

THE ALAMANCE GLEANER.

VOL. 1.

GRAHAM, N. C., TUESDAY, JANUARY 4, 1876.

NO. 47.

THE GLEANER.

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

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION, Postage Paid
One Year.....\$1.00
Six Months......60

Clubs! Clubs!!
For 6 copies to one P. O. 1 year.....\$1.00
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" " " " " " 1 year......1.00
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16 " "	17.00	18.00	27.00	51.00
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20 " "	21.00	22.00	33.00	63.00

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ADVERTISEMENTS.

J. P. GULLEY,
RETAILER AND JOBBER OF
Dry-Goods, Clothing
NOTIONS,
BURT'S HAND-MADE
Boots & Gaiters
HATS AND CAPS, VALISES,
TRUNKS, WHITE GOODS,
&c., &c.
South Cor. Fayetteville St., and Exchange Place
RALEIGH, N. C.

SCOTT & DONNELL,
Graham, N. C.,
DEALERS IN
Dry-Goods,
groceries,
Hardware,
IRON, STEEL, SALT, MOLASSE
OILS, DYE-STUFFS, DRUGS,
MEDICINES, LARD,
BACON, &c., &c.
Terms Cash or Barter. feb 16-2m

New Drug Store.

DR. J. S. MURPHY
Respectfully notifies the public that he has opened a complete and well filled DRUG STORE at
company Shops,
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.
feb 16-2m

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 as durable as wooden pumps can be made. They are easy as any one wanting water could wish. They are sold as cheap as any one who proposes to buy could ask.
Pumps delivered anywhere on short notice. Each pump warranted. The manufacturer refers to every pump of his in use. Not one has ever failed.
feb 23-1y

P. R. HARDEN & BROTHER,

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, Sees, Teas,
KEROSENE OIL, CROCKERY,
Earthenware, Glassware, Coffees, Spice
Grain, Flour, Farming Implements.

THE NATIONAL INTELLIGENCER

The New York Express furnishes this reminiscence of the famous old journal, which so long held the position of organ of the republic, in the days when there were giants in the land, and when the conviction and penitentiary of the President's whole array of intimate friends and counselors would have thrilled the continent with horror. Major Seaton Gales, a son of one of its founders and namesake of the other, is to-day one of Raleigh's most esteemed and honored citizens.

The National Intelligencer, which has been practically dead since the days of vagrant life between the East river and the Potomac for many years, has degenerated into a third term organ, and, as reported, under the inspiration of the new secretary, Chandler, who is already cutting up in the most approved fashion by removals and otherwise. What a contrast to the old times of 1832-'36-'40 and so on! We recall the first political and most influential journal in the land forty years ago—the great days of Clay and Webster and Crittenden, of Rives and Preston; of Badger, of North Carolina, and Berrien, of Georgia; of Porter, of Louisiana; of Poindexter, Mangum, Ewing and Corwin, of Ohio; of Bell and Governor White, of Tennessee; and of Prentiss, Collamer and Foote of Vermont, and, indeed, of a whole troop of other senators and representatives in congress who knew and stood by the old National Intelligencer. The editorials of Jo. Gales, on state topics, were equal to the state papers of Webster and Everett, of Marey and Cass, or of any of the master men of the cabinet since the days when the first John Quincy Adams was at the head of the state department. It was an organ to be proud of, though forty leagues behind the fast journalism of the present day. It was staid and stately, dignified and courteous, gentlemanly and forcible, and all that is implied in these terms, but only not newsy. It was emphatically the state paper, and as such was found in all the missions and consular offices abroad and in all the public libraries at home. Mr. Gales wrote with a polished and pointed pen, and was always logical, if not convincing. Next to Blair, of the old Washington Globe, who still survives him at long past the age of eighty, he was the homeliest man at the capital, but with a partner who was one of the best looking—that that the average was good. Both partners were princes in their entertainments, and the best of Washington society, thirty or forty years ago, and more, was always to be found at their homes. Mr. Seaton, as mayor of Washington, as editor and publisher, as a disciple of Walton, and always genial and always successful, except in business, and this only in later years and after Mr. Gale's death. Many a political quarrel has been settled at his hospitable board. We remember one, after Mr. Webster persisted, wisely for the country, in remaining in John Tyler's cabinet to negotiate the Webster-Ashburton treaty, and where the whig senate were reconciled. We remember another, where Clay and Webster, not always the best of personal friends, became reunited. The Seaton home was a sort of conciliation hall, and Mr. Seaton himself one of those peacemakers who rejoiced in restored friendship.

