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### HOW MARION GOT HIS RIFLES.

The close of the year 1770 was a sad period for America. The British held the country from Charleston to Upper Santee, and, in order to complete their conquest, had established a chain of posts through the State, each one of which was strongly fortified and defended by a good "garrison. Organized resistance to the British there was none. On the American side the principal actors in the struggle were the men who composed the famous, "light brigade" of General Marion.

The favorite rendezvous of Marion was at Snow Island. This was a high piece of river swamp, as it was called in Carolina, and was surrounded on three sides by water, so as to be almost impregnable. Here Marion had his camp. From this fastness he issued forth at pleasure to range the enemies' granaries, or capture a straggling party of his troops. Secure in his retreat, he had no fear of pursuit.

In the city of Charleston the despotism of the British was at its height; the proud spirited people at that capital were held down by a grinding tyranny. Many of them were still open and uncompromising in their hostility to the English, while others, thinking they could best serve the cause in that way, offered a hearty submission to the enemy, and were seemingly the most hearty of King George's subjects. Yet, while the English saw this and congratulated themselves on the good effect it would have upon the colonists, these very "loyalists" kept the American commanders constantly informed of all that passed within the British lines, and many a disaster of the English was in this way directly attributed to them.

One of these persons was a lady of fine social position and great wealth. Indeed, there were few persons in Charleston over whose submission to the crown the British were more elated than they were over that of Mrs. Anne Garden. She was a young and beautiful widow, just twenty-five, and for several years had been the standing toast of the Carolinas. When the British took the city, she was one of the first to submit to the King, and since then her home had been the favorite gathering place of the red-coated gentry.

Many of Mrs. Garden's friends were stout patriots to the last, and quietly cut her acquaintance, shook their heads in silent indignation when her name was mentioned, and when they dared speak at all it was only to condemn the widow's treachery. In the camp of Marion, however, there was one cheek that kindled with pride and not with shame when the lady's name was mentioned, and as for General Marion himself, he could have told tales that would have startled the widow's Charleston friends, had it been safe to do so.

While Marion was creating so great an excitement beyond the gates of Charleston, Mrs. Garden resolved to give a ball. Preparations were made on an extensive scale, and the loyal element of the city was in high feather. The splendid mansion of the young widow was dressed with flowers from cellar to garret, and blazed with lights on the evening appointed for the assembly, and the band of the garrison discoursed sweet music to the assembled crowd.

The entertainment was at its height when the crowd near the door suddenly parted, and a young man came forward hurriedly. He was tall and splendidly formed, and carried himself erect with a proud martial air. He was dressed in the uniform of an officer of the Tory legion, and his general appearance was that of a man who had ridden far and hard during the day. As the young widow saw him, her face flushed and grew deadly pale, and she sprang forward with a cry of alarm.

"What are you doing here?" she asked hurriedly.

"You will see," he replied, quickly, in a low tone, "only for heaven's sake, swear black and blue to what I may say." Then he calmly added, in a louder tone, "You see, my dear cousin, I have come back to my allegiance."

"I am delighted to hear it," she replied, warmly, taking the hint at once. "I never thought your heart would cling to the rebel cause."

"Faith," he said laughing, "if my heart clung to it, my stomach would have driven me from it. I'm not fond of starving, my fair cousin, and King

George lives well; you know. Hereafter, Thomas Wilson lives and dies a loyal man."

Colonel Watson had been standing by during this conversation, watching the couple closely. Now he stepped forward to the lady's side.

"Who is this gentleman?" he asked, somewhat sharply. "He seems wonderfully familiar."

"Oh," replied the lady, laughing, "he is my cousin, Lieut. Thomas Wilson, and, as you will perceive, is in his majesty's service."

"You seem rather careless of your dress, considering the occasion, sir," said the colonel tartly.

He was annoyed at the great interest which the lady had shown in the new comer.

"My business must be my excuse, colonel," said the young man, respectfully. "I am the bearer of a letter from Major Rainey, and my orders are to lose no time in delivering it. I have ridden hard all day, sir, and upon reaching your headquarters learned of your presence here. This lady being my cousin, I felt no hesitation in coming here at once, trusting for pardon to the urgency of my mission."

