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## THE GLEANER

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## THE CAROLINA TWINS.

THEY OR THEY, RETURN FROM ABROAD.  
Mills Christine, After Eight Years Absence Comes Back to Philadelphia, and with Two Tongues, Talking at Cross Purposes, Gives Her Impression of Foreign Travel.

(Philadelphia Times, 16th.)

"The Two-headed Nightingale and party" was what the Register of an up-town hotel showed last night. It wasn't a bird or any other species of biped. So far from having two legs it had four. The hotel clerk was in a constant grin. It was evident that he had stored up some fine anticipations as to the surprise this singular announcement would cause people when they ran their eyes over the register. It was not every day a colored woman with two heads, four arms, four legs, four eyes, four ears, two noses, two mouths and two tongues registered at that hotel and the clerk was bound to make the most of it. The "and party" consisted of two Italian dwarfs, both in top boots and moustaches and goatees and neither larger than a good sized doll. The woman with the liberal supply of limbs was Mills Christine, whose exhibition in this city, at the Assembly Building, eight years ago, created a stir among the physicians who had her before them for several days, at Jefferson Medical College, and afterward delivered lectures on her. For the past eight years she has been on a tour of exhibition in Europe, under the management of Mr. Smith, who returned to this country with her four weeks ago, and has since exhibited her and the dwarfs in Boston and other New England cities. They came to Philadelphia from Bridgeport, Connecticut, yesterday, under an arrangement with Comp's Equescurriculum, where they make their first appearance to-day.

The Nightingale is twenty seven years old. She was born in Columbus county, North Carolina, of slave parents. There were fifteen children in the family; the others all being perfectly formed, as are the parents. The woman has been on exhibition since she was two years old. She has had an eventful experience. Twice she has been stolen, once from New Orleans where she was on exhibition. In a few months she turned up in a New York Orphan Asylum. Her owner (this was in slave times) got her back again. A few months later she was stolen for the second time and turned up in England, where the enterprising thief was exhibiting her. Again her owner got her back. She was exhibited all over the United States afterward, and then taken the old country. In London the newspaper men gave her the name of Nightingale on account of her vocal powers. She sings well, dances well and speaks three or four different languages, among them French.

The two heads sit on her shoulders at angles to each other so that the net which keeps up the hair of one touches the net which keeps up the hair of the other, and if the owner wills it the two heads may bump against each other, like playing bones in the hands of an expert. The singular part is her conversation. One tongue begins to talk, the eyes brighten, the face becomes animated. At this point the observer catches sight of the other face looking over the other shoulder with a sort of grin on it and the other eyes with a leer in them. A man may be excused if his attention strays at this point and the utterances of the first tongue become lost on him in contemplating the other physiognomical apparition. Presently the second tongue begins to talk, too, and there is a sort of race between them. One face is rather masculine and the other feminine, and voices vary similarly. In talking the tongues "chip in" and cross each other. To get an idea of the effect of conversation with her the reader must imagine in the following that the italics represent the feminine tongue and the other form the masculine.

"How did you like Europe?"  
"I liked it very much. I like England I liked, too, and better than nearly as any other, well as England. I more The French like America. people are very The Italians nice, are a good deal America is my like the French home, you know. I like and I to travel am not very much, likely to forget it. I was born there is a great deal to in North Carolina, see in I was the old world, in South Carolina especially in during the war. London and Paris."  
From the above comprehensive statements it will be evident to the reader that she can accomplish just twice as much talking as women in general, and more than that she is talking on two different phases of the subject at the same time.  
"Get up and walk, Nightingale," said