A new set of journalists and a new class of journals have occupied public attention since these good old times of the good old whig party. The telegraph, over land and under the ocean, the fast mails of forty and fifty miles an hour, the abolition of slavery, the growing power of the west, the departed glory of the south, and of New England, too in its influence upon legislation, the millions of new comers by immigration, the annexation of Texas, California and Alaska have revolutionized the country and journalism with it but alas! all changes are not improvements. We miss the broad, clear, large-type pages of the National Intelligencer. It was our oldtime mentor, instructor and friend. And now, fallen from its high estate, it is a third-term organ, and Chandler is its reputed owner.

Que que ipse miserima vidi!

When a Chinese bank fails all the officers have their heads cut off and flung into a corner with the assets; and it has been five hundred years since there was a bank failure in that country.

When the heir to the Brazilian throne was recently born, Depoul, a Paris doctor, attended for a fee of over 20,000 gold dollars.

INFLUENCE OF THE SOUTH.

Experience and High Character of Southern Democratic Members—A Positive Policy Advocated by Them. [From a regular correspondent of the Tribune.]
WASHINGTON, DEC. 6.

The policy of inaction advocated by many Northern Democrats does not meet with much favor among the Southern members. They don't believe the Presidency is to be won by sitting on the gate-post waiting for something to turn up. Standing still and railing at the administration does not pass with them for statesmanship. There is a good deal more political sagacity, talent for public affairs, parliamentary skill (scarcely rusty from long disuse) among the Southern Representatives than among their brethren from the Northern States. The Southern Democracy, eager to assert itself in national affairs, put its best man forward for Congress while a large number of the Northern Democratic members were nominating without any expectation that they could be elected. The tidal wave of 1874 swept them into office to the amazement, and often the disgust of their own party, which took them up to fill tickets doomed, it was thought, to defeat. There is no timber for the manufacture of statesmen in these accidental members, and not much more in a score or so of muscular, loud talking men who have worked their way into Congress from the back country districts by dash and impudence rather than by brain power.

With an advantage in the intelligence and political experience of its representatives the South will play a part in shaping legislation such as it has not played since 1860. The leading members from that section have great faith in the Democratic party as the party destined to reform the evils of Government and put the country on the road to prosperity. They insist that it shall be a party of action. It should employ its power in the House, they say, to prove to the country that it is worthy of full confidence, that it is bold and aggressive, as well as prudent and conservative, and that it has a distinctive policy which it is not afraid to submit to the verdict of the people in the Presidential election. This view was enlarged upon the conversation to-day by a distinguished man from one of the Gulf States. He said that in the Democratic platforms of the past and in the utterances of the great Democratic leaders of former days would be found the principles which fully meet the present demands of the people. Thus the theory of civil service reform was enunciated by Calhoun and Benton in their speeches pointing out the evils of concentrating power and patronage in the hands of the Executive, and the true principles of currency were expounded by a long line of Democratic statesmen. In fact, there was scarcely a public question of the day, he said, for which the correct solution could not be found in the principles of the old-time Democracy. The luminaries of the past had only to be looked to for light to guide the party on its future career. In answer to a question as to the attitude of the Southern delegation toward the national debt, he was very positive in his assurance that all the Democratic members from the South were determined that nothing should be done tending in the remotest way to impair the financial honor and credit of the nation. They desired to go upon record early in the session, on a plain declaration to that effect which would quiet any apprehension that might be felt by the people of the North or by the public creditors abroad. He hoped to see a unanimous vote of the Democratic members of Congress that would put it out of the power of the Republicans to charge the Democratic party with favoring any measure looking directly or indirectly to repudiation.

