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E GLEANER.

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Graham, N. C.

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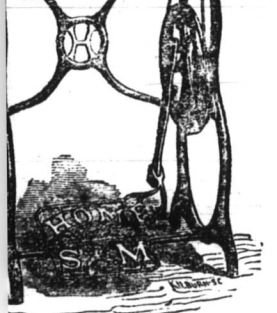
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Poetry.

ON A MOUNTAIN.

The following lines, which are taken from my note book, were written on the Roan Mountain, Mitchell county, N. C. June 9th 1876.

Great God, how small is man;
And yet he boasts his size;
Presumes the world and all to scan,
And thinks that he is wise.

Teach me, Dear Lord, just how
To feel my nothingness;
Help me, in mind and soul to bow,
Adore thy name and bless.

The world that Thou hast made,
Thy holy impress bears;
Each tender twig that makes a shade,
Thy certain wisdom shares.

May I not show that power,
Which moves with love Divine;
May I not reason for an hour,
And feel that love is mine.

My thoughts would rise above,
And perch around thy throne,
And there, content to feast on love,
Would worship Thee alone.

This purer air that blows,
And cools my wearied frame,
Inspires my heart and plainly shows,
I ought to praise thy name.

The thought that fills with awe,
And strikes all self a way,
Is, that a voice of sovereign law,
Controls the whole each day.

That voice, which fills all space,
Declares my destiny;
Aspirations, in heaven or hell, my place
To all Eternity.

I cannot lift my voice
To murmur or repine;
I'll just submit—my only choice—
For all the rest is thine.

J. W. H.

THE OBSERVER.

Needs no formal statement of principles, nor elaborate recital of what it will do, or expects to do, in the coming year. It can offer no stronger guarantee for its future than is afforded by its past conduct. It will labor earnestly and faithfully for the advancement of the Democratic party, and for the good of the State, which it believes to be one and inseparable.

To this end is desired at once a largely increased circulation for THE OBSERVER and the wholesome literature it is giving to the people of North Carolina. Once in a household, THE OBSERVER becomes a fixture. It needs only to be seen to make its way into every nook and corner of the State. That it may be so seen, and speedily, its Editors offer the following.

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- 5. Poems of Paul-H. Hayne.
- 6. E. W. Fuller's Sea Gift.
- 7. The Odd Trump.
- 8. Harwood, by same author.
- 9. The Lacy Diamonds, by same.
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GRANT'S NEW YEAR'S CALLS.

Long after the Senators and Congressmen and diplomats had left the White House, and after the last of the private citizens had clasped the hand of the President and departed, the door bell rang sharply and a visitor pushed his way into the Blue room. The President was alone in the apartment, and as he hastily locked the closet door of a cupboard and turned around to meet the caller, his face showed plainly that he regarded the visit as nothing more or less than an unwarrantable intrusion.

"You do not recognize me," said the unbidden guest, advancing to the middle of the room. I picked you up out of the gutters of New York city sixteen years ago and set you on your pins. I was able to do you service, if I remember rightly, just before the surrender of Vicksburg. I followed you pretty closely through the war, giving you a friendly lift every now and then. I happened around 1868, and, although you abused me for four years, I called again in 1872. I have been at your elbow ever since, and never a man have I treated more kindly, but you have kept up the abuse. You have abused me outrageously, Mr. Grant!"

"Who the devil are you?" asked Grant, taking two or three unsteady steps toward the speaker.

"O, my name is Opportunity," said the caller, and I will add that this is my last call. Good afternoon, Mister Grant." And thereupon he left the room, slamming the door with some show of indignation.

The President stood a moment in thought, and then, with a muttered exclamation, turned again to the sideboard. But another caller had already entered unannounced.

"Here we are again, old friend," said the new comer, who held his head high and moved with a lordly strut. "How's your courage Ulysses?"

"You have the advantage of me," said the President.

"Don't know me! why this is surprising. I have been your humble servant ever since Elihu Washburne introduced us. Some folks have regarded me as your master, but I don't insist on that point. Give me your hand, old fellow; my name is Ambition."

By the way, who was that I met at the door?"

"It was Opportunity," said the President. "He has just gone out."

"The deuce, you say!" exclaimed Ambition; "then you'll have to excuse me. I'm no account without him. I might stay and potter along with you for a while, but I would only make a fool of you, and waste my own time into the bargain. Good bye Mister Grant."

And Ambition, with a hurried bow walked briskly out of the White House, and hastened to catch up with Opportunity.

The Blue room had now become very blue to the President, and he once more had recourse to the sideboard. The next caller was a melancholy chap, whose chin pressed his breast, and whose eyes wandered gloomily about. At first the President paid no attention to his presence but he had a way of making that presence felt.

"Mr. President," said he, mournfully, "I wish you a happy new year. Why are not Bolknap, and Babcock, and Orvil, and Avery, and Shepherd here to celebrate this glad season with you?"

"Don't speak of them," said the President. "The subject is not pleasant."

"There is many other things I wish to speak about this happy occasion," returned the caller, with a dismal groan. By the way, how is poor Custer?"

"Sir!" exclaimed the President; "this is impertinent. Who are you?"

"You ought to know me if you don't. I am remorse. There is a good deal I wanted to say, and would say to another man, but I see indifference coming, and I will make way for him. Mr. President allow me once more to wish you a happy new year."

