

# THE ALAMANCE GLEANER.

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## The Alamance Gleaner,

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If you want to buy Clothing for Men or Boys either ready-made or made to order, do not fail to send for our Catalogue

## Poetry.

### JILTED.

As white as snow, once—years ago,  
See, now 'tis nearly amber!  
Among these criss-cross phlegmatics,  
Abounding in her "butts" and "fils,"  
How I did like to clamber!

She always wrote on "White Laid Note,"  
Just feel—it seems so brittle  
That one might crack it by a touch.  
Love her? Yes, I did, very much.  
Loved me? A very little.

You may peruse it, if you choose;  
Love's fragile flora wilted,  
And this is but a faded leaf,  
With which I mock the gawking gnat,  
That comes from getting jilted.

That blue ink? Used so to think,  
When this was ante-yellow,  
A tiny tear had left that stain.  
Yes? No! He held it in the rain,  
Who's he? The other fellow!

### A SERENADE.

'Wonders neyer will cease!' cried  
Pozy Poplar, flying into the cool dairy,  
where her sister Letty was printing off  
parts of blue fragrant butter.

Outside, July upheld her golden  
shield in the blue zenith; trees drooped  
in the torrid sunshine, and cattle stood  
pausing under the trees. But in the  
dairy, at Poplar farm, a refreshing cool-  
ness reigned; the shadow of green vines  
and leaves quivered in the wind across the  
deep, stone mullioned casement, and the  
shining pans of milk, the stone jars of  
cream, and the little round balls of  
cottage cheese, gave one an idea of  
happily plenty.

'Dear me! this print doesn't work, fair  
so nice as the last one. I can't make  
this look like a sheaf of wheat, do what I  
will!'

'Aunt Lex has got a beau!' said Letty.  
'Nonsense!' said Pozy.  
'But she has!' cried Pozy, her blue  
eyes sparkling with mischievous delight,  
'a real live, masculine beau!'

Letty laid down her butter print,  
wiped her plump, dimpled hands on a  
towel, and looked with surprise at Pozy.  
They were passing fair to look upon,  
these two farmer's daughters, who had  
grown up among the cedar forests of  
Maine, and who had never even looked  
upon the walls of a city.

Pozy was tall and slight, with braids  
of blonde hair, and a complexion deli-  
cately tinted, like a sea shell. Letty was  
dark, with velvet-brown eyes, full red  
lips, and hair that waved in natural  
ripples across her forehead.

'Who is it?' said Letty.  
Pozy seated herself on the low window-  
seat, and made an impromptu fan of her  
hat-brim.

'Don't you know that tall, round-  
shouldered, red-haired, lantern-visaged  
man from New Hampshire,' she said,  
'who stops at the Red Lion Hotel, and  
advertises "Music taught thoroughly in  
six lessons"—the man who goes around  
lecturing on the accordion, and who has  
opened a singing school, of evenings, in  
'Squire Dennison's big red barn?'

'Mr. Ezekiel Greengage!' cried Letty;  
'with the goggles-glasses and fine nasal  
accent!'

'The very one,' said Pozy. 'Well, it  
seems that the Red Lion Hotel was al-  
most too far away from 'Squire Den-  
nison's barn for the convenience of this  
musical prodigy, so he asked Aunt  
Alexandria to accommodate him with  
his meals twice a week, on the red-barn  
evenings; and all the time we have been  
camping out in the pine woods, Aunt  
Lex has been practicing do-sol-fa-mi,  
with Mr. Greengage.'

'Are they engaged?' cried breathless  
Letty.  
'Well, not quite that; but Aunt Lex  
has given me to understand that an en-  
gagement is imminent. She has made  
up her mind, she says, to consent, Mr.  
Greengage is the only man, she declares,  
to whom she can safely confide her  
future.'

'What a goose she is!' cried Letty,  
nearly dropping the skimmer in her en-  
ergy. 'At her age, to think of—!'  
'Geese, indeed!' shrilly echoed a high  
treble voice, and Aunt Alexandria her-  
self bounced out from the protecting  
shadow of the doorway. 'And at my  
age! I'd have you to know, Letitia  
Poplar, that I ain't forty yet, and you're  
five and twenty, if you're a day, your-  
self.'

'Dear me, Aunt Lex,' said Letty, 'I'm  
sure I didn't intend to hurt your feelings,  
bat—'  
'And I've long had it on my mind,'  
added Miss Alexandria, with very visible  
venom, 'to speak to your poor, dear, un-  
suspecting pa about those two young  
men that are hanging around here half  
the time.'

