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GRAHAM, N. C.

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THE GLEANER

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
E. S. PARKER

Graham, N. C.

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Wilmington Sun

Under the above name
A Daily Democratic Newspaper
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 Editorship and the Business Management will be in competent hands, and a Correspondent and Representative will travel throughout the State.

Probably no paper has ever started in the South with fairer prospects than those of the Sun. Certainly no North Carolina paper has entered the field under more auspicious circumstances. The Sun has

SUFFICIENT CAPITAL

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—industrial, commercial, educational, social and literary—will receive particular attention. The Sun will be a

NORTH CAROLINA NEWSPAPER.

SUBSCRIPTION.

The WILMINGTON SUN will be furnished to subscribers at the following reasonable and uniform rates:

For one week 15 Cents	For three months \$1.75
" " month 65 "	" " six " 5.00
" " " " " " "	" " twelve " 7.00

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

ADVERTISING.

One square, (ten lines) one time, \$1.00; two times, \$1.50; one week, \$3.50; one month, \$9.00; three months, \$23.00; six months, \$35.00.

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Interesting correspondence solicited.

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Yarbrough House
RALEIGH, N. C.
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Rates reduced to suit the times.

Poetry.

"LITTLE JIM."

The cottage was a thatched one, the outside old and neat,
Yet everything within that cot was wondrous neat and clean:
The night was dark and stormy, the wind was howling wild,
A patient mother watched beside the death-bed of her child—
A little wren-like creature—his once bright eyes grown dim:
It was the collier's wife and child—they called him "Little Jim."
And ah! to see the briny tears fast hurrying down her cheek,
As she offered up a prayer in thought—she was afraid to speak.
Lest she might "waken one she loved far better than her life,
For she had all a mother's heart, had that poor collier's wife,
With hands uplifted, see! she kneels beside the sufferer's bed,
And prays that the will spare her boy and take herself instead.
She gets an answer from the child—soft fall these words from him:
"Mother, the angels do so smile and beckon 'Little Jim,'
I have no pain, dear mother now, but oh! I am so dry—
Just moisten poor Jim's lips again, and mother don't you cry."
With gentle, trembling haste she held a teacup to his lips:
He smiled to thank her as he took three little tiny sips—
'Till father when he comes home from work, I said good night to him;
And mother, now I'll go to sleep." Alas poor Little Jim.
She saw that he was dying—that the child she loved so dear
Had uttered the last words that she might ever hope to hear:
The cottage door is opened, the collier's step is heard—
The father and the mother meet, but neither speak a word—
He felt that all was over—he knew his child was dead;
He took the candle in his hand and walked toward the bed;
His quivering lips gave token of the grief he'd vain conceal—
And see! his wife has joined—the stricken couple kneel;
With hearts bowed down with sadness, they humbly ask of Him,
In heaven once more to meet again their own poor "Little Jim."

THE PEDDLER'S STORY.

A cold winter's night, several years since, found a stage load of passengers gathered together around a warm fire of a tavern bar-room in a New England village. Shortly after we arrived, a peddler drove up and ordered that his horse should be stable for the night.
After we had eaten supper, we repaired to the bar-room, where the conversation flowed freely. Several anecdotes had been related, and finally the peddler was asked to give us a story, as men of his profession were generally full of adventures and anecdotes. He was a short thick-set man somewhere about 40 years of age, and gave evidence of great physical strength. He gave his name as Lemuel Vinney, and said his home was in Dover, New Hampshire.
"Well, gentlemen," he commenced, knocking the ashes from his pipe, and putting it in his pocket, "suppose I tell you about the last thing of any consequence that happened to me? You see I am now right from the West, and on my way home for winter quarters. It was during the early part of last spring, one pleasant evening, that I pulled up at the door of a small village tavern in Hancock county, Indiana. I said it was pleasant—I meant warm. I went in and called for supper and had my horse taken care of. After I had eaten I sat down in the bar room. It began to rain about 8 o'clock, and it was very dark out doors. Now I wanted to be in Jackson the next morning, for I expected a load of goods there for my wife I intended to dispose of on my way home.
"The moon would rise about midnight and I knew if it did not rain I could get along through the mud very well after that. So I asked the landlord if he would see that my horse was fed about midnight, as I wished to be off about 2. He expressed some surprise at this, and asked me why I did not stop for breakfast. I told him that I had sold my last load out, and that a new lot of goods was waiting for me at Jackson, and I wanted to be there before the express agent left in the morning.
"There were a number of persons sitting round while I told this, but I took little notice of them; only one arrested my attention. I had seen that week notices for the detection of a notorious robber. The bills gave a description of his person, and the man before me answered very well to it. He was a tall, well-formed man, rather slight in frame, and had the appearance of a gentleman, save that his face bore those hard cruel marks

