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THE GLEANER.
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Graham, N. C.
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ADVERTISEMENTS.
J. P. GULLEY,
RETAILER AND JOBBER OF
Dry-Goods, Clothing
Boots & Gaiters
HATS, AND CAPS, VALISES,
TRUNKS, WHITE GOODS,
South-Car. Edgeville St. and Exchange Place
RALEIGH, N. C.

SCOTT & DONNELLY,
Graham, N. C.
DEALERS IN
Dry-Goods,
Groceries,
Hardware,
IRON, STEEL, WARE, EMBROIDERED
OILS, DYE-STUFFS, DRUGS,
MEDICINES, LARD,
BACON, &c., &c.
Terms Cash or Barter. feb 16-2m

New Drug Store.
DR. J. S. MURPHY
Respectfully notifies the public that he has
opened a complete and well fitted DRUG
STORE at
Company Shops,
Where anything kept in a well ordered Drug
Store likely to be found.
The physicians of the county and the public
generally, are invited to patronize this new
establishment. An experienced druggist, a regular
graduate in pharmacy, is in charge, and the
physicians and the public may rest assured
that all prescriptions and orders will be cor-
rectly and carefully filled.
Prices as reasonable as can be afforded.
feb 16-2m

S. ROBERTSON,
DEALER IN
Grave Stones
AND
MONUMENTS,
GREENSBORO N. C.

Pumps! Pumps!!
THOMAS S. ROBERTSON,
Company Shops, N. C.,
Manufacturing and selling the best and
CHEAPEST PUMPS
ever offered to the people of this State. These
pumps are as durable as wooden pumps can be
made. They are sold as cheap as any one who
proposes to buy could ask.
Each pump delivered anywhere on short notice.
Each pump warranted. The manufacturer
refers to every pump of his in use. None one
has ever failed.
feb 16-17

P. E. HARDEN & BROTHER,
Graham, N. C.
Are receiving their FALL STOCK of
Dry-Goods Groceries,
HARDWARE,
Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils, Dry-
Goods, Hats, Caps, Boots, Shoes,
Saddles, Tobacco, Cigars, Seams, Teas,
KEROSENE OIL, CROCKERY,
Earthenware, Glassware, Coffees, Spice,
Grain, Flour, Farming Implements.
feb 16-17

SENATOR BAYARD.
POLITICAL VIEWS AFTER A VISIT SOUTH.
Discontent Subduing with the Impending General Prosperity—Finance—A Policy for the Democratic Party
(Wilmington, Del. Correspondence of the New York Tribune.)
Senator James F. Bayard has a beautiful country seat a few miles from this place, overlooking the Delaware river. I visited him there to-day, and had a long talk with him. Mr. Bayard is tall, thin and active, young in years and younger still in looks, having brown as well as gray in conversation he is sprightly, passing rapidly from one subject to another and using terse expressions. In manner he is not so reserved as most of our public men are. And he soon puts his visitors at ease. He has recently returned from the South, where he has met and conversed with many prominent men, and the political interests and industries of that section were naturally uppermost in his mind when our conversation began.

He had been received everywhere he said, with an extreme kindness. He had made speeches at Raleigh, N. C. and Macon, Ga. There was much less sectional jealousy than there had been. Southerners were glad to welcome Northern men among them, and to let them know that the South had been misrepresented by those of the carpet-bag stripe for political purposes. As an evidence of this, Mr. Bayard said that Judge Kelly, of Pennsylvania, had been treated with marked respect. This showed the absurdity of the bloody shirt stories that were constantly flaunted before the country by the administration people as evidences of the South's disloyalty and the fitness of its people to govern themselves. At Macon, Ga., there were upon the platform besides himself and other speakers, Gen. Hawley, of Connecticut, who represented the Centennial Exhibition's interests, and General Culbert, of Georgia. In the course of his remarks General Hawley said he had met General Colquhoun upon southern soil before, but it was under different circumstances from those which now surrounded them, and from that meeting he had the best cause as reported General Colquhoun. It was in an engagement at Olustee, Florida, where he lost 1800 of his men, besides leaving rather precipitately himself. This fight a meeting of the Confederate officers was held, to which General Hawley was invited. After the object of the meeting "to build a home for Confederate orphans" had been stated, there were loud calls for General Hawley all over the house, but unfortunately he had gone to Atlanta.