Pozy colored scarlet.  
'Aunt Lex,' said she, with spirit, 'my  
sister and I are doing nothing secret or  
underhand, Papa knows very well

that—  
'All the same,' said Aunt Lex, with a  
toss of her faded flaxen ringlets, 'I stand  
in the relation of a mother—no, not ex-  
actly that, but of an older sister—to you  
two girls, and I plainly give you to un-  
derstand that I'll have none of this ridi-  
culous philandering and nonsense going  
on while your pa is away. So you can  
tell those two young men to make them-  
selves scarce.'

'But Aunt Lex,' pleaded Pozy, who,  
amid all her discomforts, could not  
but see the humor of the thing, 'This  
ain't fair. We don't forbid Mr. Ezekiel  
Greengage the premises because papa,  
who is as much your legal guardian as he  
is ours, happens to be absent in Boston.'

'That's quite a different affair,' said  
Miss Alexandria, with the severe dignity  
of a Diana.

And she started out of the dairy,  
leaving Letty and Pozy looking at one  
another in sore perplexity.

'Cross old thing!' cried out Letty.  
'I wish to goodness she would get  
married!' said Pozy, with a sigh. 'Then,  
perhaps, you and I—and Frank Lacy and  
Alfred Moore—might have a little peace  
of our lives.'

'I really think,' said Letty, solemnly,  
'that it is our duty to encourage the  
aging man as much as possible; is this  
the red barn night, or—'  
'No,' said Pozy, gravely. 'If it was,  
Aunt Lex would have baked cream  
biscuits and lemon pies, and picked at  
cottage strawberries out of the champagne  
bears. It's to-morrow night that Mr. G—'  
'Aunt Lex went to bed early  
that night. She had been white-washing  
the kitchen ceiling and was tired. But  
she did not desert her post until she had  
seen Letty and Pozy safe in their rooms,  
and their candles blown out and the key  
of the big front door safe in the depth  
of her own pocket.'

'Daily, before every thing else,' said  
Aunt Lex, grimly screwing up her thin  
lips.

In the midnight of the night, however,  
Aunt Lex waked up with a peculiar  
sensation of ear-drums.

'Is the big church bell a-ringing?' said  
she to herself, 'or is there a storm  
blowing up, and the wind shrieking  
down the north chimney like mad?'

But as the cobwebs of slumber cleared  
away from her brain, Aunt Alexandria  
was aroused to the consciousness that  
the strange sounds disturbing her dreams  
was neither church bells nor chimney  
flues.

'It's music,' said Miss Alexandria,  
scrambling out of bed. It's a fiddle or  
else a banjo. It's that unprincipled  
Frank Lacy and Alfred Moore, come to  
serenade the girls, as true as my name is  
Alexandria Poplar. But I'll serenade  
them, see if I don't!'

And nimbly making her way towards  
the big pitcher of water, which stood  
in readiness for the morning ablutions,  
Aunt Lex lifted the sash and flung the  
whole contents over a dark figure, which  
was dimly visible below by the light of a  
gibbous moon.

'There!' said Aunt Lex, with a shrill  
accent of reprobation. 'Got it now, I  
guess, haven't you? And I only wish  
there was twice as much of it to soak the  
nonsense out of you! I'll teach you to  
come here disturbing an honest family's  
rest in the middle of the night, with your  
fiddles and your foolishness! Clear out  
of this, will you? Or do you want me to  
unloose Towser and get the old gun?'

Not a word was uttered in the shape  
of response; but the velocity with which  
the dark figure sped across the yard and  
down the winding expanse of the road,  
bespoke his ardent desire to escape from  
the old gun, Towser and Towser's mis-  
treasures.

'I've settled him!' said Aunt Lex,  
triumphantly, as she banged the casement  
down and went back to her  
pillow. 'I didn't see the other one run;  
I guess likely he ain't far behind.'

When she came down to get breakfast  
the next morning, Israel Meadow, the  
farm-hand, stood in the kitchen, pump-  
ing water. Beside him, on the sinkshelf,  
lay a coarsened heap of conglomerate  
wood and leather.

'Mercy on us!' said Miss Lexy, 'what's  
that?'  
'Suthin' I found out alongside the  
gate, in the bushes,' said Israel. 'It  
looks like Mr. Ezekiel Greengage's  
big accordion, that he pitches the psalm-  
tunes with in 'Squire Dennison's barn.'