It is expected that 300,000 barrels of lager will be sold on the Centennial ground next year. The Philadelphia firm who have obtained the privilege have a capacity for 135,000 barrels, and are subcontracting for an additional supply.

A Milwaukee paper says: "What is wanted in Kansas is more telegraph poles, or stronger ones. The savage pole holds only about four horse thieves comfortably."

A little five year old Wisconsin boy was heard saying to his little brother: "I know what Amen means. It means that 'you musn't touch it.' Mamma told me so." Which was his childish but literal interpretation of "so let it be."

WASHINGTON CITY SOCIETY—ITS TEMPTATIONS.

A. C. Buel, in a letter to the St. Louis Times gives a graphic picture of the demoralization of Washington City society, and the temptations, to which those weak enough to come under its influences, are suspected. We suppose the account is not overdrawn. Here is an extract:

It was disreputable to be poor, and discreditable to be plain and unostentatious. In official society the Williamses, Stewarts, and that ilk, set the fashions and established the customs. The result was that gaudy display and meretricious show became the rage and no one need aspire to "lead in society" unless there was wherewithal to sustain the establishment of a dukedom and dispense the hospitality of a prince. Of course many people came here into official life, like Fish, Conkling, Chandler, Swann Fernando Wood and others, whose private fortune enabled them to sustain all this extravagance without contriving to make the government pay their bills. But they were the exceptions while those who spunged on the proceeds of derelictions and malfeasances were the rule. I could weary you with individual cases of this sort: but I will stay content with three, which may be taken as samples to cover a wide diversity of circumstances.

To begin with, there was Dorsey, of Arkansas. Dorsey came here two years ago, bringing with him a fair reputation for an Arkansas carpet-bagger, credentials to the senate, and a young, beautiful and ambitious wife. Of course the Dorsey establishment must "lead in society." They bought a house of Shepherd, filled it with rare furniture and gave magnificent entertainments. Their style, including coach and horses, champagne, balls, banquets, floral decorations, and so on, could not have been gauged by a smaller figure than \$20,000 a year. It was short-lived. The "epidemic era of reform" so pathetically and so eloquently described by Joyce had set in, and all a senator could get out of the government was his salary. The consequence was that Dorsey's establishment soon evaporated, towards the end of the session the sheriff held a reception in those elegant parlors and that was the last of them.

The next case, in a somewhat different line is that of Schenck. Schenck went to England an honest man as men go in these times. He had two daughters, growing a trifle *passé*, and he wanted a fortune for them. Trenor V. Park came along and held out the silver bait of the Emma mine. Schenck loaned the financial strength of his diplomatic name and standing for \$50,000, and now see where he is and where we are, with the British press denouncing our representative at the court of St. James as the confederate of common swindlers, if not one himself.

The arrival of Col. Robert Des Anjos, deputy collector of the port of New York, at the Albany penitentiary, to which he was sentenced for swindling the government out of \$200,000, brings to mind some other distinguished prisoners now in that institution, such as ex Senator William M. Graham, who swindled the Walkill Bank out of \$135,000; Frank L. Trainor, cashier of the Atlantic Bank, New York, who swindled the bank out of \$70,000; Major Dodge, pension agent, who swindled the government out of \$300,000; Charles Phelps, deputy treasurer of the State of New York, who swindled the State out of \$350,000. In addition to the above we have a number of mail agents, postmasters, government clerks, &c., the whole forming the most interesting and aristocratic body of shoemakers ever seen in this or any other country. Many a man is making boots to-day who would have fainted away at the sight of wax a few months since.

THE LEE WHO TO READ THE DECLARATION.

