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THE GLEANER

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THE GENUINE DR. C. McLANE'S WORM SPECIFIC OR VERMIFUGE.

SYMPTOMS OF WORMS.

THE countenance is pale and leaden-colored, with occasional flushes, or a circumscribed spot on one or both cheeks; the eyes become dull; the pupils dilate; an azure semicircle runs along the lower eye-lid; the nose is irritated, swells, and sometimes bleeds; a swelling of the upper lip; occasional headache, with humming or throbbing of the ears; an unusual secretion of saliva; slimy or furred tongue; breath very foul, particularly in the morning; appetite variable, sometimes voracious, with a gnawing sensation of the stomach, at others, entirely gone; fleeting pains in the stomach; occasional nausea and vomiting; violent pains throughout the abdomen; bowels irregular, at times costive; stools slimy; not unfrequently tinged with blood; belly swollen and hard; urine turbid; respiration occasionally difficult, and accompanied by hicough; cough sometimes dry and convulsive; uneasy and disturbed sleep, with grinding of the teeth; temper variable, but generally irritable, &c.

Whenever the above symptoms are found to exist, DR. C. McLANE'S VERMIFUGE will certainly effect a cure.

IT DOES NOT CONTAIN MERCURY in any form; it is an innocent preparation, not capable of doing the slightest injury to the most tender infant.

The genuine Dr. McLANE'S VERMIFUGE bears the signatures of C. McLANE and FLEMING BROS. on the wrapper.

DR. C. McLANE'S LIVER PILLS

are not recommended as a remedy "for all the ills that flesh is heir to," but in affections of the liver, and in all bilious complaints, Dyspepsia and Sick Headache, or diseases of that character, they stand without a rival.

AGUE AND FEVER.

No better cathartic can be used preparatory to, or after taking Quinine. As a simple purgative they are unequalled.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

The genuine are never sugar coated. Each box has a red wax seal on the lid with the impression DR. McLANE'S LIVER PILLS. Each wrapper bears the signatures of C. McLANE and FLEMING BROS.

Be sure you have the genuine Dr. C. McLANE'S LIVER PILLS, prepared by Fleming Brothers of Pittsburgh, Pa., the market being flooded with imitations of the same McLANE, pronounced differently but same pronunciation.

HADAMRE PATTERSON-BONA- PARTE.

[From the New York World.]

William Patterson, her father, was the son of a farmer in Donegal, Ireland, who at the age of fourteen was sent to Philadelphia and placed in the counting-house of Samuel Jackson, a shipping merchant. Saffell says that he "stood shoulder to shoulder with Robert Morris and Stephen Girard, with open purse bearing the financial weight of the Revolution, and the subsequent dark days of the Republic," enjoyed in a high degree the friendship of Washington, Lafayette and Carroll, and welcomed Rochambeau at Newport and d'Estaing in the Casapeake. In his will William Patterson said that in 1775 he embarked his property in vessels trading in France with returning cargoes of powder and arms, that his supply arrived at a critical moment to aid Washington before Boston, that he made \$80,000 in the West Indies and going thence to Baltimore increased that to a million. "I have made the fortunes of some, saved others from ruin and found bread and employment for thousands of my fellow mortals; this singular document reads, 'and no one could ever say to me neighbor and friend, you got the advantage of me—you acted ungenerously to me.'" A friend of his daughter describes him as of strict integrity in business relations, but close and arbitrary in his family and by no means impeccable in morality. After long importuning his wife obtained from him a promise to import for her a chariot; he kept it, but as the promise did not include horses the vehicle remained in the coach house till death. To Mrs. Patterson, a tender, religious and well cultured woman, their daughter owed her familiarity with English and French classics; Rochefoucauld's 'Maxims' she had by heart, and at ten could recite whole pages of the 'Night Thoughts,' which remained in her memory for three quarters of a century, though in the interim she had never opened a volume of Young. To a prodigious memory she added a quick mind and sparkling wit; her manners were fascinating and her beauty remarkable.

