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## THE GLEANER

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E. S. PARKER

Graham, N. C.

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of twenty-eight wide columns will be issued in the city of Wilmington, North Carolina, on or about

Thursday Morning October 17th 1878.

The Sun will be published by the SUN ASSOCIATION, from the Printing House of Messrs. Jackson & Bell. It will be printed in first-class style on good paper, with new type, and will be the handsomest daily journal ever published in this State. The Sun will be edited by Mr. Cicero W. Harris. The City Editor and the Business Management will be in competent hands, and a Correspondent and Representative will travel throughout the State.

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for all its purposes, and it will use its money freely in furnishing the people of North Carolina with the latest and most reliable information on all subjects of current interest. Above all things it will be a NEWSPAPER.

And yet no important feature of the Sun's daily issues will be intelligent criticisms of the world's doings. North Carolina matters—political, commercial, educational, social and literary—will receive particular attention. The Sun will be a

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The WILMINGTON SUN will be furnished to subscribers at the following reasonable and uniform rates: For one year, \$1.75; for three months, \$1.00; for six months, \$1.50; for one month, \$1.00.

At these rates the Sun will be mailed to any address in this country, or left by carrier in the city.

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One square, (ten lines) one insertion, 25 cents; two insertions, 40 cents; one week, \$1.00; one month, \$3.00; three months, \$7.00; six months, \$12.00; one year, \$20.00. For longer terms, and for special rates, apply to the publishers.

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Rates reduced to suit the times.

## Poetry.

### LINES ON A SKELETON.

The following poem, though old, is worthy of frequent republication. As has been often stated, it was found near a skeleton in the museum of the Royal College of Surgeons, Lincoln's Inn, London, and was sent for publication to the *Morning Chronicle*. Yet though fifty guineas was offered for the discovery of the author, his name has never transpired:

Behold this ruin! 'Twas a skull,  
Once of thenceful spirit full;  
This narrow cell was life's retreat,  
This space was thought's mysterious seat.  
What beauteous visions filled the spot!  
What dreams of pleasure long forgot!  
Nor hope nor love, nor joy nor fear  
Have left one trace or record here.

Beneath that mouldering canopy  
Once shone the bright and busy eye,  
But stare not at the dismal void;  
If social love that eye employed,  
If with no lawless fire it gleamed,  
But through the dew of kindness beamed,  
That eye shall be forever bright.  
When stars and suns are sunk in night.

Within this hollow cavern hung  
The ready, swift and tuneful tongue,  
If falsehood's honey it disdained,  
And when it could not praise was chained;  
If bold in virtue's cause it spoke,  
Yet gent'le concord never broke,  
That silent tongue, shall plead for thee  
When time unveils eternity.

Say, did those fingers delve the mine?  
Or with its envied rubies shine?  
To hew the rock or wear the gem,  
Can life be now avail to them.  
But if the page of truth they sought,  
Or comfort to the mourner brought,  
The hands a richer meed shall claim  
Than all that wait on wealth or fame.

Avails it whether bare or shod  
Those feet the paths of duty trod?  
If from the halls of ease they fled  
To seek affliction's humble shed,  
If grandeur's guilty bribes they spurned  
And home to virtue's cot returned,  
Those feet with angel's ways shall vie,  
And tread the palace of the sky.

### ST. GEORGE'S CHURCH.

#### THE OLDEST METHODIST STRUCTURE IN AMERICA.

In the oldest Methodist church building in America the congregation of St. George's M. E. Church last night celebrated its one hundred and ninth anniversary. The unpretentious little structure standing back a few feet from Fourth street, between Race and Vine streets, with everywhere around it the signs of busy business life, has nothing about it to give token of its many years or the eventual history that surrounds it. If its plain front was ever scarred and seamed the plasterer and the painter may keep the tooth-prints of time well out of view, and, but for its severe plainness, St. George's church, looked upon from its outside, might well be taken for a structure of comparatively modern growth. But the place has a history. Here had their beginning every Methodist church in the city.