Colonel Richard Henry Lee, who has been selected to read the Declaration of Independence at the opening of the National Centennial, resides at Millwood, Clarke county, Virginia, and is actively engaged in the practice of law as well as farming operations. He was born in Alexandria, Virginia, in 1820, is a son of the late Edmund Jennings Lee, (a distinguished lawyer of that city) and a grand-son of Richard Henry Lee, of Revolutionary fame. He is also a nephew of Charles Lee, who was Attorney General of the United States during a part of Washington's administration, and of "Light Horse Harry Lee," and a cousin of General Robert E. Lee. Colonel Lee entered the Confederate service as a Lieutenant of infantry in the Stonewall brigade, and being wounded afterwards served as a judge advocate of the second corps, Army of Northern Virginia, until the close of the war, since which he has pursued his profession with success.

HOW THE WIDOW CAUGHT HIM.

[From the Providence Journal.]

A gentleman of an autobiographical turn relates how he was instructed in the custom of taking toll, by a sprightly widow, during a moonlight sleigh ride with a merry party. He says: The lovely widow L. sat in the same sleigh, and under the same robe with me.

"Oh! oh! don't, don't!" she exclaimed, as we came to the first bridge, at the same time catching me by the arm and turning her veiled face toward me, while her little eyes twinkled through the moonlight.

"Don't what?" I asked. "I'm not doing anything."

"Well, but I thought you were going to take toll," replied the widow.

"Toll?" I rejoined. "What's that?"

"Well, I declare!" cried the widow her clear laugh ringing out above the music of the bells, "you pretend you don't know what toll is!"

"Indeed I don't then," I said, laughing; "explain if you please."

"You never heard then," said the widow, most provokingly, "you never heard that when we are on a sleigh-ride the gentleman always—that is sometimes—when they cross a bridge claim a kiss, and call it toll. But I never pay it."

I said that I never heard of it before; but when we came to the next bridge I claimed the toll, and the widow's struggles to hold the veil over her face were not enough to tear it. At last the veil was removed, her round rosy face was turned directly towards mine, and in the clear light of a frosty moon toll was taken, for the first time in my experience. Soon we came to a long bridge, with several arches; the widow said it was no use to resist a man who would have his own way, so she paid the toll without a murmur.

"But you won't take toll for every arch, will you?" she said so archly that I could not fail to exact all my dues, and that was the beginning of my courtship.

CATCH CROPS.

The experience of every successive year shows that those crops known as "catch crops" may often be the most valuable. When a field is idle and not producing anything, then the farmer's money is not drawing interest. When the rye or oat stubble lies idle from August until May, half a year's interest is lost on the value of that field. It might have been sown to turnips, and if three roots weighing but four pounds each were raised on every square yard, there would be nearly thirty tons, or 900 bushels of roots—without counting the tops—to every acre. Or a peck of rape might be sown in August on a oat stubble, and enough feed raised in two months to feed ten or more sheep, or two cows, per acre, until after snow fall. There would be a mass of roots and refuse left on the ground to pay all the cost of the crop, leaving a handsome profit. It is in this way that a farm may be made to carry more stock, to produce more manure, and consequently increasing crops every year. The soil ought to be kept always producing, and if the term "catch crops" leads a farmer to suppose that such crops are of no value, he makes a very great mistake.—American Agriculturist.

Pastures, Meadows and Lawns.

A Southern Indiana correspondent writes: "Orchard grass, Kentucky blue grass and white clover, and, if the ground is low or moist, add red top, and you have the finest and most productive pasture known among extensive stock growers as it requires no re-seeding but improves in quantity and quality, carrying more stock each succeeding year—invaluable for woods and pastures, and should be extensively sown in the burnt forests. Leaving out the orchard grass (as it is too rank and rapid a grower,) you can have the best mixture that can be formed for lawns, yards, etc. Orchard grass alone makes the most profitable meadow, as it is immensely productive, makes excellent hay, and twice as much of it as timothy; and clover cut only about two good crops, and frequently but one. The farmers need reliable meadows. To sow corn, millet, Hungarian grass or some other substitute every year or two, to make up for his lost clover or timothy crop, is very discouraging, it being expensive as well as annoying. Orchard grass is the remedy, and is destined at no distant day to stand at the head of all grasses for pasture or hay.—Ec.