'What!' shrieked Miss Lexy.  
'Yes,' said Pozy, who chanced to enter  
the room just then; 'Mr. Greengage was  
singing and playing beautifully under  
your window, Aunt Lexy last night,  
until you threw cold water on him. To  
think of your having a serenade!'

'We were quite jealous, Pozy and I,'  
said Letty. 'But Aunt Lexy, why on  
earth did you repulse him so cruelly?'  
'Aunt Lexy sank down all in a heap in  
one of the kitchen chairs, and threw an  
apron over her head to conceal her tears.

'I never dreamed it was him!' said  
she. 'I'm poked, of course, it was Frank  
or Alfred! Oh, dear, oh dear! what  
have I done?'

She had settled her own animal love  
affair. Mr. Ezekiel Greengage never  
came near her again.  
'It would be a pity to marry a woman with  
a temper like that,' said the musical  
prodigy, 'not for the biggest farm in the  
country.'

## Nat Macon.

(From the New York World.)  
WARRENTON, N. C., January 4.—Not  
a great distance from the old town of  
Warrenton, in Warren County, there is  
a heap of stones piled upon a sterile spot  
in the woods, a monument to the  
memory of an peculiarities of a man  
whom John Randolph in his will  
declared was "the wisest and best  
man I ever knew," and upon whose tomb-  
stone Thomas Jefferson said, "Ulysses  
Romanorum" ought to be written. A  
text for the political moralist, a character  
both simple and humorous and extremely  
interesting, old Nathaniel Macon, by all  
odds the greatest man that North Car-  
olina ever gave to the public service, is as  
completely forgotten as his strange  
molester could have desired. Just before  
he died, in 1837, he directed that his grave  
be selected this sterile place because "it is  
so barren no one will ever desire to cul-  
tivate it," and he directed that a pile of  
stones that had been thrown from an ad-  
jacent field be heaped on his grave, be-  
cause "they are of no value and nobody  
will ever want them." He even forbade  
that the place should be inclosed. His  
directions are literally carried out and the  
piles of stones about the spot are  
the only suitable for the purpose about  
the dead man of the living, in a village  
of ground for the frivolous politicians who  
make "fruitful" movements  
that are startling enough to make old  
Macon's ghost uneasy—more uneasy, for  
the commonwealth than when in Con-  
gress he bade farewell to his dear old  
friend, the constitution of the United  
States, because an appropriation was  
about to be made for the Delaware and  
Chesapeake Canal.

The records of Congress from 1797 to  
1828, without interruption, are full of the  
speeches and especially of the negative  
votes of Nathaniel Macon, of North Car-  
olina. But hardly anywhere else than  
in the official records can much matter  
about him be found. There has been  
only one man, I think, who served a  
longer time in the national legislature  
than he. There was never one who was  
absent from his seat or absconded of his  
duty fewer times than he, and yet he is  
like searching the records for the early  
life of William Tell to find out with any  
fullness of particulars the private life of  
the staunchest old Democrat that America  
ever produced. Mr. Weldon N. Edwards  
published in 1862 a memoir of Nathaniel  
Macon in Confederate print and declam-  
atory generalities, that tell nothing.  
Wheeler's "History of North Carolina"  
gives a desultory sketch of the old man,  
and these are all. When I visited the  
obscure grave in company with a de-  
scendant of Mr. Macon, we laughed at  
such peculiarities of his strange character  
as have been handed down by tradition  
in the family.

He enlisted in the revolutionary army  
as a private soldier, and, although he  
was very poor, he would never accept  
pay for his services. While in the army  
he was, without his knowledge, elected  
a member of the State Legislature from  
Warren county. From that society, how-  
ever, it seems to have been a sort of ac-  
cident—dated his extraordinary political  
career. In 1791 he was elected to Con-  
gress and re-elected continuously until  
1815. Then he was elected United States  
Senator and re-elected, and he resigned  
in 1828. In 1824 Virginia cast her votes  
for him for Vice-President. From 1801  
until 1806 he was Speaker of the House of  
Representatives. In 1825, 1826 and 1827  
he was elected President pro tem. of the  
Senate. During the period of nearly  
forty years in Congress he cast more  
negative votes than any ten other mem-  
bers. Mr. Ingersoll, of Pennsylvania,  
once said that Mr. Macon was so perma-  
nently opposed to the drift of things that  
if he were drowned he would naturally  
look up stream for his body. Once, on  
taking the chair of the House of Repre-  
sentatives, he made this model of a  
speech:

'GENTLEMEN:—Accept my sincere  
thanks for the honor you have conferred  
upon me. Permit me to assure you that  
my utmost endeavors will be exerted to  
discharge the duties of the chair with  
fidelity, impartiality and industry, and  
that I rely with confidence on the liberal  
and candid support of the House.'