which an observing man cannot mistake for anything but the index of a villainous disposition.
"When I went to my chamber I asked the landlord who that man was, describing the individual. He had come that afternoon and intended to leave the next day. The host asked me why I wished to know, and I simply told him that the man's countenance was familiar, and I merely wished to know if I ever was acquainted with him.
"I was resolved not to let the landlord in the secret, but to give information to the sheriff, and perhaps he might reach the inn before the villain left. For I had no doubts with regard to his identity.
"I had an alarm watch, and having set it to give the alarm at 1 o'clock, I went to sleep. I was aroused at the proper time, and immediately arose and dressed myself. When I reached the yard I found the clouds all passed away, and the moon was shining brightly. The hostler was easily aroused, and by 2 o'clock I was on the road. The mud was deep, and my horse, could not travel very fast. However, on we went, and in the course of half an hour I was clear of the village. At a short distance ahead lay a large tract of forest, mostly of great pine. The road lay directly through the woods, and, as near as I can remember, the distance was twelve miles. Yet the moon was in the East and the road ran nearly West, so I thought I should get light enough.
"I had entered the wood and gone about half a mile when my wagon wheels settled with a jump and a jerk into a deep hole. I uttered an exclamation of astonishment, but that was not all. I heard another exclamation from some source. What could it be? I looked quietly around but could see nothing, yet I knew the sound that I heard was very close to me. As the hind wheels came up I felt something besides the jerk from the hole. I heard something tumble from one side to the other of my wagon, and I could also feel the jar occasioned by the movement. It was simply a man in my cart! I knew this on the instant. Of course I felt puzzled. At first I imagined that somebody had taken this method of obtaining a ride. My next idea was that somebody had got in to sleep there; but this passed away as soon as it came, for no man would have broken my cart for that purpose. And that thought, gentlemen, opened my eyes. Whoever was there had broken in. My next thought was of the suspicious individual I had seen at that tavern. He heard me say that my load was all sold out, and of course he supposed I had money with me. In this he was right, for I had over two thousand dollars. I thought he meant to leave the cart when he supposed I had reached a safe place, and then creep over and shoot me or knock me down. All this passed through my mind by the time I had got a rod from the hole.
"In a few moments my horse was knee deep in the mud, and I knew I could slip off without noise. So I drew my pistol, and having twined the reins about the whipstock, carefully slipped down in the mud, and as the cart passed on I went behind and examined the hump. The door of the cart lets down and is fastened by a hump which slips over the staple and is then secured by a padlock. The padlock was gone, and the hump was secured in its own place by a bit of pine, so that a slight force from within could break it. My wheel wrench stood in a leather pocket on the side of the cart, and I quickly took it out and slipped it into the staple, the iron handle just sliding down.
"Now I had him. My cart was almost new, made of a stout frame of white oak, and made on purpose for hard use. I did not believe any ordinary mortal could break out. I got on to my cart as noiselessly as I got off, and then urged my horse on, still keeping my pistol handy. I knew I should come to a hard road, and so I allowed my horse to pick his own way through the mud.
"About ten minutes after this I heard a motion in the cart, followed by a grinding noise, as though some heavy force was being applied to the door. I said nothing, but the idea struck me that the villain might judge where I sat, and shoot up through the top of the cart at me; so I sat down on the foot board.
"Of course I knew my unexpected passenger was a villain, for he must have been awake ever since I started, and nothing in the world but absolute villainy would have caused him to remain quiet so long, and then start up in this particular place. The thumping and pushing grew louder, and pretty soon I heard a human voice.
"Let me out of this," he yelled pretty loud.
"I lifted my head to make him think I was in my usual place, and then asked him what he was doing there.
"Let me out and I will tell you," he replied.
"Tell me what you are there for."
"I got here to sleep on the rags," he answered.
"How did you get in?" I asked.
"Let me out or I'll shoot you through the head."
"Just at that moment my horse's feet