As he spoke he handed the colonel a sealed letter. Watson took it hastily and broke the seal. As he read it a smile of satisfaction creepspread his features.

"This is good," he said gleefully. "Rainey is picking up recruits by the hundred. Wants four hundred rifles, fifty sabres, and some ammunition at once. Will I send thee? To be sure I will. Have you weapons, lieutenant?"

"No, sir," replied the young man. "Major Rainey was afraid to send them down. There's no knowing when or where one may meet that cursed Swamp Fox and his sneaking cut-throats."

"Very well," said the colonel. "I'll furnish you with four wagons and fifty mounted men. You will start at sunrise in the morning, lieutenant. Call at my headquarters at midnight and you will have the necessary orders. Now sit you had better take rest, as you will need it."

"First, -let me offer him some refreshments," said the widow quickly. "He is tired and hungry. I know, and no guest must leave my house in that state."

"Return quickly, then," said the colonel. "I shall be miserable while you are gone."

The young man offered his arm to the lady and they left the ball room; but instead of going to the dining-room she led him straight to her chamber and then locking the door said anxiously:

"For Heaven's sake, Charles, what is the meaning of this?"

The young man did not answer verbally, but catching her to his breast, kissed her passionately, and to be frank the widow did not resist him.

"It means," he said at last, in reply to her repeated questions, "that we want arms, and I have come for them."

What else they said matters not now; but before they separated Mrs. Garden seemed very well satisfied with the young man's explanations, they then repaired to the supper rooms where the lieutenant found ample refreshments, and the lady returned to the ball room, where Col. Watson was impatiently awaiting her.

At midnight the lieutenant called at headquarters, and faithful to his promise, Col. Watson was there. The necessary orders for the delivery of the arms and ammunition and wagons to Lieut. Thomas Wilson, of the "loyal legion," were made out, and the colonel also placed in the young man's hands a sealed letter of instructions to Major Rainey.

The rest of the night was spent in procuring the desired articles, and at sunrise the next morning Lieut. Wilson, with his wagons and their contents, escorted by a guard of fifty men, set out for the "High Hills of Santee," where the Tory major's headquarters were located. The wagons and their escort made good time, and by sunset were forty miles from Charleston. The sun was scarcely half an hour high when Lieutenant Wilson ordered a halt, for the purpose of camping for the night. The mounted men latched their horses to the trees, and removing their saddles, prepared to cook their evening meal; the teams were unhitched from the wagon, and the command busied themselves in preparation for

a comfortable night.

Everybody was busy, and no one noticed that while these arrangements were in progress, Lieutenant Wilson had drawn off from the party, and disappeared in the woods that bordered the road. Suddenly there was cracking in the brush, which caused the British troops to spring to their feet in alarm. As they did so a voice which sounded not unlike that of the young lieutenant, shouted, loudly:

"Surrender, or you are all dead men!"

General Marion secured his prisoners, together with the arms, ammunition, wagons and horses, and set out after a rest of a few hours, for "Snow Island."

At the request of the boys Lieut. Wilson, he sent one of the red-coats to Col. Watson informing him of the trick that had been played on him by the young officer—who, so far from being an officer in the Tory legion, was none other than the famous Charles Hampton, a captain in Marion's brigade who planned and carried out the affair successfully—thanking the colonel for the excellent weapons and other materials he had sent him, and promising to do good service with them.

The British commander was furious when he read the note, and saw the box of which he had been made the victim. He went in haste to Mrs. Garden, but the fair widow had sailed for England. He was compelled to swallow his mortification in silence, and a few years later, when the war was over, his chagrin was not a little increased by the tidings which reached him, that Mrs. Garden had married the young officer who had tricked him out of his rifles.

The man who has been to the Black Hills, says the Bismark Tribune, and returned, is a big gun at the village drug-store, and feels called upon to tell the truth when narrating his adventures. Such a man, named Curt, was telling, the other night, how many Indians he had killed during his three months residence in the Hills.