This laconic style was characteristic of  
the man. When war was declared against  
Great Britain he sent a copy of the fol-  
lowing letter to every postmaster in the  
district:

WASHINGTON, June 18, 1812.  
'Sir:—War was declared against  
Great Britain yesterday.

NATHANIEL MACON.  
He never asked any one to vote for  
him, nor did he ever make a speech in a  
political campaign. In fact, he had no  
campaigns. When his term expired he  
went about his agricultural business pro-  
cisely as if a Congressman was not to be  
elected. He was unambiguously in-  
different. If the people chose him he accepted, the  
election precisely as a devout man ac-  
cepts a 'call' of God to preach. His duty  
to the people was the first duty in life—  
it was his religion, and he did not con-  
sider that he had no right to refuse them  
if they elected him, nor to complain if  
they should ever have failed to elect him.  
'Government,' he used to say, 'is a  
necessary evil; the less the better.'

Where annual elections and tyranny  
begin. He clothed and provided for  
his slaves well and took the same tender  
care of his sheep and hogs as of his  
daughters.

Old Nat Macon must have been an  
awkward wooer, but he wooed and  
married Miss Hannah Plummer, the  
sturdy hameliness of whose first name  
must have attracted him. Miss Hannah,  
however, had another lover, and once,  
when they two met in her parlor and  
they all three talked about the  
situation, the generous decided to settle  
the difficulty, which Miss Hannah  
modestly refused, to do, by a game of  
cards. This game for such precious  
stake is the only game of Mr. Macon's  
life. He lost. Miss Hannah, however,  
must have shown her sorrow in an en-  
couraging way, for the loser boldly  
stood up and said: 'Hannah, I have  
fairly lost you, but I must have you.  
Whom the other sailor was no history  
of North Carolina tells. The over-  
looked-for "future historian" perhaps will  
be able to find out.

Mr. Macon once lent a yoke of oxen to  
a neighbor, who promised to return them  
the next morning. They were not re-  
turned until the next night. Some time  
afterwards the borrower of oxen wished  
to borrow the same team again. 'No-  
sire!' replied Mr. Macon, 'you promised  
before to return them the next morning,  
and you did not bring them back until  
night.' The rebuked fellow had nothing  
to say, and turned to go away. 'But you  
will be very welcome to my team of  
horses if they will do,' said Mr. Macon,  
and the fellow took the horses and told  
no more lies.

Old people still remember Mr. Macon.  
In 1838 he presided over the constitu-  
tional convention at Raleigh that revised  
the State constitution. Before that time  
the constitution of North Carolina con-  
tained a provision that made Catholics  
and Jews ineligible to office. Chiefly  
through Mr. Macon's efforts it was re-  
pealed and the State became more worthy  
of its name.

In 1828, seven years before he died,  
he had resigned his seat as a mem-  
ber of the United States senate on ac-  
count of failing health. At the same time  
he resigned his place on the board of trustees  
of the State University and surrounded his  
commission as justice of the peace.

The Scared Professor.  
There is no use of disguising the fact  
that the boys who attend our colleges  
are pretty tough cases on general prin-  
ciples. Not that they would commit  
crimes, or do things that are particularly  
dishonorable, but that they are as full  
of the old Nick as they can hold. You take  
the best boy you can find in the  
public schools, one who has a religious  
training and seems to have a plume (and  
of mind, and who is so good that all  
the other boys think he is booked for  
heaven, and send him off to college, and  
you want to watch him. The chances  
are that he will come back with a  
knowledge of draw poker that will sur-  
prise an old gambler, and he will be sure  
to be a leader in all the dexterity that is  
going on. An illustration of this was  
furnished a short time ago in one of our  
State colleges devoted to turning out  
pious young men. The class in elocution  
was furnished with a professor from a  
distant city, who was very thorough in  
his methods, but he didn't amount to  
anything at handling boys. He seemed  
to look at them in the class room ap-  
parently, as much as to beg them not to play  
any monkey work on him. The boys  
saw he was afraid of them, and they  
bided for him. They got into a discussion  
over the proper way to render a passage  
from the poem. 'The Boy stood on the  
Burning Deck,' when one of the students  
called the other a liar. The professor held  
up his hands in horror and begged them  
to be seated, when the young man who  
had been called a liar drew a revolver  
and shot at the other student, who fell  
to the floor an alleged corpse. The  
professor was wild and at this point  
the lights were cut and every student drew  
a revolver and began firing blank  
cartridges in the air. Some were armed  
with putty balls and eggs and at each  
discharge something would strike the  
professor, and he thought he was full of  
holes. A window was raised and by the  
light made by the exploding cartridges a  
pair of coat tails and legs could be  
seen going out, and the professor landed  
head first on some hinc bushes. They  
rushed to the window and the poor man  
brained and bleeding and as scared as it  
was possible for a man to be, was rano-  
ing for dear life. The next morning he  
took his train for home, with a black  
eye, and clothes that looked as though  
something had been scraped off on them,  
and the faculty of the college will not  
know what has become of their professor  
of elocution till they read this. The  
boys go about their studies as though  
nothing had happened, but they are  
trying to think up some new deviltry.  
Boys will be boys, and there is no way  
you can prevent it, unless you break  
their backs.

