she was a very bright woman, for she had just dropped the wise and witty remarks that "John Young Brown should not have been censured for prevarication, for lying is the cohesive power of society." In her presence I didn't dare to attempt to build a vehement speech on a basis of good humor, and rare wine, and I didn't know what to do. I replied, however, that I would first illustrate my position, by an allusion to a well-known book, and then if the party insisted on a rehearsal of this undelivered, an hence, famous speech, I would do my best to satisfy them. "You will remember," I said to them, "that once upon a time a friend met Mr. Thackeray, and says to him, 'Mr. Thackeray, the book of Vanity Fair closes leaving Becky Sharp half hidden behind a door, with a long keen knife gleaming in her hands, and her eyes a flame with jealousy and passion, bent upon a man sitting with his back turned to her, writing at a desk. Now, I want to know, what did Becky Sharpe do?' 'My dear fellow,' says Thackeray tapping him on the shoulder, 'that is exactly what I have always wanted to know myself.'"

"You can very well imagine that I was not troubled with any more requests to rehearse my unborn speech."

A LITTLE ABSENT-MINDED.—Shortly after the Southern Canada train from Toledo to Detroit pulled out yesterday afternoon the conductor came into the front car on his accustomed round. His face wore its usual bland expression, but there was a far-off look in his eyes, and he gazed over the heads of his passengers as he smiled to himself and muttered unintelligible things. But when he punched a hole in a \$5 green-back and stuck a 50 cent scrip in a man's hat-band, the question of his sanity was seriously considered among the spectators. The matter, however, was explained when a lady asked what time the train reached Detroit, and Murray beamingly replied, "Eight pounds and a half, ma'am." As it is Murray's first daughter, a little absence of mind is certainly excusable in view of the happy event.—*Toledo Blade.*

A DANBURY BOY HAS FUN.—Robert Collyer says the children must have less study and more fun. He is right. There is the boy in the family across the way. Last Thursday afternoon he put a dead mouse in his mother's work-basket, attached a split stick to the tail of the next-door cat, set the vinegar faucet up in business, palmed himself off as a ghost on the hired girl when she went down cellar after the butter, besmeared his father's choice bantam rooster with blue ink, and finally wound up the entertainment by tying the boiler to a strange dog's tail, and slipping down in the slush and hurting his back. His exasperated father hardly knows which to hunt up first—the strange dog with the boiler, or Robert Collyer.

NORTH CAROLINA CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION OF THE MECKLENBURG DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

PROGRAMME.

One hundred guns, at sunrise, and ringing of city bells, under charge of the Artillery Committee.

To march at 10 o'clock, A. M., Grand Procession, through the principal streets of the city, under charge of Chief Marshal and thirty Assistant Marshals, as follows:

- Military Companies.
- Fire Companies.
- Masonic Lodges.
- Odd Fellows.
- Knights of Pythias.
- Good Templars.
- Patrons of Husbandry.
- County Organizations.
- Other Associations of City, County, State and Citizens.
- Press Organizations.
- Various Centennial Committees.

Accompanied by Various Bands of Music, and their own Special Banners, Emblems and Insignia.

The Procession will be formed in the following order:

- Military Companies on both sides of South Tryon street, right front resting in front of Central Hotel.
- Fire Companies on West Trade street and on Church street, opposite Fireman's Hall.
- Grand Lodge, County Organizations, other city, county and State Associations, and Citizens' and Press Organizations, on East Trade street.
- Masonic Lodges, Odd Fellows, Knights of Pythias, and Good Templars, on North Tryon street, from the square to be followed by Band of Music with Military Company, to be assigned by Chief Marshal as guard of honor or escort.

In carriages, the following: The President of the United States, Governor of Tennessee and staff, Governors of other States, Governor of North Carolina and staff, United States Senators and Supreme and Superior Court Judges of North Carolina, Mayor of the city, and other invited guests, orators and reader, accompanied by committees.

Parade to be through principal streets, to arrive at the Speaking Grounds at 12 o'clock M. After the various companies and organizations, &c., have been arranged by the Chief Marshal and Assistants, the Centennial will be opened with prayer by the Chaplain, Rev. Robt. Hall Morrison, D. D., after which reading of the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence by ———, followed by addresses by ———.

After the addresses there will be, at 3 o'clock P. M., a Grand Barbecue. After which Military and Fire Company display.