After he had talked half an hour, one of the listeners, who had kept track of the numbers killed, exhibited the figures.

"I find," he exclaimed, "that you killed 1,500 savages in three months?"

"Is that all?" exclaimed the unabashed Black Hiller. "Why, I believe you have left out a week's work there somewhere."

"If you had such good luck killing Indians, why didn't you stay there?" demanded another suspicious listener.

"Well, the truth is, gentlemen I was afraid of ruining my left eye. I squinted along my gun-barrel so much that my face was being drawn out of shape, and the sight was so far gone that I had to be led about by a dog."

"And you killed Indians while in that condition?"

"I did, though I've always felt a little mean about it. I couldn't see to shoot, and so I run down and kicked 'em to death. It wasn't manly in me, and I want to ask the forgiveness of you, gentlemen, right here and now."

There was a long spell of appalling silence, and then some one said that Eph. Francis had bought a new coon-dog.

It is remarked of the Hebrews of New York that while they form about ten per cent. of the population of that city, they contribute less than one per cent. to the criminal classes. One reason for this, is that as a race they are early educated to habits of industry and self-dependence, and are not given to vices that have a criminal tendency. Another is, that such of them as happen to be stricken with poverty and destitution, are carefully provided for, and not cast upon the world to become beggars and outlaws and enemies to society. There is much in the Jewish economy that Christians might profit by.

An orator declaring that fortune knocked at every man's door once, an old Irishman said, "When she knocked at mine I must have been out."

### MRS. DOLLY MADISON.

A Little Boy Causes Washington to Forget his Dignity.  
[New York Tribune.]

A cheerful view of Washington is given in a story once told by Mr. Madison to a little girl, who now repeats it in Lippincott. "One day in Philadelphia," said Mistress Dolly Madison, "I was sitting in my parlor with a very dear friend, Mrs. R. B. Lee, when in walked Payne Todd (her son) dressed in my calico bed gown. While we were laughing at the figure he cut the servant threw open the door and announced General and Mrs. Washington. What to do with that dreadful boy I did not know. He could not face the President in that garb. Neither could I leave the room without meeting them, for the door they were entering was the only one. I made him crawl quickly under a low, broad settee on which I was sitting. I had just time to arrange the drapery when the Washingtons entered. After the courteous greeting and the usual compliments of the season there came from under the settee a heavy sigh, which evidently attracted the General's notice. However, I only talked and laughed a little louder, hoping to divert his attention, when—oh, no!—there came an outcry and a kick that could not be ignored. So I stooped down and dragged Payne out by the leg. General Washington's dignity left him for once. Laugh! Why, he fairly roared! He nearly went into convulsions. The sight of that boy in that gown, all so unexpected, coming wrong end first from under my seat—it was too much."

Whoever has habitually attended circuses in this country remembers the "buried brothers," acrobatic clowns, and their comical performance, in which one pretended to be dead, while the other tumbled him about. They recently went to Germany. The London Era contains the following: "One evening the elder Conrad fell to the ground after a pretended blow, and was turned and returned, as usual. His arms and legs were jerked, he was struck and kicked and dragged, but preserved a steady impassibility. Suddenly an expression of distress could be noticed through the grotesquely painted linaments of his brother, who hastily dropped on his knees and placed his hand upon the heart of the inanimate clown, exclaiming, 'My poor brother is dead!' At this the audience only laughed. 'Gentlemen,' said the distressed man, with tears in his voice, 'I assure you that he is dead.' Then taking him tenderly in his arms, he bore him from the arena. The crowd appeared struck with the natural manner in which the bereft clown expressed grief, and applauded him vigorously as he departed. There were loud cheers for both, but neither presented himself. Death had been more thoroughly simulated than ever before."

