

THE ALAMANCE GLEANER.

VOL. 2.

GRAHAM, N. C., TUESDAY, MAY 16, 1876.

NO. 15

THE GLEANER.

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

Rates of Subscription, *Postpaid*:
One Year \$1.00
Six Months .75
Three Months .50

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THIS PAPER IS ON FILE WITH

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ADVERTISEMENTS.

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The undersigned would announce to his friends and patrons, whom he has served for the past 26 years in the practice of his profession, that he has during the past fall and winter, taken a

Thorough Course in the Colleges and

Hospitals in the City of New York,

on the Pathology and treatment of diseases peculiar to females, and supplied himself with all the instruments and appliances necessary in this branch of his profession. He is also prepared to treat all diseases of the eye and ear.

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which can also be used on fine work. This machine will make 2600 stitches per minute. Manufacturers will do well to own a Florence B. at once.

The hundreds of the Florence now in use in North Carolina prove its merits, and that our people appreciate a good thing. Needles, oil, thread and silk constantly on hand for all machines and sent by mail to any part of the State. Agents wanted in every County. Address

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Poetry.

E. W. FULLER, OF LOUISBURG

His Last poem on Earth.

[From the Daily News.]

Below we give a poem, handed us yesterday by a friend, written by Mr. E. W. Fuller of Louisburg and placed in a sealed letter and given to his wife who he requested not to open it until after his death. It is exquisitely tender and touching and breathes a spirit that seems already in charge of the angels even before the soul had winged its final flight.

LINKS WRITTEN AFTER HAVING A HEMORRAGE FROM THE LUNGS.

Life bloomed for me as if my path thro' Eden

Led its flowery way. Success had crowned in many ways my efforts. No dark strife

With adverse Fate its portent shadow cast Across the calm blue scope of heaven.

And though

Pride often chafed at plain commercial life It was but transient, for ambitious Hope

Kept ever in my view Fate's gifted dome, Upon whose highest pinnacles I chose my niche.

For vain conceit had whispered in my ear That I had genius to enthral the world,

And I looked forward to the loud applause Of Nations as a simple thing of time.

Of death I thought but as a fright for those Who have no destiny but dying. Mine

Would come in age, but as a pallid seal To Honor gained, and Life's long labors done.

Yet I had felt the breath of Aeneas' wing, When from my youthful head he took my father's hand.

And from my manhood's arms took my only child, And down the past a little mound of earth,

Embedded with the sternest sorrow of our hearts, All stanzas, though veiling in the folds of fate.

Whenever I thought of a distant home, A place of sweetest rest that I would gain,

When weary of the burden of the world, That gay of thought and flight of Hope I moved

Amid the flowers of my way.

At once,

With scarce a rustle in the rose leaves, came,

A shroud's form standing silently Before my pathway to eath a whispered sigh,

As if it loathed its office to perform; Then laid Consumption's ghastly banner on my breast,

Its pallid folds crossed with fatal red.

The sky

Grew dark, the rose leaves withered as the form

Withdrew still silently; while I alone Upon the roadside knelt to pray for light.

The stunner's surprise of sudden shatter ed hopes.

The faith of self-appointed destiny, Still turned my eyes toward the Temple Fame.

Across its glittering dome a spotted cloud Had drifted, hiding it from view. But lo!

The cloud, unfolding snowy depths, disclosed

The glories of that "Totes not made with hands,"

And, bending its form so full of tenderness, I could discern the loved ones "gone before"

And over all I recognized the Form, Whose brow adorned "Gabbatha's" shameful crown.

Whose words distilled itself in trickling blood By Cedron's murmuring wave.

As tenderly

As ever mother touched her babe, He bore Within his arms a little angel form.

With golden hair and blue expressive eyes, One dimpled hand lay on his willing cheek,

While he bent down to meet the sweetest kisses.

The other, with that well remembered look, She kissed, and threw the kiss to me.

Then down

I bowed my face and longed to know mine end,

'Twas very sweet to leave toil and care And join the blessed ones beyond the tide,

And still 'twere sweet beyond compare to wait

Till evenside with loved ones here, and share

That weal or woe.

Then came a flute like voice

That thrilled the solemn air—"Pursue thy way.

Yea, humbly walk and watch, and if I come

At midnight, or at noon, be ready."