## ROMANCE OF BISMARCK'S DAUGHTER.

On the conclusion of the honeymoon the bride and bridegroom will join the chancellor and his family at Varzin, where a family gathering is contemplated about Christmas time. Separation from his daughter is said to have been very painful to Prince Bismarck, who is devotedly attached to this, his favorite child. She had been his faithful companion for many years. While her brothers were at the university or in the army she rarely left. In former years, when Prince Bismarck was still a passionate horseman, she accompanied him for hours in rides over the plains and through the woods of Varzin. Owing to the attachment existing between the father and his daughter many doubted whether she would ever marry. These suppositions were not groundless for she was no longer young when she contracted her first betrothal with Count Wend von Eulenburg, a young nobleman of eminent capacities, who had won her heart during his stay at Varzin as an attaché on the chancellor's staff. This engagement was a very happy one. The day of marriage had been fixed and the invitations were on the point of being issued when suddenly the bridegroom was attacked by a severe illness, which, notwithstanding the greatest care and attention, terminated fatally. At his (the young count's) burial, the Iron Chancellor was so moved that he wept bitterly. On the expiration of the time of mourning many youths of noble birth aspired to the hand of Prince Bismarck's only daughter. She refused, however, the most tempting offers, until, moved perhaps by the entreaties of her family she finally admitted the attention of Count Rantzau, whom she had known when a child. Some pretend that he was smitten by her charm even in their earliest youth, when he, as a boy at the gymnasium, waited for the young countess, then a little damsel, to carry her books from school. Count Rantzau a descendant of an ancient, noble, but not very wealthy family, was, after an honorable termination of his university for some time an officer in the Third regiment of the Prussian Uhlans of the guard. He subsequently changed his profession and entered on the diplomatic career. On account of his great talent and general accomplishments, he attracted the attention of Prince Bismarck, who not only attached him to the foreign office, but often invited him to his house. During the congress the count acted as one of his secretaries, a distinction which gave rise at the time to some envious reports. As Count Rantzau is in possession of a yearly income of only about 3,000 thalers, a sum certainly inadequate to maintain a household worthy of the daughter of Germany's leading statesman, a handsome dowry, asserted by some to be 500,000 thalers, was bestowed by the chancellor on the young couple.

## A CONFEDERATE STORY.

A Letter that Caused Deserion.

At a recent political gathering in Tusculum Ala., General Cullen A. Battle related the following story in the course of his speech:  
During the winter of 1853-'54 it was my fortune to be president of one of the court martial of the Army of Virginia. One bleak December morning while the snow covered the ground and the wind howled around our camp, I left my bivouac fire to attend the session of the court. Winding along for miles in uncertain paths, I at length arrived at the court at Round Oak church.

Day by day it had been our duty to try the gallant soldiers of that army, charged with violations of military law; but never had I on any previous occasion been greeted by such anxious spectators as on that morning awaited the opening of the court. Case after case was disposed of, and at length the case of "The Confederate States vs. Edward Cooper" was called—charge, desertion. A low manner rose spontaneously from the artilleryman rose from the prisoner's bench and in response to the question "Guilty or not guilty," answered "Not guilty."

The Judge Advocate was proceeding to open the prosecution, when the court observing that the prisoner was unattended by counsel interposed and inquired of the accused "Who is your counsel?" He replied, "I have no counsel." Supposing that it was his purpose to represent himself before the court, the Judge Advocate was then instructed to proceed. Every charge and specification against the prisoner was announced. The prisoner was then told to introduce his witnesses. "I have no witnesses," astonished at the calmness with which he seemed to be submitting to what he regarded as an inevitable fate, I said to him: "Have you no defense? Is it possible that you abandoned your comrades and deserted your colors without any reason?" He replied, "There is a reason but it will not avail me before a military court." I said, "Perhaps you are mistaken; you are charged with the highest crime known to military law, and it is your duty to make known the causes that influenced your actions." For the first time his manly form trembled, and his blue eyes swam in tears. Approaching the president of the court he presented a letter saying as he did so, "There, General, is what did it. I opened the letter and in a moment my eyes filled with tears. It passed from me to the other of the court, until at last all had seen it, and those stern warriors who had passed with Stonewall Jackson through a hundred battles wept like little children. Soon as I had sufficiently recovered my self possession, I read the defense of the prisoner. It was in these words:

"My Dear Edward: I have always been proud of you, and since your connection with the Confederate army I have been prouder of you than ever before. I would not have you do anything wrong for the world; but before God, Edward, unless you come home we must die. Last night I was aroused by little Eddie crying. I called, and said: 'What's the matter, Eddie?' and he said: 'Oh, mamma, I'm so hungry.' And Lucy Edward—your darling Lucy—she never complains, but she is growing thinner and thinner ever day. And before God, Edward, unless you come home we must die."

Turning to the prisoner I asked: "What did you do when you received this?" He replied: "I made application and it was rejected; again I made application and it was rejected; a third time I made application and it was rejected, and that night as I wandered backward and forward in thinking of my home, with the mild eyes of Lucy looking up to me, and the burning words of Mary sinking in my brain, I was no longer the Confederate soldier, but I was the father of Lucy and the husband of Mary, and I would have passed these lines if every gun in the battery had fired at me. I went to my home. Mary ran out to meet me, and she whispered: 'Oh! Edward, I am so happy! I am so glad you got your furlough!' She must have felt me shudder, for she turned pale as death, and catching her breath at every word, she said: 'Have you come without your furlough? Oh, Edward, Edward, go back! go back! Let me and my children go down together to the grave, but on to heaven's sake save the honor of our name!' And here I am gentlemen, not brought here by military power, but in obedience to the command of Mary, to bide the sentence of your court."

