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THE GLEANER.

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MEDICINES, LARD,
HARDWARE, & C. C.
Petins Cash on Order.
16-16m

New Drug Store.
DR. J. S. MURPHY
where anything kept in a well ordered Drug Store may be found.
The physicians of the county and the public generally are invited to patronize this new enterprise. An experienced druggist—a regular graduate in pharmacy, is in charge, so that physicians and the public may rest assured that all prescriptions and orders will be correctly and carefully filled.
Prices as reasonable as can be afforded.

S. C. ROBERTSON,
DEALER IN
Grave Stones
AND
MONUMENTS,
GREENSBORO, N. C.

Pumps! Pumps!!
THOMAS S. ROBERTSON,
Company Shops, N. C.,
is manufacturing and selling the best and
CHEAPEST PUMPS
ever offered to the people of this State. These pumps are made of wood and pump water as well as any one who produces them could make. They are easy as any one wanting water could wish. They are sold as cheap as any one who produces them could make. Each pump warranted. The manufacturer refers to every pump of his in use. Not one has ever failed.

P. B. HARDEN & CO.,
Graham, N. C.,
are receiving their FALL STOCK of
Dry-Goods Groceries,
HARDWARE,
Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils, Dye-Stuff
Clothing, Hats, Caps, Boots, Shoes,
Rubbers, Tobacco, Cigars, Seeds, Teas,
KEROSENE OIL, CROCKERY,
Earthenware, Glassware, Coffees, Spice
Grain, Flour, Farming Implements.
feb 16-17

POETRY.

WHEN YOU WERE SEVENTEEN.

When the day was young, Maggie,
In the years of long ago,
And while the western sky was rich,
With sunset's rosy glow,
Then hand in hand, close linked arms passed
The dewy ricks between,
And I was one-and-twenty, Mag,
And you were seventeen.

Your voice was low and sweet, Maggie,
Your wavy hair was brown,
Your cheek was like the wild red rose,
That showered its petals down;
Your eyes were like the blue speedwell,
With dewy moisture shewn,
When I was one-and-twenty, Mag,
And you were seventeen.

The spring was in our hearts, Maggie,
And all its hopes were ours;
And we were children in the fields,
Among the opening flowers,
Aye, life was like a summer day
Amid the woodland's green,
For I was one-and-twenty, Mag,
And you were seventeen.

The years have come and gone, Maggie,
And silvered in the silken hair,
That o'er your shoulders strayed
In many a soft and wayward tress—
The infant even-then—
When I was one-and-twenty, Mag,
And you were seventeen.

Though gently changing time, Maggie,
Has touched you in its flight,
Your voice has still the old sweet tone,
Your eyes the old love light;
And years can never, never change
The heart, you gave, I wear,
When I was one-and-twenty, Mag,
And you were seventeen.

TRUE MAGNANIMITY.

"I aint up here for a position," said a Confederate soldier yesterday as he stood on the curbing near Willard's with one hand in his pocket and the other buried in the soil at Gettysburg, "but I came up to watch that little pension business." He was an agreeable looking fellow, and he had all the appearance of a man who really needed a pension. And why should he not have one? As he stood there, an old Union veteran came stumping along on one leg and a crutch, and it suggested the thought, "Why should he not have one?" He is a voter; has a representative in Congress; proposes to visit the Centennial and clasp hands across the bloody chasm, and why should he be deprived of that which other soldiers have? That he needs it, just as much, is plainly evident. His family is large, and he is unable to do manual labor. Thousands of Northern men who fought no more gallantly than he are sustained and comforted by their pensions. His State is back in the Union, and he a citizen, exercising the full rights and privileges of an unfeared citizen. Why should he be left out in the cold? "I know," said he, "that I fought for secession, but that is a lost cause; the Government has accorded general amnesty to us all, and now it must care for those of us who were disabled in the strife. It is no more than reasonable that we should be pensioned if we have to pay the taxes which meet the expense of it. He talked mildly, but there was a tone to his words which bespoke an unflinching confidence in those who now have the control of this matter in their own hands. Will they disappoint these men who need that for which they ask more than the average mendicant needs the crust thrust to him from the table of the rich?—*National Republican.*