At night, at 7 o'clock P. M., Grand Torch Light Procession with Chinese Lanterns, Emblems, Transparencies, &c., &c. After which addresses will be delivered from the Stand in Independence Square, on the site of the original Declaration of May 20, 1775, corners of Trade and Tryon streets. There will be general illuminations of the houses on principal streets.

The Celebration to conclude with a Grand Pyrotechnic Display, consisting of beautiful Emblems, Figures, Mottoes, &c., &c., appropriate to the occasion, under charge of the Artillery Committee.

The Chief Marshal, with thirty Assistant Marshals, to be hereafter announced.

Approved and adopted by Central Executive Committee, March 24, 1875.

DR. JOSEPH GRAHAM,
Chairman Executive Committee.
THOS. W. DEWEY,
Secretary Executive Committee.

March 25, 1875, ratified and adopted by General Committee of Arrangements.

HE GOT EXCITED.—Old Mr. Throop, up on Eight-street, is as good as he is corpulent, and has a way of singing hymns in soft undertones as he goes along the street. Yesterday morning he was picking his way along the slippery grade down Division street, singing, as usual, and he just finished the line, "A charge to keep I have," when he felt a terrible concussion, and the air was full of hats and spectacles, and red handkerchiefs, and Arrie overshoes, and old Mr. Throop blended his hymn into "Dog gone the diddley dad bridged infernal old trap to the gol dinged flukes." And of all the people who helped him up and handed him his things, not one could tell what he meant by those remarkable phrases, and we don't believe he knew himself. *Burlington Hawkeye.*

A SOLEMN SKETCH.

PUFFIN AN UNDERTAKER.

"I've taken your paper for twenty-six years," he commenced, as he reached the head of the stairs, says the *Detroit Free Press*, "and now I want a puff."

He was a very tall, slender man, had a face which hadn't smiled since 1842, and his neck was embraced by a white cravat; and his hands were thrust into black gloves.

"I've got a new hearse, a new stock of coffins, and I want a local notice," he continued, as he sat down and sighed, as if ready to screw a coffin lid down.

"My dear sir," replied the man in the corner, "I've met you at a great many funerals, and your general bearing has created a favorable impression. You sigh with the sighers, grieve with the grievers, on extra occasions you can shed tears of sorrow, even though you know that you can't get 10 per cent, of all your bill in six months."

"Yes," sighed the undertaker, instinctively measuring the length of the table with his eye, and wandering to himself why editors' tables weren't covered with crape, with rows of coffin nails around the edges.

"Death is a very solemn thing," continued the corner; "but still, it is an occasion when one can appreciate a neat thing. I've seen you rub your knuckles against door-posts and never change countenance, I've seen you listen to eulogies on men who owed you for twenty years before their death, and you looked even more solemn than the bereaved widow; I've seen you back your hearse up to a door in such an easy, quiet way that it robbed death of half its terrors. All this have I seen and appreciated, but couldn't write a puff for you."

"Why not?" he demanded.
"For many reasons. Now, you have a new hearse. Could I go on and say: 'Mr. Sackcloth, the genial undertaker has just received a fine new hearse, and we hope our citizens will endeavor to bestow upon it the patronage such enterprise deserves. It rides easy, is handsomely finished, and those who try it once will want no other. Could I say that?'"

"No, not well."
"Of course I couldn't! You all call a grocer or a dry goods man 'a genial friend,' and it's all right, but you aren't genial—you can't be. It's your business to be solemn. If you could be even more solemn than you are, it would be money in your pocket."

"That's so," he said, sighing heavily.
"If it was an omnibus, or a coal cart or a wheelbarrow, I could go on and write a chapter on every separate spoke, but it isn't you see."

He leaned back and sighed again.
"And as to your coffins, they are doubtless nice coffins, and your prices are probably reasonable; but could I go on and say: 'Mr. Sackcloth, the undertaker, has just received his new styles in spring coffins, all sizes, and is now prepared to see as many of his old customers as want something durable at a moderate price.' Could I say that?"

Another sigh.
"I couldn't say that you were holding a clearing out sale, in order to get ready for the spring trade, or that, for the sake of increasing your patronage, you had decided to present each customer with a chromo. I couldn't say that you were repairing and repainting, and had the most attractive coffin shop in Detroit. It wouldn't do to hope that people would patronize you, or to say that all orders sent in by mail would be promptly filled, and that your motto was quick sales and small profits."

