

# THE ALBANY GLEANER.

VOL. 2. GRAHAM, N. C., TUESDAY, MARCH 28, 1876. NO.

THE GLEANER.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY PARKER & JOHNSON.

Graham, N. C.

*Rules of Subscription, Postage Paid*  
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 Three Months .45  
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## CURIOUS, BUT GOOD SETTING.

A correspondent of the *Methodist Advocate* says: On my rounds of family visits, I found in the possession of one sister, Elizabeth Johnson, aged eighty-eight years, the following scrap of paper for over sixty years, it is printed in the old style:

*Alms given by the Rev. Mr. Dood, a holiness man.*

The Rev. Mr. Dood, a very worthy minister who lived a few miles from Cambridge, had rendered himself obnoxious to many of the Gleaners by frequent preaching against drunkenness, several of whom, meeting him on a journey, they determined to make him reach in a hollow tree which was near the road-side.

Accordingly, addressing him with great apparent politeness, they asked him if he had not lately preached much against drunkenness. On his replying in the affirmative, they insisted that he should now preach from a text of their choosing. In vain did he remonstrate of the unreasonable nature of expecting him to give them a discourse without study and such a place they were determined to take no denial, and he went "dood" as given him by way of text, on which he immediately delivered himself as follows:

Beloved, let me crave your attention. I am a little man, come at short waiting to preach a short sermon on a short subject in an untidy way. To a slender congregation, I loved, my text is "dood." I cannot divide it into words, it being but one; therefore, of necessity, divide it into letters, which I find to be these: A—l—i—t—t—e. The thing's object of it, in all, is—al—i—t—t—e.

A—l—i—t—t—e, in all, is—al—i—t—t—e; B—e—l—o—v—e—d, let me crave your attention. I am a little man, come at short waiting to preach a short sermon on a short subject in an untidy way. To a slender congregation, I loved, my text is "dood." I cannot divide it into words, it being but one; therefore, of necessity, divide it into letters, which I find to be these: A—l—i—t—t—e.

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## THE INDEX OF THE GREAT CHINESE NATIONAL CALAMITY.

*Words of Warning to the Country.*  
 (From the San Francisco Chronicle.)  
 (From the London (the Commercial.)

Miss Tomlinson was a kind-hearted, pretty little girl, favorite Sabbath school scholar, and, by aid of age, a faithful teacher, united herself while yet young with the Presbyterian church, and became an example of piety to her village associates. Dr. John A. Tomlinson, her father, and as honorable a man as ever lived, was a native of Connecticut, and married a Miss Thompson, one of our first families for both wealth and respectability, and through a Yankee, and doubtless taught to avoid vulgarity, when the high-toned and fiery young He came out from Virginia and called him to the field of honor (so called), and showed his revolutionary Yankee pluck, and returned his assailants shot with success. He stood among the first physicians in Kentucky, and through a politician, served his country with ability in the Legislature. He disposed of Bourbon freely, and entertained with cheerful dollar dinners, good enough to satisfy, but which would, at Washington, when dinners cost five hundred dollars, be called vulgar and old fog.

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The first twenty-three negroes imported to Virginia laid the foundation of a labor system that made honest toil a disgrace, planted the seeds of an institution that ended in the desperate civil war that came near destroying our country. Our land is filled with the unemployed, industrious poor—stinging workers for whom there is no employment, and for whom idleness is a shameful crime in a destitution, poverty, suffering and misery. Every Chinaman that comes to this land takes the bread from the mouth of one citizen, or one person who may become a citizen. The individual silt manufacturing may prosper—grow rich, perhaps—but he is laying the axe at the root of his tree, and he in turn will be destroyed.

We California say to our Eastern brethren, that Chinese immigration is a great and increasing evil. We have experienced the advantages and disadvantages resulting from it. We know its dangers and the dangers they are likely to grow up from it. We have seen the operation of Chinese labor upon our various trades and industries, and we are beginning to feel how deeply they are affecting our social, political, and industrial position.