Away back in 1761 the building was erected by a congregation of German Reformers. It was a big edifice in those days. Its size and its grandeur were the talk of the country around. For six years the German Reformers met within its walls, but from the beginning things did not prosper with them, and, finally, falling head over heels in debt, those responsible among the congregation were arrested and thrown into prison. The building was sold at public sale, and among the bidders was a half-witted young fellow who ran the price up to seven hundred and fifty pounds, and the church was his. The young man's father, not wishing to publicly expose his son's infirmity, paid the money for the church, and then looked about him to dispose of the white elephant with which he was encumbered. At that time Methodism in America was a very puny waif from across the seas. There was one congregation, but without a preacher in New York, and it is said by some that there was another somewhere in Maryland.

#### A LAY PREACHER IN REGIMENTALS.

In Philadelphia Captain Webb, an officer in the British army, had assembled around him a little body of Methodists, and these met regularly in a sail-loft on Dock street. The gentleman who had the German Reformed church on his hands heartily of this little congregation and going to them offered to sell them the building on Fourth street for fifty pounds less than it had cost him. Captain Webb advised an acceptance of the offer, and thus had the St. George church—the captain's martial spirit suggested the name—at its beginning. The building then consisted of nothing but the four walls that now stands, but Captain Webb

in full regimentals, stood upon bare ground and preached Sunday after Sunday. Later on in 1769 there came from England the first Methodist preacher sent to America. Rev. Joseph Palmoor, and to him was assigned the position of pastor of St. George's church. After him came as pastor the Rev. Mr. Boardman, who also had been sent over from England, and his successor was Rev. Francis Ashbury, the first Methodist Bishop of America. From this time, and in fact down to about the year 1830, St. George's church was almost the Cathedral of the Methodist Church in America. In a little room in the building that the iconoclast's hand has yet spared was held all the church conferences, and this furnished room enough for all the preachers in the county of the church that to-day boasts of eleven thousand. In it there still stands the chair in which Bishop Ashbury sat, the desk at which he wrote, the hard benches from which the preachers rose, and around the wall are the wooden pegs upon which their broad brimmed hats rested. In Revolutionary times the church had its troubles. When Washington was almost starving at Valley Forge, and General Howe was in Philadelphia, the British General ignoring the origin and the title of the church, took possession of it and utilized it as a training school for his cavalrymen. When peace was restored the congregation set about placing the management of the church on a sound financial basis, and with this end in view, adopted, as the church records will show, the somewhat questionable method of purchasing lottery tickets and trusting to luck, if not to Providence, for a happy hit. Whether or not this brought money in the church purse, is not known, but anyway everything about it was conducted in an economic way, and so late as 1800 sand and not carpets covered its floors.

#### ITS DISTINGUISHED PASTORS.

During its career one hundred and twenty pastors, at various times, occupied its pulpit, and many of these were among the best known and most brilliant preachers in the annals of American Methodism. Four Bishops—Ashbury, Whatcoat, Roberts and Scott—had it as their charge. Of these all but Bishop Scott, who is now located in Delaware, are dead. Then there was that wonderful orator, Rev. George Cookman, who afterwards became the chaplain of the United States Senate. He started to return to England in the steamship President, and the President and George Cookman, were never heard of more. He was the father of the well-known Rev. Alfred Cookman, who died a few years ago. Charles Pitman, the remarkable revivalist, was at one time pastor of St. George's church. He increased its membership to 1,500. He was one of the most powerful orators of the Methodist church and of his day. It was during his pastorate that the church floor were raised and galleries were erected, and, by the way, there was employed in these alterations a carter, who came one night to hear Pitman preach. He came again, and finally was enrolled as member. That carter was William Corbett, who to-day is the well-known pastor of one of the most prominent churches in New York. Rev. Robert Pattison, father of present City Controller Robert E. Pattison, was also pastor of St. George's church, and in fact, scores of the most prominent Methodist preachers had their first charge in the little building on Fourth street. To-day the church has a membership of but three hundred. Business has grown up around it and driven away its people. Its congregation is wide-spread. Brought by early ties, some come from Camden and many from either end of the town. Its oldest member was admitted as far back as 1806, and, in fact, it is a church of old members, who take a pride in its old story and its old walls.

