

# THE ALAMANCE GLEANER.

VOL 4

GRAHAM, N. C.

TUESDAY JUNE 4 1878

NO. 14

## THE GLEANER

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY

E. S. PARKER

Graham, N. C.

Subscription Rates:   
 One Year \$1.50   
 Six Months .75   
 Three Months .35

Every person sending a club of ten subscribers with the cash, entitles himself to one copy free, for the length of time for which the club is made up. Papers sent to different offices

No Departure from the Cash System

Advertisements

Transient advertisements payable in advance yearly advertisements quarterly in advance.

1 square	1 m.	3 m.	6 m.	12 m.
	\$2.00	\$3.00	\$4.00	\$6.00
3	\$3.00	\$4.50	\$6.00	\$9.00

Transient advertisements \$1 per square or half first, and fifty cents for each subsequent insertion.



## New Millinery

## Store.

Mrs. W. S. Moore, of Greensboro, has opened a branch of her extensive business in this town, at the

## Hunter Old Stand

under the management of Mrs. B. S. Hunter, where she has just opened a complete assortment of BONNETS, HATS, RIBBONS, FLOWERS, NATURAL HAIR BRAIDS AND CURLS, LADIES COLLARS, AND CUFFS, Ribbons and lace CHAYAS, TOILET SETS, NOSES, and combs, for ladies of 184 years. All goods do not find in other places. Call on your own eyes and see the goods and get your own comparison in style and prices as

## Remember the Dead

I deal in American and Italian Marble Monuments and Headstones

cheap as any yard in the State, AND GUARANTEE PERFECT SATISFACTION.

Parties living at a distance will save money by sending to me for PRICE LIST and DRAWINGS. To persons making up a club of six or more, I offer the

Most liberal inducements, and on application will forward designs, &c., or visit them in person.

Any kind of marketable produce taken in exchange for work.

S. C. ROBERTSON, GREENSBORO, N. C.

\$60 a week in your own town. \$5 Out-let free. No risk Reader, if you are in business at which persons of either sex may gain great pay all the time they work, write to particulars to H. HALLISTON, Boston, Mass.

## AN UNPUBLISHED CHAPTER OF GEORGIA SCENES.

A FRAGMENT.

From the forthcoming second volume of the Memories of Fifty Years.

[Haligh Oberlin.]

I have perhaps been prolix in this chapter. I could not do justice to the memory of my friends of after days by saying less.

Judge Augustus B. Longstreet was peculiarly a humorist. He was a distinguished lawyer, equally so as a judge, and a divine of eminence, was the President of three colleges, and eminent as a teacher and trainer of youth. Yet when the fame he earned in each and all of these vocations shall have passed from the public's mind, his Georgia scenes will preserve his name in undimmed splendor.

In the conclusion of this chapter, I must relate one of his Georgia scenes, known to but few, and which was by him narrated to me now fifty-seven years ago.

I was admitted to the bar fifty-seven years ago, in Washington, Wilkes county, Georgia. It was on Sunday preceding the meeting of the Superior Court for Wilkes county that I rode with Judge Longstreet from Greensboro, the village of his residence, to Washington, Wilkes county.

We had both received our legal education at the law school conducted by those eminent jurists, Tapping Reeves, the brother-in-law of Aaron Burr, and James Gould, at Litchfield, Connecticut. I had just finished, after having completed my course, and was on my way to apply for admission to plead and practice law. We were on horseback, and the distance was short, and we rode leisurely, talking over our student experiences, and enjoying many a joke connected with names then eminent, who had been educated legally at Litchfield; all of whom have long since passed away. Of all the Georgians there educated in the law I know of but one, save myself, now left in the State, the venerable James Clark, of Atlanta, now more than eighty years of age.