Betsy Patterson was less than eighteen when in 1803 she met Napoleon's youngest brother, Jerome Bonaparte, then less than twenty, though it is by no means certain that the date of his and his brothers' births were not altered so as to make them all seem younger than they were. Jerome had served under General Leciere (Pauline Bonaparte's first husband) in Santo Domingo, and after carrying despatches home to France had gone to Martinique, in command of a frigate. Leaving his station in 1803 he sailed to New York, where he was warmly received. Joshua Barney, then not long returned from service under the French flag, invited him to Baltimore, and there, at the house of Samuel Chase, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, he met Miss Patterson, of whose beauty and wit he had heard in Martinique. "I know the most beautiful young woman in the world," an ex-Baltimorean lady said to him, "whom you must marry," and when one of his suitors, M. Rubelle, married at Baltimore, and Jerome Bonaparte declared that he never would wed an American, he received the reply to wait till he had seen Miss Patterson. A recent chronicler—not particular as to dates but evidently writing from conversation with Mrs. Patterson Bonaparte—says that Elizabeth's mother sent her to Virginia to have her out of the way, that Jerome's curiosity was piqued by the absence of one they all talked about, and that when he met her in Mme. Rubelle's carriage acting as her escort to the races, she resented his familiar method of talking of her as his 'pretty woman' by turning her back upon him, an act of brusquerie that completed her conquest. At this first meeting Miss Patterson wore a buff colored silk, very scanty as to drapery, a lace *flou* and a huge leghorn bonnet trimmed with pink gauze and long ostrich feathers. Jerome was an ardent wooer; the maid was willing to be won, for long before she had laid it out as her fate to wed a distinguished Frenchman, a prediction she recalled when at a party young Bonaparte's chain accidentally came 'entangled round her neck.' On the twenty ninth day of October, 1803, a license for their marriage was issued; extensive preparations were made for the wedding, but Mr. Patterson received, six days later, an anonymous letter accusing the groom elect of libertinism, and declaring that he had just professed marriage to a Miss Wheeler, and would not dare marry your daughter at the Catholic church before the Bishop in open day, and the match was temporarily broken off. However on Christmas eve the wedding took place in accordance with the Catholic ritual, Bishop

John Carroll, brother of Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, officiating and Alexander J. Dallas drawing up the contract. The bride wore a plain and very scanty India muslin, with old lace, and a string of pearls at her throat; the groom a suit of laced and embroidered purple satin, the white lined skirts of which reached his heels, knee breeches, diamond buckles and powder.

On March 2, 1805, Jerome and Betsy, at early dawn, boarded the Erin at Baltimore, and sailed for Spain. On the 2d of April the Erin reached Lisbon. Jerome set out for Paris, and his wife, (forbidden to enter France) with her brother William, for Amsterdam. By the 3rd of May, 1805, reports that the marriage had been annulled were published at Philadelphia. In June Jerome was cruising off Genoa in the Pomona, while his wife, who on the eve of his confinement, had left the Texel; not permitted to land—the Erin was placed between a sixty four gun ship and a frigate, while a guard boat plied around her at night—had reached Dover and found a refuge in London, where, at Camberwell, July 7, 1805, her son Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte, was born. She had some difficulty being one of the Bonapartes, in securing permission to land, and a guard of cavalry had to be sent to protect her carriage from the curious. Jerome Bonaparte wrote to his father in law from Genoa, June 12, by Le Camus, declaring that the old man's daughter "had far removed if not destroyed forever the possibility of a reconciliation" by imprudently going to London instead of to a neutral port. On the 29th of July, Le Camus was again charged to write advising Mme. Bonaparte to return to America and live there as if she were expecting her husband, and above all "not to reject the marks of the benevolence of the Emperor." Jerome with five ships was about to sail on a mission, and if successful would "ask his wife as a reward of conduct." In September Robert Patterson was made acquainted with Napoleon's terms—a pension for life of 60,000 francs a year if Miss Patterson would return to America and not take the name of Bonaparte, "to which she has no right, her marriage having no existence." Though Jerome was "almost always talking about her, delighting in the recollection of her good qualities, and never mentioned her name without saying 'My wife, my dear little wife!'" by October, at which time his dear little wife with her boy reached Baltimore, the gossips had it that "overtures had been made to the Queen of Etruria to marry him, but that she spurned the idea with the greatest contempt." On the 12th of August 1807, he married the Princess Frederica Catherine, of Wurtemberg. Only once afterward did he meet his American wife—in the gallery of Pitti Palace at Florence where to the Princess leaning on his arm he whispered with a start: "That lady is my former wife!" immediately quitting the gallery and next morning the city.