The Republican in the above admirable utterance proves that he comprehends the meaning of true nobility and chivalric honor. How much loftier would it be instead of vilifying and abusing a fallen foe to treat him as a brother and extend to him a brother's welcome. The sentiments so manfully expressed are the most generous that probably any Republican paper has ever spoken in behalf of a Confederate soldier, and being something unusual we notice the spirit thus manifested as a foreshadowing of a better feeling between the lately estranged sections.—*Charlotte Observer.*

A correspondent of the New York *World* writes to the effect that in the twenty-six Western and Southern States have a population of 23,918,774, and a total representation in Congress of 190. The New England States together with Delaware, Maryland, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, have a population of 13,205,511, and a Congressional representation of 95. This does not occur to us as a valid reason why the West and South should be powerless in fixing the National policy.—*Petersburg News.*

A fool is often as dangerous to deal with as a knave, and always more in corrigible.—*Colton.*

SKETCHES OF OFFICERS—ELECT.

Mr. Kerr, the speaker elect, was a most active member of the Forty-second Congress. He is tall, thin, and very spare. His face is thin and angular. His eyes glow from under strong projecting eyebrows. His nose is long, sharp, and quivers like a wild man's when he is excited. He wears a sort of lap robe beard of a sandy color. He is considerably bald, with a thick lower growth of sandy hair. His dress is of rusty black, which flaps and clings to him like wet garments hung up to dry. He has a voice as clear as a bugle, and while he cannot be classed as an orator in the popular sense of the word, his friends ought to thank God for it. The day of froth and flowers is gone in Congress. The era of cut-and-thrust, stage-hammer effects, has dawned! As a speaker, he suited to the demands of modern times. Kerr made a place for himself in Congress that has not been surpassed by the arconee of any other member upon his side of the House. He possesses dauntless courage, and his power of logic made him a most powerful antagonist. His long figure would swing to and fro, his arms swinging in the air in the most wonderful manner at times, but the substance of his remarks always overcomes his ungainliness in capturing interest.

George M. Adams, the clerk-elect, was born in Knox county, Kentucky, December 20, 1837. He was educated at Centre College, Danville, Kentucky, studied law; was clerk of the Circuit Court of Knox county from 1859 to 1861; he raised a company in August, 1861, and entered the Union army as captain in the seventh Kentucky Volunteers; in August, 1861, he was appointed paymaster of volunteers, and served in that capacity until the close of the war; was elected to the Fortieth, Forty-first and Forty-second Congress, and was re-elected to the Forty-third Congress as a Democrat, receiving 9,584 votes against 8,199 votes for Wood republican.

Mr. John G. Thomas, the new sergeant-at-arms, is a prominent citizen of Ohio, has been chairman of the Democratic State committee for a number of years, is in the prime of life, is an active, energetic man of popular and agreeable manners.

Mr. Fitzhugh, the doorkeeper, is a citizen of Texas, and is well known in that section. He was sergeant-at-arms to the Confederate Congress. He will have the disposition of more patronage than any of the other officers, having some very good places in his gift.

Captain James M. Stuart, the postmaster-elect of the House of Representatives, is a native of Alexandria, Va. He emigrated to St. Louis when quite a young man, and accompanied General Price in the New Mexican expedition during the Mexican war. He afterwards located himself at Tuolumet county, Cal., and served as Sheriff until the breaking out of the late war, when he left California, and rode on horseback through Mexico to the Rio Grande, and was on his arrival at Richmond, chosen captain of one of the Alexandria companies in the Confederate service. At the close of the war he returned to Alexandria, and was soon elected city sergeant by a vote substantially unanimous. He resigned before the close of his term, and has since been engaged in settling up the business. No man has ever been so popular in his native town as he. He is over six feet in height and well built in proportion.