As we journeyed, we were, about noon passing a farm house, which was not very far from the highway, when revolving up his horse, 'Old Panther.' (How well I remember the noble old sorrel), he asked me if I was hungry. Being answered in the affirmative, he continued pointing to the house: 'Yonder lives a well-to-do man. His wife is an old friend of mine, and I have a capital story to tell you after we get our dinner, in relation to our early acquaintance. But remember me to her. I have a proposition to make to her, and I will tell you what it is at the expense of my being a little out of humor. But she is turned from the highway, and we must go on. I will tell you the story, if you will, after we get our dinner.' 'I will answer for a dinner.' 'I suppose so,' he replied, 'if the old saw is truthful, which says, 'laugh and grow fat.'

When I was fitting for college, my father felt there was no man in Georgia so competent to the task as Father Cummings, a Presbyterian minister up here. And then I could find cheap board in the country, and be away from influences about Augusta, our home, that might keep me from studying. My father was not wealthy, and it was a pretty tight squeeze for him to spare the money for my education.

When I came up here, I found parson Cummings had more pupils than he could accommodate with board; so I was compelled to find board in the neighborhood. I did so at the house of this woman's father over there. He was a stout, staid old gentleman, with aldermanic proportions; a strict member of the church, and a regular attendant upon the weekly service. His wife was a little weasel faced woman, with a sharp nose always red at the point, and with an eye as black as a shoe and as sharp as a lancet. She rarely said much, but what she did say was sharp and to the point. Her daughter Ann—that woman over there—was about my age, rosy, plump and pretty, and amply imbued with the spirit of mischief.

One Sabbath day, Nancy, as the family called her, was away on a visit to a neighbor, where she had spent a day or so. I did not go to church with the old people, but remained to prepare my lessons for the morrow. I knew my tutor would be the preacher, would rather I should miss attendance at church a dozen times, than to be deficient in a recitation.

The house was one of these old fashioned houses, yet common in Georgia, with two rooms in front, and two rooms back—shed rooms, you know, with two rooms in the attic. One of these attic rooms was Nancy's, one of the shed rooms was mine. There was a passage way between these shed rooms, but none between the front rooms. The entrance from the yard in front was into the larger of these two rooms.

I was out in the yard under the shade of an apple tree, in my shirt sleeves busily engaged in the mysteries of Vergil's *Æneid*, when a stroke from a switch across my shoulders made me cry out and spring from my chair, upsetting my little table, Vergil, *Lexicon* and all, and running away to the house, was Nancy. I was half mad, for the blow was a scorching, and after her I went determined on revenge. Through the house we went. Nancy was fleet. O, the country girls of Georgia in that day! What stripping things they were. They never saw a scotch—never wore a tight fitting shoe, and their toes were as free under corns as their fingers were from diamond rings.

Nancy had the start, but I thought I had the wind and was determined on catching her. Around the house we went, into the bed room of her parents, and out into the yard. How she laughed, and how she showed her white teeth, and sparkled her great black eyes. I was gaining on her, when she ran through the house, and into my room. I followed. 'Leave me alone,' she said, and jumped upon my bed. I followed and caught her. Quick as a cat she slipped through my arms and leaped to the floor. There is father and mother, she exclaimed. 'What will they say to me if they find me here in your room with you? Jump into the bed and say you are sick.' I had at this warning gotten off the bed. I did as I was bid, and lay down, bitterly complaining. She, in the meantime, caught up her hair, which, in our scuffles had been badly tumbled, and running out, met her parents coming into the house.

'Father,' she exclaimed, loud enough for me to hear, 'cousin Gus is mighty sick.' She had called me cousin from the first week of our acquaintance. The old gentleman came slowly into the room. He could not, or would not, compromise his dignity by accelerating his notions for any consideration. He was a judge at the inferior court, and that was to be thought of in all he said or did. Nancy came in behind him, and whilst he felt my pulse, she was peeping from behind him, grinning and winking in ecstasy over my shamming. I could have murdered her. Slowly the old man continued to feel my pulse and to look wise. He shook his head gravely as he took his fingers from my pulse.