Dean Stanley the celebrated English leader of the 'Broad Church' party and Dean of Westminster, now on a visit to this country, stands perfectly still when he preaches, making no gestures though he speaks impressively. One Sunday after returning from church he asked his wife why people looked so intently at him during the service. She replied: 'How could they help it, dear, when one of your gloves was on the top of your head all the time?' It had dropped from his hat. He is a rather magnificent-looking person with a slightly built and stooping figure, neatly cut gray hair, and whiskers of the old English style, a face expressively full of pleasant intelligence and dignity, and a voice not powerful, but distinct.

### HIS WORD OF HONOR.

There was a young Corporal in the garrison of Nantes in the year 1795. He was a spirited fellow, barely twenty, but, young though he was, he had learned to drink to excess, according to the too frequent custom of the day. Brave and excitable, wine was a bad master for him, and one day when intoxicated, he struck an officer who was giving him an order. Death was the punishment for such an offense, and to death the lad was condemned.

The Colonel of his regiment, remembering the intelligence and bravery of the young criminal, spared no pains to obtain a remission of the sentence: at first with no success, but finally hampered with a certain condition—that the prisoner should never again in his life be found intoxicated. The Colonel proceeded at once to the military prison and summoned Cambronne.

"You are in trouble, Corporal he said."

"True, Colonel; and I forfeit my life for my folly," returned the young fellow.

"It may be so," quoth the Colonel shortly.

"May be," demanded Cambronne, "you are aware of the strictness of the martial law, Colonel. I expect no pardon; I have only to die."

"But suppose I bring you a pardon on condition?"

The lad's eyes sparkled. "A condition? Let me hear it, Colonel! I would do much to save life and honor."

"You must never again get drunk."

"O, Colonel, that is impossible!"

"Impossible, boy! You will be shot tomorrow otherwise; think of that!"

"I do think of it. But never to let one drop of wine touch my lips! See you, Colonel: Cambronne and the bottle love one another so well, that when once they get together it is all up with sobriety. No, no! I dare not promise never to get drunk."

"But, unhappy boy! could you not promise never to touch wine?"

"Not a drop, Colonel!"

"Not a drop."

"Ah! that is a weighty matter, Colonel. Let me reflect. Never to touch wine all my life!"

The young soldier paused; then looked up.

"But, Colonel, if I promise, what guarantee will you have that I shall keep my promise?"

"Your word of honor," said the officer. "I know you, and you will not fail me."

A light came into the young fellow's eyes.

"Then I promise," he said solemnly, "I, Cambronne, swear never to take a drop of wine."

The next day the Corporal Cambronne resumed his place in his regiment.

Twenty-five years after he was General Cambronne, a man of note, respected and beloved. During one day in Paris with his old Colonel, many brothers in arms being present, he was offered a glass of rare old wine by his former commanding officer. Cambronne drew back.

"My word of honor, Colonel; have you forgotten that?" he asked excitedly.

"And Nantes—the prison—the pardon—my vow?" he continued, striking the table. "Never, sir, from that day to this has a drop of wine passed my lips. I swore it, and I have kept my word; and shall keep it, God helping, to the end."

Once more, not without reason, did the good old Colonel thank God that he had been able to preserve such a man for France.—*Exchange.*

### A BELL PUNCH IN A BARBER SHOP.

SPRINGFIELD, O., Nov. 24.—Donn Bazy a colored barber, employed a bell punch in his shop to register slaves. At noon yesterday Long Wiley was left alone in the shop. He fell asleep, and some practical jokers slipped in, went to the punch and registered twenty-five slaves. Last night, at the settlement of accounts, the money was short to the amount of twenty-five slaves. Suspicion fell upon Wiley, and a quarrel ensued. His fellow-workmen fell upon him and beat him unmercifully, and he will die of his injuries.

### DIPHTHERIA AND ITS TREATMENT

#### Some Reasonable Suggestions—The Surroundings That Cause the Disease.

[From the Springfield Republican.]