Every officer of that court-martial felt the force of the prisoner's words. Before them stood in beatific vision the eloquent pleader of a husband and a father wrongs; but they had been trained by their great leader, Robert E. Lee, to tread the path of duty, though the lightning's flash scorched the ground beneath their feet, and each in his turn pronounced the verdict guilty. Fortunately for humanity, fortunately for the Confederacy, the proceedings of the court were reviewed by the commanding general, and upon the record was written: "Pardon recommended" which was speedily granted. The gallant soldier died afterwards at his post of duty; standing in the roar and carnage of battle, his commanding officer approached, when the humble hero, with a smile said to him, "Captain I have one shell left" and pulled the lanyard, and his last shell went crashing into the enemies' ranks. Before, however, it had run its death dealing course, a mortal wound had been received by the brave man who sent it, and with a happy smile on his face he died with the remark, "Captain have I saved the honor of Mary and Lucie and little Eddie."

## LAUGHING WHILE DYING.

[Buena Vista (Ga.) Argus.]

On Thursday last Dr. Edwards was summoned to see Mrs. Swearingin, wife of Mr. Arch. Swearingin, who lives about six miles above Tazewell. She was not thought to be dangerously sick by herself or her family. Dr. Edwards found her sitting up in bed, talking and laughing with her family and some friends who were visiting her, and she appeared to be unusually lively for a sick person. Soon as he warmed sufficiently he approached the bedside of his patient, and to his great surprise, he discovered that Mrs. Swearingin, though sitting up, laughing and talking, was actually dying. He gently informed her husband, who could not realize the fact. He thought the doctor was mistaken. Dr. Edwards prescribed for the jovial woman, and left her without letting her know of her rapid dissolution. On his return home he met Dr. Hall, whom he asked to call and see his patient and aid her restoration if possible. He too decided she was dying. He left medicine and directions to apply a blister at a certain time, but before the time arrived she was dead.

William Cullen Bryant set out in life as a lawyer, in western Massachusetts, where he was born. He was one probable reason he gave it up, so Mr. George S. Hilliard thinks, was the loss of a suit, which had been appealed him and carried to the State Supreme Court.

## HOW GEN. GORDON CONVINCED HIMSELF HE WAS ALIVE.

(Atlanta (Ga.) Constitution.)

At length a fifth ball struck Gordon full in the face, and entering his cheek, knocked him senseless. He fell, and for some time his prostrate form was wrapped in the smoke of battle. We hear from Gen. Gordon's own lips a story that in a metaphysical point, is exceedingly interesting. He says that when he fell he was utterly incapable of moving. He gradually began to think of his condition, and this is the half dream half soliloquy that he carried on: "I have been struck in the head with a six pound solid shot; it has carried away my head. On the left side there is a little piece of skull left, but the brain is entirely gone. And yet I am thinking. How can a man think with his head shot off? And if I am thinking I cannot be dead. And yet no man can live after his head is shot off. I may have my consciousness while dead but not motion. If I can lift my leg then I am alive. I will try that. Can I? Yes, there it is; lifted up. I'm all right." The General says that every stage of this soliloquy is indelibly stamped on his mind, and that in his exhausted state the reasoning was carried on as logically as ever had reasoned at his desk. Doubt succeeded argument and argument displaced doubt just as logically as could be. He says he never will forget with what anxiety he made the test of lifting his leg—with what agony he waited to see whether or not it would move in response to his effort, and how he hesitated before trying it for fear it might fall and his death be thereby demonstrated.

AFTERNOON MEN.—There is a proverb which says, "What can be done at any time is never done," and which applies especially to a class who have become slaves to the habit of procrastination, the habitual postponing of everything that they are not compelled by necessity to do immediately. Now, delays are not only damaging to present prospects, but they are destructive of ultimate success. A dilatory man is not to be depended upon. The slightest pretext is sufficient for him to disappoint you. If an employe the sooner he is discharged the greater the advantage to the employer. There are those who may properly be called "afternoon men." They are always busy getting ready to go to work. In the morning they walk around, carefully inspect their duties, and say: "Plenty to do to-day! I must go to work this afternoon."

About three o'clock they survey what they have not done, and exclaim: "One thing and another have prevented me from making any headway to-day. I'll leave it and begin bright and early to-morrow morning."