'Why Gus, my son,' he exclaimed, 'you must be very sick, for I never felt such a pulse in the worst of fevers.' There stood Nancy, peeping and winking from behind her father in mockery. When the old man, with great gravity, asked, 'Gus, how are your bowels?' Nancy jerked her head behind her father as I groaned and turned over. Turning to his daughter, the Judge said, 'He is pretty sick, and needs medicine; go you and get that yaller mug, the big one—put as much senna in it as you can grasp so, (with the point of his finger, upon his thumb) and fill it up with boiling water.'

Nancy went, but upon reaching the door turned half around to look at us, and putting her thumb upon the tip of her nose, waved her fingers and darted away. The Judge slowly left the room, and had there been any chance for my escape from the house unobserved, I would have fled like a felon. But I was in for it, and must go through with it.

It was not long before the Judge returned with the yellow mug, brimming with senna tea, and Nancy following. He poured out a tea cup full of the tea. 'Here, my son,' he said, 'drink this; you must take another cup full.' 'Here, Nancy hold this, I must go and see the prescription, Dr. Sankey left for your mother,' and he handed her the mug and cup. This was her opportunity. She sat down on the bedside and assuming the gravity of her father, asked me with much sympathy, how I felt putting on as long a face as a hypocrite at a camp meeting, and insisted on feeling my pulse. But the Judge returning said, the prescription of the doctor said two cup fulls at first, and one every half hour after until the bowels are relieved. Nancy stood behind with her tongue thrust into her cheek and her eyes glancing with mischief, as she poured out a cup full to the very rim of the nauseating stuff. I swallowed it and they left the room but not until Nancy had given me another specimen of her affected sympathy.

That day will be remembered by me as long as I live; for go where I would or when Nancy was sure to be in the way to watch and titter.

The next morning the Judge came in Nancy with him, to inquire after my health and feel my pulse with the sage gravity, one might suppose, belonging to Esculapius himself. 'Better, much better this morning. The medicine operated well did it, my son? Your pulse is quite feeble. It was fortunate I came home at the time I did, for you were certainly threatened with a very severe attack; but you are well over it now. Lucky Nancy, wasn't it?' 'Very,' said Nancy, with a sly wink and leer at me, 'nothing like good purgative, to reduce these attacks.' 'Do you feel like you would eat something my boy?' asked the considerate Judge. 'Yes, sir,' I answered emphatically, 'I am very hungry.' 'A very good sign, my boy; but you must be very careful lest you have a relapse; and that might get you into trouble and might be added to be fatal. The rattacks you should know Nancy, are sometimes very dangerous with young people, with older ones they are not so frequent or so dangerous, and the scriptures say that the second condition of a man under such circumstances is always worse than the first. Nancy, you have some chicken-brain made; and he must take very sparingly of it. A youth subject to these inflammatory attacks, must be depleted and should have a return of it, blood letting may be necessary—scarcely anything else will soon reduce such a pulse as he had yesterday.'

Nancy, all this while, was behind her father, making every demonstration of mirth she could, not to be seen or heard by him, yet openly to me. It was twenty-four hours without food; had been severely sick from the senna; but now relieved from this, I could have eaten a cat or dog, or anything which promised relief to the terrible cravings of my appetite. It was fully three hours before the Judge and my tormentor returned. When they came Nancy carried a large blue bowl with at least half a gallon of thin chicken water. It was milder diet, but it was abundant, and there was in the savory broth, just one half of an old rooster with one leg lifted far above the broth, as if to ask to be lifted out of the roasting kettle. This was placed on a small table, and drawn close up to the bed. A spoon and saucer were placed near it by Nancy who took occasion to say you must be careful not to eat the chicken. 'You should not have brought the towel with the broth,' said her father. 'It may tempt him, and temptation to inexperienced young people is very dangerous, and often leads to the sin of disobedience. Lead us not into temptation, you know my boy; always keep the scriptures in view; without this there are many sins too tempting to be resisted, particularly by the young.'

Nancy shut one eye but with the other open laughing one—as with her father she left the room, winking wickedly at me.

I at once got out of bed and locked the chamber door; when I ravenously devoured the rooster—who had not in boiling imparted much of its juices to the broth. I dipped a few spoonfuls of liquor into the saucer, to say for me that I had eaten some of it. I trust it was not a sin that I had made the spoon and saucer lie for me.