struck the hard road, and I knew that the rest of the route to Jackson would be good-going, the distance of twelve miles. I slipped back on the foot-board and took the whip. In fifteen minutes we cleared the wood and away we went at a flea jump. The chap inside kept yelling to get out.
"Finally he stopped, and in a few moments came the report of a pistol—once—two—three—four, one right after the other. I heard the balls whiz over my head. If I had been on my seat, one of those balls if not two would have hit me. I popped up my head again, and gave a yell and then I said:
"O God save me!—I'm a dead man!"
"Then I made a shuffling as though I was falling off, and finally settled down on the foot-board again. I now urged up the old mare by giving her an occasional poke with my whip stock, and she peeled faster than ever.
"The man called out to me twice more pretty soon after this, and as he got no reply he made some tremendous efforts to break the door open, and as this failed him he made several attempts on the top. But I had no fear of his doing anything there, for the top of the cart is framed with dovetails, and each sleeper bolted to the posts with iron bolts. I had made it so I could carry loads there. By and by, after all else failed, the scamp commenced to holler 'whoa' to the horse, and kept it up until he became hoarse. All this time I kept perfectly quiet, holding the reins firmly, and kept poking the beast with the stock. We were not an hour going that dozen miles—not a bit of it. I hadn't much fear—perhaps I might tell the truth, and say I had none, for I had a good pistol, and, more than that, my passenger was safe; yet I was glad when I came to the old flour-barrel factory that stands at the end of Jackson and in ten minutes more hauled up in front of the tavern where I found a couple of men in the barn engaged in cleaning down some stage horses.
"Well, old fellow," said I as I got down and went to the back of the wagon, 'you have had a good ride—haven't you?'
"Who are you?" he cried, and he swore as he asked the question.
"I am the man you tried to shoot," was the reply.
"Where am I? Let me out."
"Look here; we've come to a safe stopping place, and, mind you, my pistol is ready for you the moment you show yourself. Now lie quiet."
"By this time the two hostlers had come to see what was the matter, and I explained the case. After this I got one of them to run and rout the sheriff, and tell him what I believed I'd got for him. The first streaks of daylight were just coming up, and in half an hour it would be broad daylight. I told him the affair in a few words and then made for the cart. He told the chap inside who he was, and if he made the least resistance he'd be a dead man. I then slipped the wrench out and as I let the door down the fellow made a spring. I caught him by the ankle and he came, down on his face, and the moment I saw the chap I recognized him. He was marched to the lock up, and I told the sheriff that I should remain in town all day.
"After breakfast the sheriff came down to the tavern and told me that I had caught the very bird, and if I would remain until the next morning I should have my two hundred dollars which had been offered.
"I found my goods all safe, paid the express agent for bringing them from Indianapolis, and then went to work to stow them away in my cart. The bullet holes were found in the top of the vehicle just as I expected. They were in a line about five inches apart, and had I been where I usually sit two of them must have hit me somewhere about the small of the back and passed upward, for they were sent with heavy charges of powder, and his pistols were heavy ones.
"On the next morning the sheriff called upon me and paid me two hundred dollars in gold, for he had made himself sure that he had got the right villain.
"I afterward found a letter in the post-office at Portsmouth for me, from the sheriff of Hancock county, informing me that the fellow who had tried to kill and rob me was in prison for life."
"A Blessing" is the name of a rum seller on Sixth avenue, New York.
Mrs. Lockwood, the lady lawyer of Washington, called by other lawyers Judge Lockwood, has a practice worth \$5,000 a year.
There is many a man strong enough to hold a bull by the horns, and yet not strong enough to hold his own tongue.