Every word that falls from the lips of mothers and sisters, especially should be pure and noble and simple; not pearls, such as fall from the lips of Princess, but sweet, good words, that little children can gather without fear of pain, or regret, or pain through all their life. Children should be taught the use of good, strong, expressive words, which mean exactly what they should express in their proper places. If a child of young person has a loose, sliding together way of stringing words when endeavoring to say something he should be made to say again, and see if he cannot do better. It is painful to hear many girls talk. They begin with "My gracious," and enter it with "So sweet," and "So precious," and so many phrases that one is tempted to believe they have no training at all, or else their mothers are very, very foolish women. There is nothing more disgusting than the twaddle of ill-bred girls; one it provoked to ten times taking a paper and reading, and giving them riddles and gurgles, and like brooks that flow they know not whither. My heart warmed with foreboding gloom and foreboding, and after all, it our girls and boys are not this, I fear it is our own fault for this great trust resting in the hearts and heads of the women of our land. If we have a noble, useful purpose in life, we should infuse the right spirit into those around us.

Live for something. Yes, and for something worthy of life and its opportunities, and opportunities for noble deeds and noble lives. In the order of Providence, every minister is induced to—sublime. Every man and every woman has his or her assignment in the duties and responsibilities of this life. We are in the world to make the world better, to lift it up to higher levels of civilization and progress; to make its hearts and homes brighter and happier by devoting to our fellow-creatures their thoughts and influences. It is the lesson of every noble life, that "no man liveth unto himself." It is a law of our intellectual and moral being, that we promote our own happiness in the exact proportion we contribute to the comfort and enjoyment of others. Nothing worthy of the name of happiness is possible in the experience of those who live only for themselves; all obituary of the welfare of their fellows.

She was one of those sentimental young creatures who linger at the door, way to bid good-bye in the "tear" light, and after she parted from him her other night, she went up to her room and said: "Yes, I would have been so happy to be the kind of hair oil he uses now."

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## LITTLE THINGS.

Little fortunes bring the most potent, and little hopes the least disappointment.  
 Little words are the sweetness to hear; little charities fly farthest, and stay longest on the wings of little lakes are the shillest. Little forms the best fitted. Little books are the most read, and little songs the most loved. And when nature would make anything especially rare and beautiful, she makes it little—little pearls, little diamonds, little dew.

"Everybody," says a writer, "calls that little which they love best on earth. We once heard a good sort of a man speak of his little wife, and we fancied that she must be a perfect bison of a wife. We saw her, and she weighed 210 pounds; and we were surprised. But then it was no joke—the man meant it. He could put his wife in his heart and have room for other things beside; and what was she but precious, and what was that was she but little?"

**THE VALUE OF A COMPLIMENT.**  
 (From the Detroit Free Press.)  
 At the lower end of Woodward avenue yesterday an old couple who were riding over the good times of 1849. She wanted to see some apples for her apples. He gave her a pleasant look and said:  
 "Well, well, well, you look as young as you did ten years ago. Same bright eyes and red cheeks—same white teeth."  
 "Take an apple for two cents, Captain," she replied.  
 "I presume you are fifty years old," he continued, "but who'd know it? Lots of ladies at thirty look as old as you do."  
 "Take an apple for a cent, Captain," she answered, smiling like a rose.  
 "Some rich old fellow will come along some day, sending for a box of yours," said the Captain, "and you won't have to peddle any more."  
 "Here captain, two for a cent, ake two of the biggest!" she exclaimed, and then ran after him and dropped two more into his overcoat pocket.

**GROWTH OF SECTS IN THE LAST HUNDRED YEARS.**  
 (From Popular Science Monthly for March.)  
 As regards to the growth of sects it is stated that "a century ago the more important religious bodies (as tested by the number of churches) were ranked in the following order: Congregational, Baptist, Church of England, Presbyterian, Lutheran, Roman Catholic, Christian, Protestant Episcopal." The growth of religious organizations has outstripped the growth of population. At the beginning of the revolution there was less than 1,950 with a population of 2,500,000, showing a church for every 1,275 souls. There are now more than 72,000, with a population of 38,000,000, would show a church for every 529. In other words, while the population has multiplied eleven fold, the churches have multiplied nearly thirty-seven fold.