He put on the look of a tombstone, and made no reply.
"You see, if you had stores to sell, or dealt in mackerel, or sold fishing-tackles, everything would be lovely! You are an undertaker—solemn, sedate, mournful. You revel in crape, and you never pass a black walnut door without thinking how much good coffin lumber was recklessly wasted. The tolling bell is music to you, and the city hall flag at half-mast is fat on your ribs. We'd like to oblige you, but you see how it is."

"Yes, I see," he sighed, and he formed in procession and moved down stairs, looking around now and then to see if the hearse was just thirty-four feet behind the officiating clergyman's fear-riage.

The Art School at Welmar, in Germany, has lately added to the number of its professors the celebrated painter of animals, Albert Brendel. This artist now stands very high in the particular department of art to which he has devoted himself. His pictures of sheep, especially, are strikingly true to life, and are the results of prolonged, untrifling practical study.

A CHESTERFIELDIAN ASSISTANT.

Useful Fellow in Many Newspaper Offices.

(Philadelphia Times.)

We have added a man to our staff. He is the Chesterfield of the editorial corps, and occupies the first room several doors from the chief editorial retreat. He is of Hibernian persuasion, has bright red hair, strong, sinewy arms, and airs himself with coat off and sleeves well rolled up. He sports a cane, that is always handy, of solid hickory, huge dimensions, and loaded at the butt. He keeps two pets of the English bull-dog breed, with a litter of well grown pups in coner to keep up the supply in case of accident, and it is a fancy of his to keep a brace of loaded blunderbusses leaning against his chair. It is his business to do the detectable part of the editorial work of the *Times*. He receives the short-haired women and long-haired men, who flock to every new paper with piles of manuscript upon their favorite hobbies, said to be "Just the thing for an independent Journal," and he welcomes the large growing family of Colonel Mulberry Sellers who have a patent method for paying the National debt, and for making money plenty for everybody without earning it—all of which they could demonstrate to the satisfaction of any one by publishing forty or fifty columns in an independent journal. He also greets the crowd that comes with the scandal of the streets and gin mills, and insist upon publishing it anonymously "to break up the Rings" and restore the city to law and order. With all these, and others in the same useful line, abounding with information that has hitherto been entirely unappreciated, our new Chesterfieldian man has to deal, but he acquires himself with wonderful satisfaction—Now and then there is a little confusion in his office—a chair or a table is broken, or a window smashed, and once in a while the dogs are seen pawing bits of silks and bugles and such things, and pantaloons patches out of their teeth, and the pups do occasionally play with an ancient reticule, or a grandmother's fan, or an odd shirt-dickey, but upon the whole the department is a success, and we can confidently commend it to all our brethren inclined to an independent Newspaper venture.

A UTAH HORROR.

[Rocky Mountain News.]

An atrocious tragedy was committed in Toquerville, Utah, last Thursday, which, for some unaccountable reason, was not reported by telegraph. Richard Fryer, who has lately labored under the hallucination that he was a second Jesus Christ, entered his house in the evening and found Thomas Batty a friend of the family, lighting a fire in the grate. Believing that Batty was an emissary of the devil, who was trying to burn his premises, the lunatic rushed for a pistol and shot him through the head. Mrs. Fryer, paralyzed with fear, crouched in a corner, and was shot through the heart by her demonic husband. The next thing he did was to go to a cradle where his infant child was lying asleep, and deliberately blow its brains out. This was the crowning act of the almost unparalleled tragedy. Fryer then sallied forth into the village, armed with a revolver and a gun, proclaiming himself the Lord, and saying that he had slain the devil and several of hisimps. The Sheriff, being unable to arrest Fryer and fearing that still other lives might be sacrificed, killed him with a shot from a navy revolver. Batty, Mrs. Fryer, the babe, and the slayer of them, all were buried on St. Patrick's Day from the same house.

FEMALE RIGHTS.

[Professor E. S. Morse.]

Only the female spider spin webs. They own all the real estate, and the males have to live a vagabond life under stones and in other obscure hiding places. If they come about the house so often as to bore the ruling sex, they are mercilessly killed and eaten. The spider's skin is as unyielding as the shells of lobsters and crabs, and is shed from time to time in the same way to accommodate the animal's growth. If you poke over the rubbish in a female spider's back yard, among her cast-off corsets you will find the jackets of the males who have paid for their sociality with their lives—trophies of her barbarism as truly as scalps show the savage nature of the red man.

There is in the United States 156 firms and corporations engaged in the silk manufacture, with an aggregate capital of \$16,000,000 and with a force of 10 651 operatives. New York has 61 of these establishments, New Jersey 30, Connecticut 22, and Massachusetts 12.