WHY HE WORE A WIG.

In giving reminiscences of Col. Levi Boutwell, a noted man in his day, a Montpelier, Vermont, writer, tells the following story:

"The Colonel was uncommonly bald, and without his heavy dark wig looked not a bit like himself. Once he was in the wash-room of the pavilion, and for convenience of his ablutions had laid his wig aside. Presently a young spruce chap, with extremely red hair, came in. Noticing the Colonel's nude head, he enquired:

"Well, Colonel, why don't you have some hair on your head?"

"It was an impudent question, and the Colonel knew it. Looking savagely on the red head of the saucy young stranger, he replied:

"When they made me and had me all finished except my hair, they told me they had nothing left except red hair. I told them then, egad! I wouldn't have any. I would rather go without. They might save that for impudent young popinjays and fools."

"The young inquisitive and joker was perfectly willing to drop the subject."

And lastly there is poor Avery, with one foot in the penitentiary and dragging the other over the threshold. About four years ago Avery married a young widow who aspired to "high social position in Washington." The era was one of show and splurge, the woman was handsome show bright, and ambitious, the man indulgent and vain, and the salary only \$3,500 a year; enough, God knows, for plain, honest comfort; enough for a cozy quiet home, and for such "social position" as good behavior and sterling manhood and womanhood can always find if they seek it in the proper place; enough for any two young people who love each other better than they love fuss and feathers, and who recognize it as their duty to please each other before they try to please anybody else. But it was not enough for Avery and his ambitious, brilliant partner. Well, that romance will soon be ended; and, though it takes a ruined man and a woman with all her hopes blighted and all her ambitions dashed into despair to illustrate it, it will yet be worth the sacrifice to the American public.

Once in a great while in this maddest of mad eras a bible-leaf is thrown up in the whirl, and, though torn and soiled by much buffeting around in gutters and garbage places, it still holds legible and immortal sentence.

I know a man who is now serving a term in the Missouri penitentiary. One of those "epidemic eras of reform" hit him right in the region of the diaphragm. As he was getting out of the wagon which had conveyed him to the penitentiary gate, a torn corner of printed paper blew along the ground in front of him. He stooped and picked it up. It contained the sentence, "The way of transgressor is hard!"

That sentence is smiting the hearts of a good many people about these times of epidemic reform.

The following letter from a young man was lately addressed to a Judge of Probate. "Sir—My father departed this life not long hence, leaving a wife and five or six children. He died destitute, and his estate is likely to prove insolvent. I was let executioner, and being told that you were judge of probates I apply to you for letters of condemnation."

Two lovers at Wilmington, Ill., have fallen out. The girl was about to marry a man, when her former suitor reprieved a sewing machine he had given her. She responded by suing him for the value of meals eaten at her house, and now he has sued her for the time occupied in courting her.

A colored woman in Macon, Ga., wrote to her husband in South Carolina: "You rote me word you was comin' hum soon, and you have not kum. So I am korting now; I am goin' to get marrid, and goin' awa' from Gregory. I remain yure wife."

A suit of the State of Louisiana against Gen. James Longstreet, ex-Confederate, to recover \$62,000 paid to him for "militia" services, is now pending in the Supreme Court of Louisiana, and will be recognized as one of the fruits of the political troubles in that State.

A lady journalist is responsible for the following juxtaposition of items: "On Monday, April 10, five hundred barrels of Cincinnati whiskey were landed on the levee at Louisville. On Wednesday, the 12th, the Louisville Courier-Journal appeared without a line of editorial."