**NEWS FROM DENNIS, THE YOUNG.**  
 Here are some scattered thoughts by the younger Dennis, which have recently been published:  
 "The blush of a young girl's cheeks, the visiting card of her innocence, and sometimes the registry of her death."  
 "If we were obliged to pay to enter into life, how many of us would demand the return of our money or departing."  
 "In love, a pair sometimes becomes one; in friend-ship they always remain two."  
 "The human heart is of all articles the soonest shattered and the most easily repaired."  
 "The books that make a sensation are those that are unreadable. They are like indigestible dinners. The diners that are easily digested are never spoken of the next day."  
 "Dreaming is now not such a careless as it once was. We know by careful study and experience what it is. No one dreams when he is sound asleep; dreams take place only during an imperfect or perturbed sleep. The imaginative faculties are less or more awake and being uncheck by the reflective faculties or judgment, the widest conceptions are formed, and these half waking fancies we call dreams. Usually these fancies are all assorted scraps of casual remembrances, or of something that has made a strong impression upon the mind. That there is nothing supernatural about them is simply ridiculous. Persons who pretend to tell the meaning of dreams, are either impostors, or are self-deceived individuals."

**REAL VALUE OF NEWSPAPERS.**  
 While we were engaged in inquiries which was not many years in the Western States, we always look at newspapers, and we would not be surprised to see a newspaper of any value to us, and a valuable form, as the cost of the paper for the whole year. And we have heard many other reading farmers say the same. They learned something in each number by which they were considerably gainers, and without which they would have been losers to much more than the cost of the paper. Yet how many farmers say they cannot afford to pay one or two dollars for a paper? So says the editor of the Baltimore Farmer.

**North Carolina's greatest Artist.**  
 It is said by Rev. Johannes A. Orff, an Episcopal minister, residing in the small and obscure town of Leont, in the Western part of the State. There he has just completed a painting called "The Shadow of the Rock," drawn from the passage of Isaiah: "A man shall be as a hiding place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest; as rivers of water in a dry place; as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land." The painting is valued at \$10,000, and will be on exhibition at Philadelphia during the Centennial display.

**Paris made a noble printer.**  
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## THE GLEANER.

It has been the boast of the Republicans that the widows and orphans of the Civil War soldiers were the property of the Republican party. But unfortunately for the republican party Belknap, one of its chosen chiefs, has made every soldier's grave a stubborn witness to its treason to the government these heroes died to maintain. Scarcely a soldier's headstone but, by the recent revelations of Belknap's pecuniations, has become a monument that while marking the resting-place of the Union, dead fallen braves, also commemorates the rascality of the political organization that has speculated upon their blood and sacrifices.

**Church committee to brother Jones.**  
 "Brother Jones, it is reported that you make altogether too much free use of ardent spirits, and we have been appointed to investigate the matter; what have you to say in regard to the subject?" Brother Jones: "Well, sometimes I guess I do drink more than I rally need, then again I don't get any, but I mean to strike an average."

**Young man, if you should see your girl gazing intently at your feet, don't shift them about unnecessarily, or draw them up or sit upon them, under the impression that she is overwhelmed by their imminence; she is merely taking their measure mentally for a pair of slippers, the loss of which she intends to work as hard as a dog with a green tail and scarlet ears.**

**Now here's enterprise for you:**  
 A New Haven woman recently went abroad to bring back the remains of her husband. She is now on her way home with two husbands—one living and the other dead. It is thought that she will bury one and keep the other. And this is what we call a killing two birds with one stone.

**The father of all newspapers is the venerable Pokin Gazette,** which is over 1,000 years old. It is a ten-page paper with a yellow cover, has no stories, no ads., no marriage or death notices, no editorials, no subscribers. It simply contains the official of the Government.

**Teacher:** "Who was the first man to head school?" "Washington he was the first in war, first in peace, and first Teacher." "No, no, Adam was the first man." "Scholar: "Oh if you are talking about foreigners, I suppose he was."  
**Mrs. Bartington** wants to know if it were not first intended that women should drive their husbands, why are they fit through the bridal ceremony?

**In a few days Victoria** will have another title—Empress of India. She will then be "Victoria, by the grace of God, of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, Queen Defender of the Faith and Empress of India."

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