Rev. Mr. Townsend, the chaplain, is a popular divine of Washington city, formerly from Connecticut. He is the rector of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the Incarnation, Baltimore.

The largest flour mill in the world is at Minneapolis, Minnesota and is owned by one of the Washburns. It is seven stories high; every floor filled with machinery cost \$300,000 and turns out 1,000 barrels of flour a day.

With one horse Elder N. E. Green, Rocky Mount, made this year 24,177 pounds of seed cotton, or over 20 bales of lint, 43 barrels of corn, 5 stacks of fodder and 140 bushels of sweet potatoes.

There are 8,000,000 of children in the public schools of the country, 500,000 with an average attendance of 4,500,000. The expenses amount to \$47,000,000 the past year, \$32,000,000 of which was raised.

Corn is selling at 17 cents per bushel at Parsons, Kansas.

RISE AND FALL OF A RAILROAD KING.

The story of the rise, reign and ruin of Dr. Stronsberg, the great railway king of Europe, who was recently arrested at St. Petersburg, after fleeing for an immense amount, possesses a romantic interest. He was born in Prussia, of poor parents, and went to London in 1835, after the death of his father. Gifted with great intelligence and energy, he educated himself and entered journalism. In 1848 he came to America, where he gave lessons in German, but finally realized some money by buying a cargo of damaged goods and selling them at a heavy profit. With this capital he returned to London in 1858 and founded several newspapers, but six years afterwards he went to Berlin, where he was for seven years the agent of an English insurance company. In 1861, however, Stronsberg began to think of improving his fortunes, and having made acquaintances at the British Embassy, by this means came to know some English capitalists, with whom he contracted for the construction of the Tilsit-Interspang Railway. Within six years Stronsberg was making a dozen lines among others those of Roumania. He had over one hundred thousand workers in his pay and launched out into other vast enterprises. At Hanover he established a gigantic machine factory; at Dornmund and Neustadt he had smelting works and iron factories; at Antwerp and Berlin he built entire new quarters; in Prussia he bought ten estates; in Poland an entire county; in Bohemia he paid \$1,400,000 for the splendid domain of Zbirow, where he established railway carriage works and employed 5,000 workmen. Meanwhile he built a palace for himself in Berlin, which in decorations, luxury and accommodation surpassed that of the Emperor himself. Not was his charity on a less splendid scale. In winter he caused 10,000 portions of soup to be given daily to the poor, in addition to 2,000 pounds worth of wood. When the famine broke out in East Prussia he sent whole trains laden with corn and potatoes to his suffering fellow-countrymen. Then came the crash, and Stronsberg fell. A prison at Moscow, litigations at Vienna and enforced bankruptcy at Berlin rounded off his railway, tin ship, and his sceptre departed. No greater collapse than that of Stronsberg has probably occurred in the financial history of any country.

SO WING SMALL GRAIN IN THE SOUTH.

Col. D. Wyatt Aiken, in the *Rural Carolinian*, in a paper urging farmers to sow small grain, as well as plant cotton and corn, says:

"Red oats can be grown at an expense of twenty-five cents per bushel upon any ordinary farm in the South; every such bushel will weigh thirty pounds, and a pound of oats will produce just as much muscle and fat as a pound of corn. I have kept a horse two years without ever feeding him an ear of corn or a blade of fodder, his daily diet being shelled oats and straw or cut oats from the sheaf; he has been ploughed, wagoned, hauled about in a buggy, and ridden under the saddle, and there never was a time he was not ready and willing to do a full share of work. Any land that ever I have seen in the South will produce two bushels of oats where it will grow one bushel of corn; each farmer for himself can calculate the cost of growing the two crops.