It was noon before I was visited again; then came the Judge and Nancy. As the Judge saw the stripped carcass of the venerable rooster at foot in the broth, in holy horror, he lifted his hands and eyes, exclaiming: 'You have killed yourself, Gus, and I am responsible for it. Why did you do this? Run Nancy, and bring me the bottle of antimoniak wine and a cup. As usual Nancy turned at the door to give me a look of mischievous triumph. She soon brought the wine and cup. I declined taking it. The Judge angrily insisted. You must have your stomach relieved, or you will bring on a relapse, I tell you my son, the disease you are suffering from is a very dangerous one; one that fires the blood and excites the pulse terribly, and unless checked at once may lead to your ruin. Take it, take it, and almost per force I swallowed the wine.

I see that mischievous vixen dodging behind her father, and making every silent demonstration to her security from discovery by her father. It was not ten minutes after swallowing the wine before I became terribly sick and began to vomit.

'Hold his head Nancy,' said the Judge. She was holding the basin, which she transferred to her father and placed her hands under my forehead. In doing

this she let the fingers of her right hand incautiously pass over my mouth. One went into it, and I seized it with a vim. Nancy scowled, knocked over the basin from the hands of her father and sent it with all the water and what I had thrown up over the floor. I was seized with an epileptic fit shivered, groaned and bit. Nancy screamed and danced and the Judge tightened, exclaimed, 'Oh my God, the boy has a fit,' ran from the room and sent for a doctor. 'Even,' I said, as I released the finger. The Judge came in flushed and lightened. 'It's all over is it Nancy?' he anxiously asked. She was wringing her hands, whilst her eyes were filled with tears.

'All over!' she exclaimed, half crying with anger and pain. 'There is nothing the matter with him! Nothing the matter with him indeed,' said her father. 'Such a convulsion as that nothing? and that pulse yesterday nothing. Nonsense, girl I am afraid he will have congestion of the stomach.'

'Congestion of the jaws you had better say. Just look how he has bit my finger, confound him; and look at the fit this floor is in. I know there was nothing the matter with him from the first.'

'Nonsense! I tell you Nancy! That pulse yesterday could not be deceit. Why, it was thick as my little finger and beat at least two hundred times a minute, and was as strong as a horse could kick.'

I slyly winked at Nancy, who frowned out of the room. After looking at my tongue and feeling of my pulse, the Judge concluded that I was better, and left me. Polly the negro, an old servant came in with a tub of water and a cloth to cleanse the floor.

'Marse Gus,' she remarked, 'you ain't mighty sick is you? Marse he says you had a fit,' and she laughed as she looked at me.

'What do you think, Polly?' I asked.

'Why Marse Gus, I seed Miss Nancy when she creped up and hit you dat switch yesterday, and I seed you jump up and turn over de table wid all den book what you were readin', and you and Miss Nancy rumin' round de house; and I seed you when you catch her on your bed just as de old folks comed home. You must hab been tuckered sick mighty quick, and yesterday when Miss Nancy was making dat tea she laughed fit to kill herself, I specs she been fooling you. She is mighty bad dat way.'

'Make haste,' said the judge, as he came in; 'the doctor will be here soon and I don't want the floor wet when he comes.'

'How do you feel my boy? Nancy is raving about your biting her. I tell her you didn't know what you was about. Ain't you subject to fits Gus? Nancy says it was all sham, but I tell her that is all nonsense. You wouldn't a bit her so on purpose, I know.'

In a short time the doctor came, and my case was explicitly laid before him, especially the wonderful pulse and the fit. The judge was called away, when I asked the doctor if he would, upon his honor, promise never to speak of it I would tell him a secret. He promised, and I told him the whole story—for I felt I could not stand any more physic. He laughed until he cried, and many times since have we laughed heartily over it.

We met, after many years separation in New York, in 1844, at the conference which divided the Methodist church, and spent a day together pleasantly recalling the memories of the past, and this especially when I threatened to give the story to the public.