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speeches and especially of the negative  
votes of Nathaniel Macon, of North Car-  
olina. But hardly anywhere else than  
in the official records can much matter  
about him be found. There has been  
only one man, I think, who served a  
longer time in the national legislature  
than he. There was never one who was  
absent from his seat or absconded of his  
duty fewer times than he, and yet he is  
like searching the records for the early  
life of William Tell to find out with any  
fullness of particulars the private life of  
the staunchest old Democrat that America  
ever produced. Mr. Weldon N. Edwards  
published in 1862 a memoir of Nathaniel  
Macon in Confederate print and declam-  
atory generalities, that tell nothing.  
Wheeler's "History of North Carolina"  
gives a desultory sketch of the old man,  
and these are all. When I visited the  
obscure grave in company with a de-  
scendant of Mr. Macon, we laughed at  
such peculiarities of his strange character  
as have been handed down by tradition  
in the family.

He enlisted in the revolutionary army  
as a private soldier, and, although he  
was very poor, he would never accept  
pay for his services. While in the army  
he was, without his knowledge, elected  
a member of the State Legislature from  
Warren county. From that society, how-  
ever, it seems to have been a sort of ac-  
cident—dated his extraordinary political  
career. In 1791 he was elected to Con-  
gress and re-elected continuously until  
1815. Then he was elected United States  
Senator and re-elected, and he resigned  
in 1828. In 1824 Virginia cast her votes  
for him for Vice-President. From 1801  
until 1806 he was Speaker of the House of  
Representatives. In 1825, 1826 and 1827  
he was elected President pro tem. of the  
Senate. During the period of nearly  
forty years in Congress he cast more  
negative votes than any ten other mem-  
bers. Mr. Ingersoll, of Pennsylvania,  
once said that Mr. Macon was so perma-  
nently opposed to the drift of things that  
if he were drowned he would naturally  
look up stream for his body. Once, on  
taking the chair of the House of Repre-  
sentatives, he made this model of a  
speech:

'GENTLEMEN:—Accept my sincere  
thanks for the honor you have conferred  
upon me. Permit me to assure you that  
my utmost endeavors will be exerted to  
discharge the duties of the chair with  
fidelity, impartiality and industry, and  
that I rely with confidence on the liberal  
and candid support of the House.'

This laconic style was characteristic of  
the man. When war was declared against  
Great Britain he sent a copy of the fol-  
lowing letter to every postmaster in the  
district:

WASHINGTON, June 18, 1812.  
'Sir:—War was declared against  
Great Britain yesterday.

NATHANIEL MACON.  
He never asked any one to vote for  
him, nor did he ever make a speech in a  
political campaign. In fact, he had no  
campaigns. When his term expired he  
went about his agricultural business pro-  
cisely as if a Congressman was not to be  
elected. He was unambiguously in-  
different. If the people chose him he accepted, the  
election precisely as a devout man ac-  
cepts a 'call' of God to preach. His duty  
to the people was the first duty in life—  
it was his religion, and he did not con-  
sider that he had no right to refuse them  
if they elected him, nor to complain if  
they should ever have failed to elect him.  
'Government,' he used to say, 'is a  
necessary evil; the less the better.'

Where annual elections and tyranny  
begin. He clothed and provided for  
his slaves well and took the same tender  
care of his sheep and hogs as of his  
daughters.

Old Nat Macon must have been an  
awkward wooer, but he wooed and  
married Miss Hannah Plummer, the  
sturdy hameliness of whose first name  
must have attracted him. Miss Hannah,  
however, had another lover, and once,  
when they two met in her parlor and  
they all three talked about the  
situation, the generous decided to settle  
the difficulty, which Miss Hannah  
modestly refused, to