THE CONFEDERATE ARCHIVE

Washington Letter to Baltimore Sun.
The Secretary of War will ask of Congress an appropriation for the publication of the Confederate archives and records. The Secretary of War in July last appointed as the editor and compiler of these records Gen. Marcus Wright of Tennessee. The Secretary considered that it would be best to appoint a Confederate officer for this work, not only because exception could not be taken to the work as being in an unfriendly or partial hand, but because many documents and other memoranda would be furnished which would not be otherwise available. General Wright, since entering on his duties, has performed a great deal of labor. He has already completed, so far as may be, a connected history of the official Confederate operations for the first year of the war. He has had placed at his disposal all the papers of the Southern Historical Society, also the order and the telegraph books of most of the leading Confederate chiefs. Mr. Jefferson Davis has also submitted for the use of General Wright such official papers in his possession as belonged to the executive office of the Confederate States. General Wright has written to Mr. Judah P. Benjamin at London, asking him to furnish any documents which he may have as the Confederate Secretary of State. It is designed to make this publication of the Confederate records as complete as those of the United States operations, if the material can be obtained, and it is thought there will be no difficulty in this. An exceedingly valuable contribution to history will thus be obtained. In connection with this subject it will be of public interest to state that the loss of the son of the son of Mr. Davis by yellow fever, and the illness of both Mr. and Mrs. Davis, have caused some delay in the preparation of the personal memoirs of the President of the Southern Confederacy. It is thought the work will be put to press some time in the spring. So great is the public interest taken in these forthcoming memoirs that arrangements are in progress to print a London edition simultaneously with the New York edition, and it is probable that a French edition will also be printed. Mr. and Mrs. Davis are now at their home, at Beauvois, Mississippi.

BISMARCK AS A CHRISTIAN.

On his religious belief he draws aside the veil by most men jealously guarded:
I cannot conceive how a man can live without a belief in a revelation, in a God who orders all things for the best, in a Supreme Judge from whom there is no appeal, and in a future life. If I were not a Christian I should not remain at my post for a single hour. If I did not rely on God Almighty, I should not put my trust in princes. I have enough to live on, and am sufficiently genteel and distinguished without the Chancellor's office. Why should I go on working indefatigably, incurring trouble and annoyance, unless convinced that God has ordained me to fulfill these duties? If I were not persuaded that this German nation of ours, in the divinely appointed order of things, is destined to be something great and good, I should throw up the diplomatic profession this very moment. Orders and titles have to me no attraction. The firmness I have shown in combatting all manner of absurdities for ten years past is solely derived from faith. Take away my faith and you destroy my patriotism. But for my strict and literal belief in the truths of Christianity, but for my acceptance of the miraculous ground-work of religion, you would not have lived to see the sort of Chancellor I am. Find me a successor as firm a believer as myself and I will resign at once. But I live in a generation of pagans, I have no desire to make proselytes, but am constrained to confess my faith. If there is among us any self-denial and devotion to king and country it is a remnant of religious belief unconsciously clinging to our people from the days of their sires. For my own part, I prefer a rural life to any other. Rob me of the faith that unites me to God, and I return to Yaxzin to devote myself industriously to the production of rye and oats.
The cold, chilling winds of December sigh over the fresh graves of more than forty Greenback newspapers.—Wash. Post.
Ypsilanti, Mich., is one of the few of the immortal American towns that can't poke fun at the Afghanistan war names.—Derrick.