On her return to America she began life anew with a list of 1,000 guineas sent her by Jerome on hearing of the birth of her child. He offered her after his marriage the Principality of Sinalcaid, with \$40,000 a year, an offer declined, as "though Westphalia might be a considerable kingdom, it was not large enough to hold two queens." Napoleon appreciated the answer, as he could now afford to do, and intimated through the French Minister at Washington his desire to serve her. She asked to be made a duchess, which he promised to do later, and she received \$30,000 cash and an annuity of \$12,000, which was paid until Napoleon abdicated, she being permitted to sign the receipts of it "Elizabeth Bonaparte." Jerome was stung at her acceptance of money from his brother, but she retorted that she preferred shelter under the wing of the eagle to shelter under the wing of the goose. To Napoleon's memory she was grateful for she declined to visit the Court of Louis XVIII, not "wishing to pose for a victim of imperial tyranny." Under the Restoration she was one of the reigning beauties of Paris. She had "a spirited head crowned with waving brown hair; large, lustrous, liquid, hazel eyes, promising a tender sensibility that did not exist, a nose of delicate Greek outline; mouth and rounded chin, nests for Cupid; arms, bust and shoulders to satisfy a sculptor."

In 1819 she was in Geneva complaining that she had been nearly ruined by commercial speculations, that her son's education was very expensive and his father had positively refused to contribute a single farthing towards his maintenance. He afterward allowed his son \$100 a month for seven years, and had the boy

visit him at Rome where he had remained several months, treated with affection by the father and with maternal kindness by the ex-Queen of Westphalia, who tearfully called herself "the innocent cause of his misfortunes." Her uncle Duke William of Wurtemberg, admitted that Jerome had missed it—was an idiot to quit the pretty American. "If she were a queen with what grace she would reign!" Talleyrand had said to Gortschakoff then a diplomatic debutant that she had been "near the throne of Altes would have found it even more difficult to dispose of Napoleon." Crillon remarked neatly: "She charms with her eyes while she slays with her tongue." The Duke of Buckingham and Chandos paid tribute in his Memoirs to her talent, piquant charm and untarnished name; and Prince Jerome Napoleon, who was not all her friend, has characterized her as ambitious, with an untamable spirit and a stainless reputation."

When at Rome in 1825 Mme. Bonaparte-Patterson met her imperial connections, by all of whom she was affectionately received. Napoleon III, allowed her son an annuity of \$14,000, discontinued, however when she contested the ex-King of Westphalia's will in which Jerome ignored his son; still the Emperor recognized his cousin at court, and granted to Mme. Bonaparte-Patterson's grandson a pension of \$6,000 that only ceased when the Second Empire fell. The dead woman lived secluded, and a shrewd Baltimore banker said of her that he knew "no man more capable of creating legitimately with so small a capital the large fortune she amassed." In no branch of art was she accomplished, though she was an assiduous student till of late years her falling eyesight deprived her of this resource.

WHY SHE WEPT.

Old Nancy had been telling Bjah that she'd give the court as good as he sent and that he might give her six months and be hanged to him. She walked out with an ugly look in her eyes and her teeth shut, and was impatient for the affair to begin.

"Years and years ago," began his Honor, talking to himself, "I used to pass a white house on Second street. It was so white and clean, and its green blinds contrasted so prettily, that I used to stand on the walk and wonder if the inmates were not the happiest people in Detroit. They were happy. They played games on the green grass, and the birds sang all day long in the arbors.

Old Nancy looked around uneasily as he waited a moment. "As the years went by the white house turned brown with neglect. The birds went away. The children died or grew up ragged and uncivil. I well remember the day the husband and father put a pistol in his hand and cycled his shame and lie together. The wife was drunk when the body was brought home by the crowd.

A low moan of pain escaped the old woman's lips. "It was her love for drink that killed that man—that buried the children—that sent the birds away—that passed the place into strangers' hands," whispered the court. "Is the woman dead?"

"Old Nancy groaned as her tears fell. "No, she lives. She has no home, no friends, no one to love her. There must be times when she looks back to plenty, peace and happiness, and has such a heartache as few women know of. There must be times when she remembers the graves she once wept over, and children's voices must some time remind her of the tones of those laid to rest long years ago. I would not be in her place for all the wealth in the world."

"Oh! sir! don't talk to me—do not call it up! she moaned as she wrung her hands. "You may go," he quietly said, "you have not long to live. There are those here who can remember when you had silks instead of rags—when you rode in your carriage instead of wandering through alleys and lying in the gutter. Some morning you will be found dead."