INDUSTRIOUS PROGRESS.
"Everywhere in Virginia, North Carolina and Georgia, and where the people of the South have been suffering the greatest improvement in the appearance of the country and industrial progress is manifest. All the way from Washington to Richmond the restoration of the face of the country by good tillage, fencing, and improved farm buildings, is delightfully apparent. In Georgia the advance in prosperity is remarkable, and with such advancement the people feel proportionate encouragement to perform all the duties of good citizenship. Such facts should speak eloquently and forcibly against the policy of force and proscription recommended by President Grant and so near being adopted by the last Congress. In agriculture the people of the South are doing well. They are rapidly appreciating the value and necessity of diversified industries, and varying in their crops so that the acreage of cotton will be curtailed in favor of the various grains, and cattle-grazing receives its due proportion of attention.

CURRENCY AND THIRD TERM.
"Upon the subject of the currency and finance in general there is very little fixed opinion among the masses of the Southern people, and sound information is assuredly needed. Being totally without having facilities or circulating medium of any kind at the close of the war, utterly impoverished and without capital, especially bonds of the United States Government, national banks of issue could not be organized, and local banks of issue on the basis of any other kind of capital were made impossible by the United States statute taxing them out of existence. Hence there was a great currency hunger, which in some localities still exists, and which it has been sought to satisfy by the issue of one-bills and tokens and used freely as a circulating medium all over the State of Georgia. I rely upon the good sense

of the Southern people to perceive that it is to their interest to bring the currency as soon as possible to a specie basis, and to maintain their good faith to perform their duties as citizens of the United States in upholding the honor and credit of the government. Everything, therefore, that tends to encourage good feeling between the sections and assist the people of the South to regain their prosperity and interest in the well-being of the country secures and consolidates the sentiment against theories of inflation and repudiation.

"General Grant is certainly seeking to be re-nominated for the third term, and those who depend upon him at all in politics are afraid to declare against him, notwithstanding any unpopularity he may have with his party. It is a plain fact that no man who desires or expects Gen. Grant's favor has ventured to make a public declaration against his nomination for a third term. It is my belief that Gen. Grant is as much determined upon the third term as he was upon the first, and even more so. We all know the dogged determination of the man, and he will insist upon a third term even at the cost of the dangerous and unworthy resort to sectional and religious strife as an issue in the canvass, as suggested in his Des Moines speech. His course in Louisiana and his propositions to the government of Arkansas all show how lasting and utterly unrepentant are his methods of accomplishing his political ends. His summary decapitation of Peace, and his other appointments in Mississippi, because of their refusal to sustain Gov. Sny in his war upon the liberties of that people, is a fine illustration of his regard for civil service reform, and shows what we may expect of the future in the event of his re-election.

THE BEST POLICY FOR DEMOCRATS.
In regard to the National Democratic Convention in 1876, Mr. Bayard said: "Discussions in regard to its action would be at this time of course premature. The duty of the Democratic party is the meantime is to maintain its organization by insisting upon an adherence to its time-honored and constitutional principles. Its great object should be to obtain the confidence of the country, and the only way to do this is to prove that they deserve the confidence of the country. There should be no avoidance of any important issue, and the personal ambition of candidates should be totally disregarded, and the interests and welfare of good government should alone be kept in view. The Democratic party should not only seem to be, but in fact, the trustworthy guardian of the nation's honor and credit and of the just interests of every citizen. The country is sick of the low tone which has characterized President Grant's administration in almost every department, and the better classes of his own party are as sick of it as any of us; but unless they feel sure that a change of administration is to produce real reform and not expose the country to new dangers, they will probably take no action against his re-election, in the face of his utter unfitness for the place he occupies, and his marvellous incapacity to appreciate the high nature of trust of power and its responsibility would cause me to despair of the capacity of our people for self-government, and, indeed, of the continuance of civil and religious liberty in this country."

Mr. Bayard spoke in very complimentary terms of Governor Tilden. He said Governor Tilden had done a great deal for New York State. Such work entitled Governor Tilden to all praise and to high reward from the Democratic party. All this time Mr. Bayard had not spoken of himself; but when he was asked how he regarded the proposition to place his name at the head of the Democratic ticket next year, he said: "I am no aspirant for office. I am no bidder for office. I am staying at home, leading a quiet life and trying to be right."

"You would rather be right than be President," I said.
"That is just the situation," said Mr. Bayard.
When Chief Justice Day, of Ohio, was a widower with two children on his hands, he attended a party one evening at Ravens, the town where he resides. Meeting there a young and witty lady, he jokingly proposed matrimony in presence of the whole company. "I have no personal objection," replied the lady, "but I have made a vow that when I get married it shall be a widower with six children." "Well, I'll pay you two down, and the balance equal annual installments."

HOW HER FATHER HELPED THE MARRIED LOVERS.