HE COULDN'T LEAVE THE DOG.—Yesterday a poverty stricken family consisting of a man, wife, and three children, applied at the office of Mayor Moore for passage to Jackson county, Indiana. They had footed it from North Carolina. All were in tatters from head to foot. Clerk Beck proceeded with alacrity to fix them out with railroad passes. "Thank you," said the stranger, "God bless you for your kindness; but how about the dog?" "Oh, a dog!" exclaimed Mr. DeBeck, "Have you a dog in this party?" And then he proceeded to explain that it would be impossible to grant a pass for the dog, as they would not admit him aboard the train, and advised that the dog be left behind.—The stranger called from the midst of the family a gaunt sore footed hound. He hesitated awhile and then went over and held a consultation with his wife. He came back to the counter and remarked: "I guess I will walk.—Cincinnati Commercial."

Will the capitalists and manufacturers listen to the demand that is made upon them to give up their Christmas presents, and adapt them to the wants of young men on strike?—Inter-Ocean.

### A STRANGE STORY.

[Wilmington (Md.) Correspondence of Wheeling Register.]

Thirty three years ago a family named Bent n, consisting of father, mother, son and daughter, resided in one of the western States near a small town called Blank.

The father was wealthy and lived in style, and his daughter Mabel, a child between two and three years of age, was always elegantly dressed, and George, the son, a boy of seven, preparing to enter an eastern school. One day little Mabel disappeared and her parents never saw or heard of her again, although they spent thousands of dollars searching for her. The heart broken mother died soon after the loss of her darling, and the father wandered over this country and Europe, and finally settled in New York, where he died. George grew to manhood, and the memory of his lost sister was almost effaced from his mind. In his twenty seventh year, while visiting a married friend, he fell in love with the governess of his friend's children, a beautiful girl about twenty three, and after some months they were married and lived happily for five or six years, a boy and a girl being born to them during that time.

By the death of his uncle in San Francisco George was left a considerable fortune, and the lawyer who conveyed the intelligence to him also stated that his sister's career had been traced. A tramp on his death-bed in a St. Louis police station confessed that he and two companions had stolen little Mabel Benton for her clothes and a locket which she wore, and that she had continued with them for several years, when her bright, pretty face attracted the attention of a kind hearted lady in Ohio, who adopted her and sent her to school, where she remained until her patroness died. Mabel then became a teacher in a large school in Cincinnati, but as her health began to fail she applied for a position as governess, and was now in the family of Mr. M., or at least that was the last place he had heard of her being in.

"What was the name of the family she was with?" asked George.

"Mr. ——" was the answer.

"What name did my sister have?"

"Mabel Ferris."

"My god!" cried George, in agony. "She has been my wife for five years." Upon further investigation this proved to be the truth, and the girl nearly went crazy, as she was a devout Episcopalian. A separation ensued, all property being equally divided. The children were placed with friends, as neither parent could bear the sight of what was to them the fruit of a crime against God and man. The poor girl, still living in a quiet city in New England, while the husband-brother, after spending all his property save a few hundred dollars in dissipation, shut himself off from all communication with his friends, and is to be met among strangers, and where few know his sadly remarkable story.

Washington letter: "The President and Mrs. Hayes decline all invitations to the theatre and places of amusement. Managers feel that they have lost good advertisements, since they can no longer notify the public that the President and family will occupy a private box during the performance on certain evenings. Mr. and Mrs. Hayes are very devout Methodists. The White House and its inmates are exceedingly popular. There is a refreshing absence of pretension and formality. The President and his wife have courteous, cordial manners which spring from kindness of heart. They are quick and ready in conversation, so there are no awkward pauses. They are not afraid to converse freely and do not appear to put any restraint upon their utterances, as though they feared misrepresentation. This, too, is a contrast to the last regime."

The Wilmington Review says: Not far from the city lives a man, one far advanced in age, and who is generally held by those who know him to be one of those eccentric geniuses who go to make up the wonders of the world. Carefully placed under his bed is a light wood or pine coffin, which he has had for a number of years, and which he says he wants to be buried in when he has "shuffled off this mortal coil." It is said when the owner of the coffin is at all sick he dresses up in his best clothes and quietly awaits a visit from the angel of death. On the morning of his death, he is found in his bed, and a year, or two, or three, when he looks after the preservation of the wood of his coffin, and is as foolish over it as a man generally is over his first baby.