That will be the last act in a drama so full of woe and misery and wretchedness that it will be relief to know that you are dead."

To SHARPEN SCISSORS.—Take a coarse sewing needle and hold it firmly between the thumb and forefinger of the left hand, then take the scissors in your right hand, and cut them smoothly and quickly from handle to point. The dullest scissors, unless they are entirely worn out, can soon be sharpened in this way.

In Germany a man who wishes to become a medical practitioner has to pass, some time in the course of his three year's study, an examination in chemistry and physics, botany, zoology, anatomy and physiology, and at the close of his studies he has to spend sometimes as much as a five months' session in passing a final examination in the practical departments.

SOCIAL STATISTICS OF CONGRESS

[Special to Richmond Dispatch.]

Of the three hundred and sixty-two members of the Forty-sixth Congress, exclusive of vacancies and including the Senate, two hundred and forty one are lawyers. The others are divided as follows: Merchants 24; farmers, 16; bankers, 12; editors 10, manufacturers 9; physicians, 7; railroad men, 5; teachers, 3; clergymen, insurance men, miners, lumber dealers and professional office-holders, 2 each; carpenter, stone-cutter, miller, surveyor, live-stock dealer and ticket agent, 1 each, and 18 with out regular calling.

Fifty-five served in the Union army during the late war, or were identified with that cause, and seventy-seven served in the Confederate army. This does not include Stephens, of Georgia, nor those who were members of the Confederate Congress. Four of the fifty-five Union soldiers and thirteen of the seventy seven Confederates are Senators.

USE OF LEMON.

The lemon is a necessity in any household. The following are given as some of its uses: A piece of lemon upon a corn will relieve it in a day or so. It should be renewed night and morning. The free use of lemon juice and sugar will always relieve a cough. A lemon eaten before breakfast every day for a week or two will entirely prevent the feeling of lassitude peculiar to the approach of spring. Perhaps its most valuable property is its absolute power of detecting any of the injurious and even dangerous ingredients entering into the composition of so very many of the cosmetics and face powders in the market. Every lady should subject her toilet powder to this test. Place a teaspoonful of the suspected powder in a glass and add the juice of a lemon. If effervescence takes place it is an infallible proof that the powder is dangerous, and its use should be avoided, as it will ultimately injure the skin and destroy the beauty of the complexion.

THE LENGTH OF DAYS.

At London, England, and Bremen, Prussia, the longest day has sixteen and a half hours.

At Stockholm, in Sweden, the longest day has eighteen and a half hours.

At Hamburg, in Germany, and Danzig, in Russia, the longest day has seventeen hours and the shortest seven hours.

At Petersburg, in Russia, and Tobolsk, in Siberia, the longest day has fifteen hours, and the shortest five and a half.

At Tornea in England, the longest day has twenty one hours, and the shortest two hours and a half.

At Wardhuys, in Norway, the longest day lasts from the 21st of May to the 22nd of July without interruption, and at Spitzbergen, the longest day is three months and a half.

At New York, the longest day has fifteen hours and fifty-six minutes and at Montreal, fifteen and a half hours.

A funny scene was witnessed a few days ago in the federal court at Danville, Va., the judge of which, (Lives) it will be recollected, recently instructed his grand jury to indict a number of county judges for not putting colored men on the jury. A colored man named Gravelly was indicted for selling liquor without license. When he saw the jury before which he was to be tried, about equally divided between white and black, he exclaimed: "For God's sake, don't let them niggers try me! Efforts were made to pacify him, but he insisted that 'niggers would hang a man just to see him kick!'"

By a recent change in the postal laws, a package not exceeding four pounds may be registered for ten cents, the same as a letter, and sent without additional postage. This is cheaper than the express companies can afford to handle these small packages, and just as safe, and will be found very convenient.

A skeptic who was indulging a simple minded old man about a miracle and Balsam use, finally said: "How is it possible for an ass to talk like a man?" "Well," replied an honest old believer with meaning emphasis, "I don't see why it ain't as easy for an ass to talk like a man as it is for a man to talk like an ass."

"Here," said a farmer in Syracuse, as he exhibited a broken jar to the manufacturer, "I poked this jar full of butter, and the jar split from top to bottom. Perhaps you can explain the phenomenon." "Oh, yes, I can," was the ready reply, "the butter was stronger than the jar."