There is no foolishness about some of the fathers of Dubuque County, Iowa, who have marriageable daughters, and they know how to precipitate business when the fruit is ripe for plucking and hangs wasting its sweetness when it should be plucked. Matters were brought to a climax, with a rush, at a certain farmer's residence in Vernon Township recently. A young tiller of the soil had for months been paying most assiduous attention to one of his daughters, but he was such a bashful modest chap, never having been much in the company of girls, except this one, that he had never been able to raise his courage sufficiently high to pop the all-important question.

He had gone to the house in which his admirer lived, upon at least twenty different occasions, resolved to know his fate, but when ushered into the presence of his fair one, into whose keeping he had placed his heart, his courage would invariably "go back on him," and he return to his lonely room in greater suspense than before. Upon the evening in question he had determined, that some what would, he would tell his Mary he loved her. He would once for all decide the matter; but, as upon as each former occasion, he could get the proposal no farther than his throat. There it stuck, and he had just determined to gulp it down and give up the settee, when the door opened and in stalked the girl's father, who advanced to where they were sitting, and thus addressed them:

"Come in to put a stop to this infernal foolishness. It ain't the courting expenses that I'm looking at, for coal oil's cheap and wood can be had for the hauling; but I'm sick and tired of this billin' and cooing like a pair of sick doves, keepin' me awake of nights, and its got to be stopped right here. Mary Jane, look up here. Do you love John Henry well enough to marry him?"

"Why, father, I—I—poor must—"

"Stop that darn foolishness," yelled the old man. "Answer 'yes,' or 'no,' an mighty quick, too. Its got to be settled now or never."

"Well, but father, don't you know—if you'd only wait, and—"

"Dry up, answer 'yes,' or 'no,' Speak, roared the old gent.

"Well, yes, then. There now," and Mary again hid her face.

"That's business; that's the way to talk. Now, John, look here—look up here, or I'll shake you all to pieces. Do you want that gal' mine for a wife. Speak out like a man, now."

"Why, Mr.—aint this rather a—I mean, can't you—"

"Speak it out, or out of this house you'll go head foremost. I won't wait but a minute longer. There's the gal, and a tikeker gal ain't in the State; an' you just heard her say she wanted you. Now, John, I won't stand a bit o' foolin'; once for all, 'yes' or 'no'?"

THE CASE OF GUILBORD.

The controversy which has agitated both Church and State on both sides of the Atlantic as to the burial of the remains of Guilford, was ended yesterday, as we are informed by telegraph, by their peaceable interment in the Cemetery of Notre Dame de Montreal. The history of the difficulty is that Joseph Guilford died in 1870 in Montreal, being the owner of a lot in the above mentioned Cemetery. When preparations were being made for his funeral his friends were informed by the Cure of the Church of Notre Dame that they would not be allowed to bury him there, as he had died excommunicate, and he was interred elsewhere.

His representatives at once brought in the temporal courts against the Cure and Church Wardens to compel them to allow the burial in their cemetery. The claim was resisted on the ground that according to the rules accepted by the Roman Catholic community in Canada, ecclesiastical burial must be refused to "public sinners who shall die in impenitence" and these public sinners were specifically defined. Guilford's crime consisted in being a member of a literary society which kept certain prohibited books in its library. An attempt of the Cure's council to show that Guilford was a public sinner because he had offended against a decree of the Council of Trent, which pronounces all who read or possess prohibited books to be ipso facto excommunicate, broke down because the tribunals could find no evidence that the decrees relied had ever been received in France or accepted by the Catholics of Canada since its cessation to Great Britain.

Finally, after a prolonged litigation, a decree of the Privy Council was made ordering the burial. When this was made known to the Cure he said that he cherished a profound respect for the Queen, and was prepared to submit to her authority in everything relating to secular affairs, but as to spiritual matters he was under a paramount obligation to obey his Bishop, and so long as the Bishop forbade it he should be compelled to refuse burial to Guilford in consecrated ground, and the Cure after this seems to have appeared no more in the business. The funeral was fixed for the 2d of September last, and the procession found on reaching the cemetery that the gates had been closed and barred, and that a mob of some five hundred persons was prepared to prevent their being opened. The authorities were appealed to, but they felt, or said they felt, unable to act without the presence of a stronger military force than could then be collected.

The body was accordingly taken back to the Protestant Cemetery, where it had lain for five years, and the mob was for a time triumphant. The matter has since been in abeyance—with the exception of an episode in which the Bishop of Montreal figured in giving public notice that if the burial of Guilford in the cemetery was persisted in the ground covering him would "be laid under an interdict and so be made accursed forever." But it was early made manifest, after the occurrence above related, that the British Government would take the affair firmly in hand and that the burial in the cemetery would be proceeded with no matter what the exercise of force that might be required. This, as will be seen by our dispatches in another column, was completely done yesterday.—*Baltimore Gazette.*

WE ATE ROGER WILLIAMS?