A QUEER RELIC.—Maj. W. H. Bagley

showed us yesterday a very interesting relic belonging to the Worth family. It is a photograph of a leaf taken from an old family Bible. In a queer old 17th century hand writing the name 'Tho. Worth, Then this evidence of ownership comes.
"Tho. Worth is the owner of this books in the 1681." Nativity of Tho. Worth, Anno Domini, 1649. Left England, ye 21st day of ye 2nd month, 1682, landed in Pennsylvania in ye beginning of ye 6th month of ye same year.
John Worth was born the 9th day of the 6th month in the year 1686.
Thomas Worth was born 4th day of ye 1st month in ye year 1688.
Sarah Worth was born on ye 28th day of ye 7th month, 1691.
Tho. Worth, is my name,
And with my pen I wrote the same,
This is a queer old document and is worth preserving. The names John Worth and Thomas Worth, we have amongst us now and have had for nearly two centuries. That we may always have them is a wish that the State will respond to. The name and honor of the Worths are a credit to our State.—The Observer.

FEDERAL AND STATE COLLISION.

(Special to the New York Herald 4th.)
WASHINGTON, Dec. 3.—A singular case of collision between Federal and State authorities is likely to be reported to the present Congress, being now under investigation by the Governor of Virginia, in order that the facts may be presented to the President. Some time ago two negroes were indicted and tried in Patrick county, Va., for a serious crime. One was sentenced to eighteen years in State prison, the other for a shorter period. They appealed to the Federal Circuit Court, with the plea that on their trial before the State Court they asked for a mixed jury, composed partly of colored and partly of white men, and that this had been refused, and on the ground that the jury had been regularly drawn, and the law recognized no difference of race. Judge Rives, of the United States Circuit Court, sustained their appeal and set the law free and they are now at large. When all these facts in the case are collected by the Attorney General of Virginia, the Governor will present the case to the President, in order to have the question determined properly whether it is in the power of a Federal Judge thus to interrupt the course of justice, and convict criminals at liberty upon his own motion, and the case may be brought before Congress for its action.

A REMINISCENCE.—A friend relates to us the following rather remarkable incident in the life of the late Hon. B. F. Moore:

During the winter of 1876-77 Mr. Jas. H. White, of Gaston county, the venerable old Irish gentleman who for so many years represented his county in the State Senate, visited Raleigh and accidentally met Mr. Moore as he entered the Yarbrough House to call on an acquaintance. The two had long been friends, and their salutations were cordial and sincere. This over, Mr. White turned to a gentleman near by and said:
"This is my friend, Mr. Moore; he was always a Whig and I was a Democrat, but for all that we have been the best of friends."
"Yes," said Mr. Moore, "and Mr. White, the longer I live the more I am convinced that you were right and I was wrong."
Another warm grasp of the hands ensued, and deep emotion was seen in every lineament of their honest and aged faces. They never met again, though Mr. White still survives, the perfect type of a fervid, frank and genial Irishman, as he is.—The Observer.

Everybody is willing to say his prayers when he is in a tight fix and sees no other way out. The Lord is the last resort of some people and their religion is after the fashion of the sailor, who prayed and said, "O Lord, I haven't asked anything of you for fifteen years, and if you'll get me ashore I won't ask anything for fifteen years more." The little shoeblack also had a system of theology after which a great many take pattern. He told an inquiring missionary that he always said his prayers at night, because he was asleep and didn't know what might happen; but never in the morning, because any bright boy can take care of himself in the day-time.

An actor was once announced for a benefit at the Queen's theatre, Dublin. Some evenings previous he essayed Richard III., and after repeating the lines, "Richard is himself again," he deliberately advanced to the footlights and added, "and allow me to remark, that any man who would strike a woman, except in the way of kindness, is unworthy the name of an Irishman. My benefits takes place Friday evening, when I will be happy to see you all." It took immosely, and he had a rousing benefit.