Diphtheria is a disease which springs from the growth of a real fungus on some of the mucous surfaces of the system, more generally of the throat. It may be spread by contact of the mucous surfaces of a diseased person with those of a healthy person, as in kissing and is to a limited degree epidemic. From the local parts affected it spreads to the whole body affecting the muscular and nervous systems, vitiating the lymph and nutrient fluids. As soon as the bacterium or fungus appears in white patches on the throat, it should no more be neglected than a bleeding gash or a broken arm, and there is almost as little need of a fatal termination of one incident as of the other. It has been found by actual experiment, both in an out of the human system, that this bacterium is killed by several drugs the safest and most certain of which is chlorine water, diluted with the addition of from two to four volume of water. This wash is harmless, even when swallowed and is pretty certain to arrest the disease. The great cyclopaedia of Ziemssen on the practice of medicine gives the highest place to the method of treatment. To keep the patient housed and warm, with additional flannel clothing if necessary, and to keep the bowels open are matters of nursing often neglected; but with care in these respects and early application of the remedies above suggested, there is no need of the disease proceeding to a fatal termination, or even to the debilitating illness and painful cauterizations which go together in its latter stages. As to the origin of diphtheria, the weight of testimony is that it belongs to the class of filth diseases, but further than this source is not clear. Families which would be scandalized at the suggestion of untidiness are attacked while others of filthy surroundings escape. This simply shows that our sense of cleanliness needs cultivation, so that we may discriminate between what is offensive to the system and what offensive to our falsely educated tastes. The farmers wife to whom the closed and carefully dusted parlor or the preternaturally scrubbed floor are the essentials of neatness, may endure the proximity of a sour swamp or of the kitchen cesspool for years without taking offense.

Mrs. Clara S. Foltz, a widow, of San Jose, is the first woman admitted to the Bar of California, the Legislature of that State having at its last session passed a bill granting such right to the sex. She has pursued her studies under difficulties that would have discouraged most men, having no property to speak of and five small children to provide for. Most of the time she has done her own housework, and has occasionally delivered lectures to eke out subsistence. The committee appointed to examine her consisting of the best lawyers in the town unanimously testified to her entire fitness for the profession.

A CALIFORNIA DOG.—A sad dog in San Francisco is called "Whiskey Straight." At two months he developed a taste for beer, and now he is devoted to all sorts of liquor, from absinthe down to porter, waxes strong and fat thereon. After a spree he appears morose and sullen till he has had a drink or two of whiskey, when he cheers up and frisks around in the liveliest manner. Additional potatoes, however, change his mood; he becomes cross and quarrelsome and finally falls into a condition of drunken stupidity.

POPULATION.—In his "True Law of Population" Doubleday points out that "Populations are universally found thin in pastoral countries, where the food is chiefly animal; denser where it is mixed; still denser where vegetable but plentiful; denser of all where it is vegetable and scarce." The natural inference is that in the plethoric state productivity is arrested, while in the deplethoric it is reinvigorated. In the poorest times Irish families subsisting on potatoes and meal averaged seven, against five in England and three in France. In rice eating countries the population is dense.

A spelling match in Poltonville, Miss., ended in a row. One contestant said that p-l-o-u-g-h was alone correct, and another as exclusively maintained p-l-o-w. The schoolmaster ruled that both were right, but, in the absence of a dictionary, the prevailing sentiment was that there could not possibly be two correct ways of spelling one word. A book was thrown at the schoolmaster's head, and a general fight ensued.

A lady reached the passenger depot in other Dayton, Ohio, the day just as the train she intended to take was leaving, and as she stood almost crying with vexation on the platform a gentleman arrived at the depot on a full run, with his carpet-bag in his hand his coat on his arm, and face streaming with perspiration. As he looked at the train now moving fast away, he sat down on his carpet-bag wiped his face, and deliberately and emphatically said, "Daru that train!" "The lady heard him, and smiling upon him with a lady's sweetness, said, "Thank you, sir."

## Gleanings.

Fourteen thousand persons are supposed to have died of yellow fever, in the South, during the late visitation.

"The compositor who made it read. 'In the midst of life we are in death,' wasn't much out of the way.

At an election a candidate solicited a vote. "I would rather vote for the devil than you," was the reply. "But in case your friend is not a candidate," said the solicitor, "might I then count on your assistance?"