It seems that in searching for the remains of one of the fathers of religious liberty in America, says Mr. Rody Welsh in the *Teacher's Monthly* alms, nothing was found. The pick and spade removed the hard earth till a dark line was reached having the shape of a coffin. Below there were a few locks of silver hair and some teeth, the things Byrnes tells us that decay soonest in life and remains longest after death. The dead form had disappeared and a living form had taken its place. The body of the old hero had become, not food for worms, but sustenance for an apple tree. A root had forced its way through the hard earth till it reached the coffin, whose lid it lifted, and whose contents it devoured. It had stretched itself over the skeleton and thrown out divisions over the extremities. These in turn had divided and showed the form and position of the fingers. A living form showed where a decaying one had rested. An apple tree had eaten up a man. From the food it had devoured it had produced blossoms the children of the grave digger had plucked, and the fruit that he himself had eaten.

THE FENCE STORY.

A man who prided himself on his morality, constantly saying: "I am doing pretty well, on the whole. I sometimes get tired and I swear, but then I am strictly honest; I work on Sunday when I am particularly busy, but I give a good deal to the poor, and I never was drunk in my life"—this man once hired a canny Scotchman to build a fence around his lot, and gave him very particular directions as to his work. In the evening, when the Scotchman came in from his labor, the man said: "Well, Jock, is the fence built and is it tight and strong?"

"I cannot say it is all tight and strong," replied Jock, "but it is a good average fence, anyhow. If some parts are a little weak, others are extra strong. I don't know but I may have left a gap here and there, but if I did I made up for it by doubling the number of rails on each side of the gap. I dare say that the cattle will find it a very good fence on the whole, and will like it, though canna just say that it's perfect in every part."

"What!" cried the man, not seeing the point. "Do you tell me that you have built a fence around my lot with weak places in it, and gaps in it? Why, you might as well have built no fence at all. If there's one opening, or a place where an opening can be made, the cattle will be sure to find it, and will all go through. Don't you know man, that a fence must be perfect or it's worthless?"

"I use to think so," said the Scotchman, "but I hear you talk so much about averaging matters with the Lord, seems to me that you might try it with the cattle. If an average fence don't do for them, I am afraid that an average character won't do the day of judgment. When I was on shipboard, and a storm was driving us on the rocks, the Captain cried: 'Let go the anchor!' But the mate shouted back: 'There is a broken link in the cable.' 'No matter, it's only one link; the rest of the chain is good. Ninety-nine of the one hundred links are strong. It's average is high. It only lacks one per cent of being perfect.' Surely the anchor ought to respect so excellent a chain, and not be cut away from it. No, indeed; he shouted: 'Get another chain!'"

"He knew that a chain with one broken link was no chain at all. That he might as well throw the anchor overboard with a defective one. So with the anchor of our souls. If there is the least flaw in the cable it is not safe to trust it. We had better throw it away and try to get a new one that we know is perfect."

A FABLE.—A certain rabbi had two sons; whom he and his wife tenderly loved. Duty obliged the rabbi to take a journey to a distant country. During his absence his promising boys sickened and died. The grief-stricken mother laid them out on their bed, drew the curtain, and waited anxiously for her husband. He came. It was night. "How are my boys?" was the first question. "Let me see them." "Stay awhile," said the wife; "I am in great trouble. Some years ago a friend lent me some few els. I took great care of them and at last began to prize them as my own. Since your departure my friend has called for them, but I did not like to part with them. Shall I give them up?" "wife! what a strange request is this! Give them up, and that instantly, this very night. Show me the jewels." She took the rabbi to their bed, drew aside the curtain, and said: "Husband, there are the jewels." The rabbi bowed his head and wept.

The Louisiana sugar crop this year will be larger than any year since 1861. It will come up to 190,000 hogheads, an increase of 73,133 hogheads over the produce of 1874. With the exception of 1875, when the yield was but 89,498, the crop has been steadily picking up since 1864. That year only 10,387 hogheads were sold. The crop of 1868 was unusually abundant, the yield being no less than 419,410 hogheads. The recovery from the disorder of the war, however, has been slow.

Nothing is so discouraging to a young lawyer just as he waxes eloquent about angel's tears, weeping willows and tomb stones, as to be interrupted by the cold-blooded justice with: "You're off your snuff; this is a case of bag-stuffing."

A Vermont debating club is now struggling with the question, "Which eats the most chickens—preachers or owls?"