Thus

I wish to live, His aims observed to God; And each continued day and hour regard

As special gifts to be improved for Him; To wait the girl of the world about my loins

As loquently set a silent will to wait To break the clasp and lay it down.

And she

And she looked at me smilingly as was

possible, considering all things; but her pale face.

"Well, I will take another cup," said Mr. Gusset; "and you're right, Margrit. There is a deal of sickness and death in the city just now. I was reading about it. The small-pox is here, and the cholera is expected, and there is a case of yellow fever in Baxter street, and the babies is all going with this here infantum. The pickles please."

"And that just fixes me in my opinion, pa," said Miss Gusset. "You and me ought to go out of town: Fresh air is everything, and now you're worth your two hundred thousand dollars; why shouldn't we do like other folks."

"To be sure," said Mr. Gusset. "To be sure I ken afford a holiday. We'll go to your Aunt Martha's."

"No, indeed, pa!" screamed the young lady. "Aunt Martha's indeed! Why, I'd rather stay here. We'll go to Saratoga, pa, like everybody else."

"I ain't never been to Saratoga," said Mr. Gusset, "but I'm told it's expensive."

"Well, you can afford it," said Miss Gusset. "Come, pa, do let's go. What's the use of being aristocracy if we don't act like it. We might as well go back to the rooms behind the shop again if we do. Come, now, pa. Why not, just for once? I have a presentiment that if we stay in this city we'll be took off by something."

Pa glanced at the doleful account of contagion and epidemic which had been made up to fill out a column of his favorite paper and yielded a consent. Miss Gusset being the widower's only child, had considerable influence over him, and besides she could make things very uncomfortable if she was angry. He had as much knowledge of Saratoga as of the moon, and all Miss Gusset knew was that it was fashionable to go there, and that a plentiful wardrobe was necessary. However, they ventured into the unknown bravely, armed with stuffed pocket-books and big trunks; and one day the hotel held their names upon its register, and old Gusset began to wander about, hopelessly wondering what on earth he had come to; while Miss Marguerite sat demurely in the parlor trying to look as though she was quite used to that sort of thing, and was very much bored by it.

What a blessing it was, though, after hours of solitude, to see two well-remembered faces, Mrs. and Miss Gusset, neighbors and friends. There they were, beaming and bowing and making toward her, and

"How is your pa?" said Miss Flopper, "and we are real glad to see you, and isn't it pleasant? My! we've been enjoying ourselves so much. Have you?"

"Oh, yes," said Marguerite. "But we only came down last night, you know."

"Then you haven't seen the prince yet?" said Miss Flopper.

"A prince!" cried Miss Gusset.

"Yes, a foreign prince," said Miss Flopper. "That's him, the dastardly-looking fellow leaning against the wall. Ain't he handsome?"

"Splendid!" said Miss Gusset.

"They say he's looking for a wife," said Mrs. Flopper. "There's a chance for you two girls."

At which brilliant joke the young ladies laughed in chorus.

"But there ain't no chance for Tilly," said Mrs. Flopper. "He's a hobbler straight at you, Miss Gusset, with them there mollicholly eyes. Lawd! don't he stare?"

Miss Gusset tried to blush. The effort was a failure. But her indignation was hard at work; notwithstanding, a prince looking for a wife, and looking at her! What if she should become a princess? Things more seemingly impossible had happened. Yes, he was looking at her. Mrs. Flopper was right.

"Lor! how vain that girl is!" thought Miss Flopper. "As plain as a pike-staff, too. It's ridiculous! Why, he's admiring me!"

It was on the piazza. It was evening. Quite a select little circle were listening to the band. Mr. and Mrs. Flopper, Miss Flopper and young Mr. Moss, Miss Gusset.

"Why, there's the pa!" said Mrs. Gusset, suddenly. "Who is he fetching?"

"The Prince," answered Mrs. Flopper, in an excited whisper. She had not time for a word more, when Old Gusset, out of breath and radiant with tickled vanity, appeared in the midst of the group, holding a young man by the arm.

"Ladies," he said, "his here is Prince—Prince—what's his name? You must say it yourself, all, I don't know Koochee—she wishes to be introduced to my daughter and her friends. This is my daughter, Miss Margrit Gusset. This is Miss Flopper and that there is Mrs. Flopper. Proud to make you all know to each other

Sit down; it's just as cheap sitting as standing, Prince."