About this time Prince Bismarck steps around to his tailor's and remarks: "Say, Schneider, just put a copper lining to dem goat and bants, vill you? I dinks we have another socialist schutzenfest pooty sudden maybe."—*Boston Traveller.*

A copy of the Mentz Bible printed by Gutenberg in 1455—being the first book ever printed was sold at auction in Paris last June for \$10,000. It is printed on vellum, but is not quite perfect, several portions having been restored in fac simile.

"Pale face gin red man chaw?" said John Feyonk, and Indian, at a house in Arkansas. John did not get his tobacco, which made him so angry that he killed the five inmates of the house.

"Satan died here," reads a Pittsburg sign; but it was not until an astute Alleghany Dutchman inquired when he died there that the people understood that they could get atin dyed.

St. Peter's Church in Rome is a vast structure of which few people have any just conception. It covers an area of 8 acres of ground. Its cost was \$50,000,000 in gold, and it requires \$20,000 per year to keep it in repair. It was about 300 years in building.

"In my arly days," remarked the old man, as he shoveled coal into the school house bin, "they didn't use coal to keep us school young 'uns warm, I kin tell you." "What did they use?" asked a boy near by. "A sad, far away look seemed to pass over the old man's face as he quietly responded: "Birch my toy, birch."

A young lady hesitating for a word in describing the character of a rejected suitor, said, "He is not a tyrant, not exactly domineering, but—" "Dogmatic," suggested her friend. "No, he has not dignity enough for that; I think that pupnatic would convey my meaning admirably.

On the day of Miss Helen Astor's wedding to Mr. James Roosevelt, in New York, she provided a feast for all the patients in Bellevue Hospital. The fare comprised 900 pounds of chicken, ten barrels of vegetables, twenty bushels of fruit, and a great variety of cake and confectionery.

TIT FOR TAT.—"Eugonia, Eugonia, will you still insist on wearing the hair of another woman upon your head?" "Alphonse, Alphonse, do you still insist upon wearing the skin of another calf upon your feet?"

SOME BAD EGGS.—Mr. Eggers, of Cincinnati, has sued for a divorce, after Mrs. Eggers has for twenty-five years been keeping drunk on three bottles of Rhine wine a day, at \$1.25 a bottle, and forcing him to mend and wash the family clothes.

Speaking of dull times, a wicked Mobile man says that a few weeks ago a stranger arrived there and bought a bale of cotton, a pleasant rumor was at once started that the cotton buyer had arrived, but it only proved to be a Chicago man with the ear ache.—*Com Bul.*

A quack doctor is traveling in Ohio, accompanied by a remarkably beautiful young woman. Her complexion especially is perfect. He tells the people, in free lectures, that this fair creature was once rather ugly, but has been improved by the use of his elixir, which he offers for sale at \$3 a bottle. Nobody buys any at the conclusion of the lecture, but on the following day, when his agent goes from house to house, the sale is large.

A self-binding and reaping machine was run away with by a lively team of horses in Oregon a few days ago. The course lay through a field of wheat containing about 100 acres, and the machine kept together, binding every bundle that came to it with lightning rapidity. When the team was stopped the machine had cut and bound 150 bundles.

HAPPY THOUGHT.—Brothers, before we sing the next verse of "John Brown's body lies all moul'd in the grave," let us take a look into the grave and see that it is there. In these days of Ohio medical colleges a cemetery isn't no siter than a savings bank, and it may be that political glee clubs, who have been singing the song quoted above, have been chanting a rhythmic lie for the past fifteen years.—*Bur'ngton Hawkeye.*

A CHINESE CITIZEN AT LAST.—For the first time in the history of the city of New York a native Chinese man has been admitted to all the privileges of citizenship provided by the constitution of the United States. The question of the naturalization of Mongolians has been a mooted one for many years, and the constantly increasing emigration of that mysterious and thrifty race has intensified the popular interest in the settlement of this difficult problem. The question, although previously passed upon in California, has never been tested in this city until day before yesterday, when Judge Larimore, of the Court of Common Pleas, formally admitted to citizenship Wong Ah Yee upon his own application.—*N. Y. Herald, 28th.*