'If you please,' he said, 'do not do it while I live.' I promised, and we parted for the last time. I have a dear memory of the kind hearted and generous old man that will only perish with my life, which is now wasting its last sands in our dear old native land. With his wife he lies buried at Oxford, Mississippi, near the home of his two children one the wife of the distinguished L. Q. C. Lamar, and the other the wife Dr. Henry Brahm.

Y. M. C.

ACCESSION TO FORTUNE.—During the past months there died in the town of Salem, N. C., one of its wealthiest citizens, Mr. Israel G. Lash, whose fortune is estimated at half a million dollars. Dying without a will, his estate descended to his brothers and sisters, of whom he had five. The daughter of one of the sisters is the wife of R. I. Devin, a Baptist minister of Greenville county, and she has received positive information that her share will be very near \$35,000.

## Cleanings.

That man is in a bad fix, whose heart gets hard and head gets soft.

If we accustom ourselves to self denial, we break the force of most temptations.—Bond.

Every other sin hath some pleasure annexed to it, or will admit of some excuse, but envy wants both.

Show me a land that has mountains without valleys, and I will show you a man who has joys without sorrows.

Thomas J. Clay, a grandson of Henry Clay, is a soldier in the regular army in Texas.

Clarkson Potter, the hero of the last Democratic victory in Congress is the handsomest member of the House.

It is said that Brother Beacher's marriage fees have fallen off from \$3,000 a year before the scandal to less than \$500 a year.

In private, watch your thoughts; in company, watch your tongue; in the family, watch your temper—and in a crowd watch your watch.

An ignorant and obtuse Ohio farmer says the only useful notices from his daughter's recent attendance at a college for both sexes is her tendency to sigh and mope about the house like a sick kitten.

Kellogg left us yesterday morning for Chicago, where he is to appear Monday evening. She sings to the accompaniment of a night, which ought to pay the poor girl handsomely in the long run.—Richmond States.

It is said that a Russian woman doubts the affection of her husband when he ceases the practice of heating her. That was a great triumph for Christianity when Russia stepped over into Turkey.—Courier Journal.

The Washington Post notices that it is useless for a widow to bring a suit for breach of marriage. Public opinion, stronger than law, holds that she had had one chance, and where men are so scarce and women so plenty, she must wait till others are moved.

The editor of a Western paper is reported to have discovered a Bible on his desk the other day. He at once wrote an elaborate review of it, and was very much disappointed when the foreman brought his copy back and told him it was not a new book.

For preserving the complexion—temperance. For whitening the hands—honesty. To remove stains—repentance. For improving the sight—observation. A beautiful ring—the home circle. For improving the voice—civility. The best companion to the toilet—a wife.

In England, a Universalist minister riding with a Methodist was asked what he preached for; if Universalism were true. He replied by asking, 'What do you preach for?' 'To keep people out of hell,' was the answer. 'And I preach,' said the Universalist, 'to keep hell out of people.'

THE WAY OF THE TRANSGRESSOR IS HARD.—Philip Guice, an Arkansas murderer, was acquitted by regular jury after a long trial. He found that he was not yet out of danger, for a mob seized him and hung him to a tree; but after the departure of the lynchers he was cut down and revived by a friend. He started for a hasty flight out of that neighborhood, but a son of the murdered man overtook him and killed him.

Bishop Whittle, of Virginia, in his address to the Episcopal Convention, now in session at Lynchburg, took vigorous ground against round dancing. We quote a paragraph:

'I will not discuss its character and consequences, for while St. Paul wrote to the Church in Ephesus that it was a shame even to speak of those things which were done by some in secret, I should feel ashamed even to speak of the truth would require of this thing which is done openly, before all. I will only say that I trust no man or woman will be presented for confirmation who means to continue to participate in this abominable and if the ministers of the Church have no authority to discontinue communicants at morning services, who practice it, surely they should not fail to shun those who practice it by common consent, and such authority by common consent should be given.—Oxford Free Lance.