Indifference, who entered as Remorse stalked out, was a stolid, hard-featured fellow, not unlike the President himself. He said nothing, but beckoned Grant to the sideboard, where they drank confusion to the past in many bumpers. At length this last and most welcome of all the President's New Year's callers dropped his glass on the floor and rushed out of room as in great alarm. The President turned dizzily around to see what was the matter. There entered at that moment a guest with a frightful visage, every muscle of whose face told of agony and whose eyes spoke horror. The President started back and gasped:

"You are—"

"I see you know me," said the caller, with a ghastly leer. In administrative circles I pass as Neuralgia of the Brain. Let it go at that."

"And you have come—"

"Yes, Mr. President," replied the apparition. "Let there be no ceremony between us. I have come to stay."

"And I have brought my family," he added, as he opened the door and let in a swarming troop of distorted images and hideous, grinning little devils, all of whom echoed the words: "We have come to stay."—New York Sun.

The Sort of a Man Schurz Is.

Mr. Lamar, since 1872, has been in the habit of highly praising Mr. Carl Schurz, although most of his constituents have considered the clever German American a Radical in disguise. Gen. Schurz's course this year convinced them that they had been right all the time, and they repeatedly reminded Lamar of it as he was stump-sing Mississippi last autumn. Finally at one of his meetings, some one in the audience interrupted him with:

"How about Schurz, whose defeat in Missouri you were so sorry about? What do you think about him now?"

Lamar replied that Schurz's course reminded him of an incident in his law practice. Sally Saxe was his witness and the counsel on the other side undertook to discredit her testimony.

Bill Jenkins was called for this purpose and being placed upon the stand was asked what Sally Saxe's reputation was as a woman of truth and veracity. "Well," said the witness, "I recon it was about four years ago—"

"Hold on," said the counsel "we don't want to know anything about her but whether she is truthful or not—would people believe what she says?" The witness made several attempts to tell his story, and at length in desperation exclaimed: "Well all that I can say is that she is distracted of common sense and guilty of fits."

All Sorts.

More happy by far is the man with a tarrah

Than the one who is perfectly well,
He is one of those who is saved by the nose.
From many a horrid smell.

"Julius why didn't you oblong your stay at the Springs?" "Kase Mr Snow, dey charge too much." "How so Julius?" "Wy, de landlord charged dis colored individual wid stealing de spoons."

A seedy-looking individual was heard to say to a friend: "My dear fellow can't you lend me a black weskit for a short time? My sant Betsy died a few days ago, and I want to take a short mourn."

The electric telegraph.—"Wife I don't see, for my part how they send letters on them 'ere wires without tearin 'em all to bits." "La me they don't send the paper; they just send the writing in a fluid state"

"Where's the molasses, Bill?" said a red haired woman sharply to her son, who had returned with an empty jug. "None in the city mother. Every grocery has a large board outside with letters chalked on it 'N. O. Molasses."

"Now there's a finished gentleman for you," said a fireman as he gazed upon the pieces of the engineer that had been scraped up and gathered to his fathers after the last attempt to run a train on nothing

—Colorado item: "Lately a mountain lion made a raid on a ranchman's house in Left Hand Canon. He tore the family dog to pieces. He pulled the fiddle strings out of the family cat. He finally succumbed, however, to the family rifle"

A paper in Southern Illinois regrets that it went to press "one day too early to record the death of John Bates." This is not quite as cool as the paper which said "Just as we are going to press John Smith is being run over by the cars."

A man at the Bergin tunnel the other morning hailed a fellow laborer with. "So y've got a baby at yer house what is it? a boy or gyurl?" "Gues!" "An it's a boy." "No." "Well then it's a gyurl." "Faith," said the delighted father, "somebody's ben telling ya."

IVORY.—Fifty thousand elephants are killed every year to furnish the ivory is worked up in England alone. The best ivory came from Zanzibar the silver-gray from regions south of the equator, and the favorite ornamental material from Siam.

AMERICAN BEEF.—The Mark Lane Ez press asserts that 600 tons of fresh American beef reaches England weekly. This new branch of trade has created considerable anxiety in the English agricultural districts of Shropshire and Staffordshire.

Horace Greely used to tell this story: He once sent a claim for collection to a Western lawyer and regarding it as rather a desperate claim told the attorney that if he collected it he might reserve half the amount as his fee. In due time Mr. Greely received the following laconic epistle: "Dear Sir—I have succeeded in collecting my half of the claim. The balance is hopeless."

SEVEN REASONS FOR GETTING DRUNK.

Thomas Charlton hooked his chin over the prisoner's bar at the Fifty-seventh Street Police Court and regarded His Honor with a bland smile.

"Thomas, you are charged with being drunk," said the court.

"I can't deny it," said Thomas, grinning from ear to ear.

"You don't seem to be very sorry."

"I'm happy, Yer Honor," said the prisoner, giggling.

"What excuse have you for getting drunk?"

"I've got seven of 'em Judge."

"Seven excuses?"

"Yes, Yer Honor, seven. Now, I don't mind tellin' ye all 'bout it. Ye see I've got six boys in my family, an' last night—"

—it's a girl judge."

Thomas got off.

DEATH OF REV. DR. BRECKINRIDGE.

—Rev. Dr. Wm. L. Breckinridge brother of the Rev. Robert J. Breckinridge and last surviving son of United States attorney General Breckinridge under Thomas Jefferson and uncle of the late General John C. Breckinridge, died on the 26th ult., at Raymers, Cass county Missouri in the 73 year of his age. He was moderator of the second assembly of the Presbyterian Council in 1859. He was pastor for 29 years of the First Presbyterian Church of Louisville; was President of the University of Mississippi and afterwards of Centre college, Kentucky.

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