A singular case of destitution has just come to light at Westfield, Mass. A few days since a medicine peddler and wife, giving evidence of respectability, arrived in that town and engaged a room with a good family. The man went out every day peddling his medicine from house to house without success, and at night would return bringing a few apples in his bag, and would remark to his landlady incidentally that his wife was very fond of baked apples, and would she please to bake them in her oven. Finally the woman was taken dangerously ill, and on investigation it was found that the couple were wholly without means for support, and nothing but a few baked apples had been their daily diet since their advent into the place, and although actually in a starving condition, they were too proud to allow it to be known. They were suitably cared for.

## COUGHING UP A BULLET.

[Eureka Leader.]

On the 4th of July, 1863, at the battle of Gettysburg, Albert Jackson was shot in the right lung. The bullet was not extracted. Mr. Jackson recovered and removed to this coast. Yesterday he was taken with a violent fit of coughing, something obstructing his windpipe, and in the paroxysm the bullet was coughed up.

## Gleanings.

An observing politician says that the difference between those going in and out of office is mainly this—the former are sworn in, and the latter go out swearing.

Mother (noticing her son's greediness): "George you should always leave the table feeling that you could eat a little more." George—"I do, mother." Rochester Express.

During August one hundred and thirty-five orphans were clothed and fed, and taught at an average expense of \$2.85 each, at the Oxford asylum. They were fed mainly on vegetables raised on the premises.

A country girl, whose show of vanity was large and tender, wrote "him" that she "trailed a good deal of 'tention" by the stylish way she held up her "claz." "The hair you hold 'em, you now, the more 'tention you 'traicts."

Mrs. Jenks still lives. She has written a letter, which is published, in which she says that the "perme-laden breezes of the Sunny South sigh over many an unknown hero and political martyr who stoically met their fate or whose souls went out in their despairing cry for mercy, and whose bones to-day are bleaching in the lonely woods and dreary swamps of Louisiana, Mississippi and South Carolina." Mrs. Jenks is evidently preparing to organize another political campaign.

## When people flock into a place of business as if they were making a run on a bank; there is no occasion for alarm. It is merely an evidence that the establishment advertises.—Home Secretary.

A man in New Orleans was agreeably surprised to find a plump turkey served up for his dinner, and inquired of the servant how it was obtained. "Why, sir," replied Sambo, "dat turkey has been roosting on our fence tree nights. So this morning I seize him for de rent of de fence."

A smile cost the giver nothing, yet it is beyond price to the erring and repentant, the sad cheerless, the lost and forsaken. It disarms malice, subdues temper, turns enmity to love, revenge to kindness, and paves the darkest paths with gems of sunlight.—(Toronto Free thought Journal.) Let's take a smile.—Boston Traveler.

You are a coward if you fear to tell the truth when you should do so. You are a coward when you imitate the weak. You are a coward if afraid to do right; if you shrink from maintaining that which you know to be good; and you are especially a coward if you know certain things of yourself and are afraid to own it.

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

### TO MY CUSTOMERS

and

### THE PUBLIC.

I have just returned from the North where I selected and purchased what I claim to be the best

### Stock of Goods

ever brought to this market, consisting in part of FINE GOODS, LADIES DRESS GOODS, LADIES CLOAKS, COATS, HATS, HANDBAGS, ETC. GY. HARRIS, BLOW, IRON, READY-MADE CROCKERY.

### FURNITURE

of all kinds, and every article to be found in a General Store; I bought these goods cheap, and will sell them cheap. All kinds of country produce taken for the patronage heretofore enjoyed. I beg to invite in inspection of my new stock. Octo. 29th 1878. J. W. HARDEN.

### NEW FIRM

New Store, and New Goods IN GREENSBORO.

We have purchased and are now receiving and offering at

### low figures for cash

both by wholesale and retail, at our LARGE, NEW BRICK STORE, on South Elm St., opposite Odell, Baggs & Co., every description of goods to be found in a first class

### Grocery Store.

We ask all to call and examine, as we are sure we can make it to their interest to buy of us. Dec. 24th 1878. FIELDS & CAUSEY.

### R. A. NOELL

Tailor.

Cutting and making done in the latest fashions and most desirable manner. He keeps constantly on hand samples of latest styles goods for gentlemen wear, and will order according to selection of customers.—also the

### National Sewing Machine

which he keeps constantly on hand and will sell for the low price of

\$24  
Call and see him. Graham N. C.