Red oats will yield more grain to the acre than any oats I have ever grown. Sown in the fall, they will produce a remunerative crop on good land, even if frozen out during the winter to a single foot to every square foot. They are heavier than any other, and have never been known to take the rust. A few years ago, I selected eight adjoining acres, and on them sowed a bushel to each acre, of eight varieties of oats. Some were entirely destroyed by the winter, some were more or less damaged by this parasite. Not even a blade of the red oats were touched, though the acre was in the midst of those most thoroughly ruined. The time is upon us when they should again be sown, though they are remunerative if sown at any time between this and the 1st of next March.

General Robert Toombs, of Georgia is not a stranger, but he is an example for them to follow. He raises his own wheat, oats, corn, vegetables, and never buys a pound of hay or a pound of fodder, raises everything on his place necessary for the support of his family, his hands and his stock.

RECOLLECTION OF EARLY MEN.

I doubt if there are fifty persons in the United States who know that John Quincy Adams and Robert Barnwell Rhett were cousins. Those two men, representing the extreme Northern and the extreme Southern doctrines, and who hated each other with intense bitterness, were near relatives, as I shall now show. The Rhetts of South Carolina, having become extinct, their relations, the Smiths of Beaufort, South Carolina, took the name of Rhett in the year 1836. These Smiths were from North Carolina. The brothers, Henry James, Robert Barnwell, and Albert, changed the name to Rhett, as I have stated.

Their cousin, Abigail Smith, of North Carolina, married John Quincy Adams, and was the mother of John Quincy Adams. The partisan acrimony of these two men was so intensely bitter that in 1833, when the South Carolina Nullifying Convention was debating a policy of accepting the compromise bill first passed by Congress, and favored by Calhoun, Robert Barnwell Rhett said that "before accepting compromise he would be shattered into bloody fragments on the battle field." And John Quincy Adams, in a letter to some old woman in Massachusetts, named Thatcher, in 1844, asserted "that slavery should be abolished if it cost the lives of five hundred thousand men." In fact, it may have been said of John Quincy Adams, in the last years of his life, as an apter said, of some old orator, "that he was a sacrifice, there being nothing left of him but his tongue and his paunch."

In the year 1827, I saw the celebrated Aaron Burr. He came to attend the examination at Patridge's Military Academy, where he had a ward named Francis Bardett. He came with another ward—he was always educating somebody—who was a young lady just grown to womanhood, and who I believe, subsequently married John L. Wilson of South Carolina. The appearance of Burr, was striking, for he had the classic outline of face which is portrayed in his likeness prefixed to his "Life of Davila," the once celebrated "Spy in Washington." Colonel Burr was about five feet six inches in height, and wore his hair in a queue.

When Calhoun was dying, a young preacher, named Butler, called to see him. When Calhoun heard the name, supposing the caller was his colleague, Judge Andrew Pickens Butler, he said to his private secretary, Scovill, "Show him up—let him see his privilege." But imagine his amazement when the young minister was ushered into the chamber, and announced his object being to converse with Calhoun on religion. Mr. Scovill says that Mr. Calhoun became very angry, and he heard him muttering, "A boy—a boy—without a beard on his face—to call on me, and wish to speak about religion—a subject about which I have been thinking all my life!" What I recall this scene, and remember the matchless pre-eminence of Mr. Calhoun. I cannot help repeating the line "Foolish run in where angels fear to tread."—*N. O. Bulletin.*

THE PROPOSED SHIP CANAL ACROSS THE STRAIT OF DARIEN.

The commission to examine the various surveys for a ship canal across the Isthmus of Darien has submitted their report to the President. They are of opinion that the Nicaragua route is the best. The estimate that the canal from the harbor of Brita on the Pacific to Greyton on the Atlantic can be constructed at a cost not exceeding \$66,000,000. They find objections of almost unsurmountable nature in all but the Panama and Nicaragua route, and notwithstanding the greatest length 186 miles—they give preference to Lake Nicaragua as on this route. The commission after alluding to the importance and feasibility of the canal, says:

"It is now regarded as of the highest importance that the United States take some action at once to carry out the feasible plans of the ship canal in order to prevent either France or England from coming in and reaping the honor and profit of this enterprise." The commission consists of Gen. Humphreys, Captain Hatterson and Commodore Ammen.