A contemporary noticing the appointment of friend as postmaster, says: "If he attends to the mails as well as he does to the females, he will make a very attentive and efficient officer."

"My dear," said a gentleman to his wife, "our club is going to have all the home comforts." "Indeed," sneered the wife, "and when, pray, is our home to have all the club comforts?"

Edith—Now, Grandpa, don't the Bible say our hairs are all numbered? Bald headed Grandpa—Yes, child, yes! Edith—Well, Grandpa, it didn't trouble them much to count yours, did it?

The man who told his wife she had made a fool of him was answered with a positive denial. "Because," said the lady, "in that respect you are a well made man," which was referred to the husband.

Gleanings

No one is more profoundly sad than he who is obliged to laugh.

Mourning is never so mean as when it smiles at another's woe.

A company with \$3,000,000 capital has been formed at London, Ohio, to make India rubber from the juices of the milkweed.

If you do not wish to be exposed, don't talk too much before your children. A child's mind is like a "Jack-in-a-box," once unlocked, it is all out in a minute.

When a great man receives an ovation the reflection that twice as big a crowd would come to see him bring ought to discourage him, but it don't.

In a struggle to make a dull brained boy understand what conscience is, a teacher finally asked, "What makes you feel uncomfortable after you have done wrong? Father's leather strap," feelingly replied the boy.

Senators Gordon and Lamar have rented a house on Vermont avenue, Washington, which will be the social headquarters of the Southern Democrats.

A clergyman recently aroused his sleepy audience by asserting in the most positive manner that, notwithstanding the hard times the wages of sin had not been cut down one iota.

Slab Town, Nevada, having a voting population of three, had come out for Grant. Two of the voters are embarking pygmies, and the third is a man with a "claim."—Free Press.

"Georgia," said a devoted young mother to her very juvenile son, "you can not have another cookie till you ask for it properly." "Please, for Christ's sake, amen," said little innocuous, with immensely folded hands.

Because a physician insisted upon payment for the attendance upon a sick daughter of a Bethlehem, Pa., farmer, the latter committed suicide, leaving over \$20,000 in bank, besides a good farm.

Two women of Watertown are going to have a talking match for the championship, and eighteen hundred of the twenty-three hundred inhabitants of the place have already purchased tickets for the west.

The fruit of righteousness is wealth and peace, strength and honor; the fruit of unrighteousness is poverty and anarchy, weakness and shame; far not upon mind, but upon morals, is human welfare founded.—Charles Kingsley.

A resident of Washington, Ky., took a vow that if ever he got drunk again he would whip himself all the way home from the tavern. He got drunk and fulfilled his vow with such vigor that he could not stir out of bed for two weeks.

A lawyer about to finish a bill of costs, was requested by his client, a baker, to make it as light as possible. "Ah!" said the lawyer, "you might properly enough say that to the foreman of your establishment; but that is not the way I make my bread."

A negro having been brought up before a magistrate, and convicted of pilfering, the magistrate began to remonstrate. "Do you know how to read?" "Yes, massa—little." "Well, don't you ever make ass of the Bible?" "Yes, massa, strap him razor on him some times."

Mrs. Willis, an aged lady of Cumberland county, Ky., died recently, and left \$1,000 to the editor of the Glasgow, Ky. Times in token of the comfort she had found in reading his paper in her sorrow. Every Western editor will now begin to print columns of comfort for aged and rich women.

Mrs. Dunshudder fed a tramp yesterday because he wore an old army coat of faded blue. "You went through the war?" said the sympathetic soul. "Yes; I was drummer," and when the fellow reached the sidewalk a concluded the sentence, "for a hardware store in Chicago."—Vivian Observer.

There is a story that a man went into a Newburyport liquor store, asked for two quarts of rum, professing that it was for the purpose of making some roots. After the delivery of the liquor the dealer enquired: "What roots?" "The roots of my tongue," said the man; but it was too late.

YANKEE BOYS.—A teacher in Springfield, Mass., asserts that profanity is increasing among the school-boys, and says that he has known instances where a lot of them sprang themselves in a line along the fence and set up a competition swearing exercise, just to see who could utter the most frightful oaths.

Mr. Jacob, a clever Paris detective, said that he could always recognize a man, no matter what was his disguise, simply by the expression of his eyes. On one occasion on a boat, he went to the jail of La Requette, and from five hundred or more convicts a dozen were paraded in aprons and hoods, only their eyes could be seen. He