The commission of David Crocket a justice of the peace of Lawrence county Tenn., bearing the date of November 22, 1817, and signed by Governor James McMinn and William Alexander, secretary of State, has just been received by the Historical Society of that State.

A DIVORCE WITH A TERRIBLE ORIGIN.

A New York letter to the *Baltimore News*, says: "There is in this city, however, one most amusing low comedian who has a reason for never smiling. In his youth he was the father of a little girl of a refractory, obstinate disposition. One day, to punish her for something, he locked her in the bed-room, and with his wife went down stairs to dinner. Upon the child began to scream in a terrible manner, which the parents considered was only temper; but as the shrieks continued, the wife became alarmed and desired to go to her. He, however, forbade her doing so, as he said the child must be taught obedience, and that she should not gain her end by screaming.

They went on with their dinner, the fearful shrieks continuing for a while and then ceasing. As they were about leaving the table, smoke began to pass through the house. There was fire somewhere. Rushing to release the poor little girl they found her dead. Her clothes had evidently caught fire from the grate, and while the parents were eating, the child was dying.

The comedian's wife took a horror and hatred of her husband after this, as she believed that if he had allowed her to go to the poor infant, she might have saved her life. They were divorced and no wonder that when they smile off the stage.

SOUTHERN MANUFACTURE.

People are beginning to ask, says the *New York Sun*, why the South does not manufacture her own cotton goods, and supply herself and the world with cheaper fabrics. She undoubtedly possesses the great advantages in her soil and cheapness with which she can transport her wares to market. On the other hand, it is under very exceptional circumstances that she can continue to prosper while buying back her own stuff worked up in mills so distant as those of New England and Europe. The facts are so patent, fundamental and axiomatic that, even before the war capitalists had begun to invest in the establishment of Southern manufactories. Since then, the movement has been still more active. North Carolina, South Carolina and Georgia far in advance of all other States in this enterprise, and the fact that they are so readily accounted for by the superior natural advantages which they possess. The panic of 1873 which demoralized all branches of trade and relaxed the energies or business throughout the country, very sensibly darkened brightening prospects in this direction, but the inducements the South has to offer are a standing temptation to capital, and the inducements are not a few that the manufacturing interest of the country is soon to centre in the South.

THE BOY COULDN'T WEAR IT.

A Detroit grocer saw a boy about twelve years old loafing around his store and he patted him on the head and said: "Boy, go to work. Washington was a worker; Jefferson swung the axe; Henry Clay used the hoe."

"Did they?" asked the lad.

"They did, my son. Labor is a grand thing; labor is the foundation beam of this country. The boy who cultivates habits of industry will sooner or later achieve success and independence. There's fifty bushels of potatoes in there to sort over. Go to work at them my boy, and to encourage you I'll give you fifteen cents a day. In a few days if you are industrious and trustworthy, I'll let you saw some wood, and then you may pick over some beans, and it won't be long after that before you can run for Governor of Michigan. Come, now go to work."

The boy went in and worked for about an hour, and was then absent. On a board was a sign he had left behind him. It read: "Your hank Clay and George Washington Kin go to blazes."

There was lately shown at the rooms of the Society of Art in London, a piece of milk, "solidified by the Hooker process," and weighing one hundred pounds, and which has been exposed to the action of the air for four years and three months. The *Agricultural Gazette* of that city says that "its quality was still so excellent that in a few minutes it was resolved by churning into fresh butter."

There is a man in Indiana who takes thirty-two newspapers, and you might as well try to ride a whirlwind on a side-saddle as to attempt to impose upon that man.