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A DUKE L'OUTRANSE.

Jackson—Dickinson.

A correspondent of the Cincinnati Commercial gives the following graphic account of the only duel which Andrew Jackson ever fought. Dickinson had alluded in public to the well-known and recorded fact that one Robards had obtained a divorce from his wife on account of her "living in adultery with one Andrew Jackson." She had already been made Jackson's wife, but the offence was deadly. Jackson sent the challenge. Dickinson was the most expert marksman in Tennessee, and Jackson resolved to give him the first fire.

The place appointed for the meeting was a long day's ride from Nashville. Thursday morning before the dawn of day, Dickinson stole from the side of his young and beautiful wife, and began speedily to prepare for the journey. She awoke and asked him why he was up so early. He replied that he had business in Kentucky, across the river, but that it would not detain him long. On parting he kissed her with peculiar tenderness, and said, "Good-by darling. I shall be sure to be at home to-morrow night."

He mounted his horse and repaired to the rendezvous, where his second and half a dozen gay blades of Nashville were waiting to escort him on his journey. Away they rode in the highest spirits, as though it were a party of pleasure. Indeed, they made a party of pleasure of it. When they stopped for rest or refreshment, Dickinson is said to have amused the company by displaying his wonderful skill with the pistol. Once at a distance of twenty-four feet he fired four balls, each at the word of command, into a space that could be covered by a silver dollar. It is said that he had had a wager of \$500 that he could hit his antagonist within half an inch of a certain button on his coat.

Both parties, with their respective cavaliers, reached the vicinity of the ground appointed for the duel, late in the afternoon. They secured accommodations at a couple of neighboring taverns. It is related that Jackson ate heartily at supper that night, conversing in a lively, pleasant manner, and smoked his evening pipe as usual. He retired early, and by daylight next morning the whole party was up and in the saddle. A gallop of a mile and the fording of a stream, which, owing to its swollen state, it was found necessary to swim brought them to the ground. Dickinson and party had already arrived. The business at once proceeded. Dickinson's second won the choice of position and Jackson's the office of giving the word. "Both were perfectly collected," says Parton. "All the politeness of such occasions was very strictly and elegantly performed. Jackson was dressed in a loose frock coat, buttoned carelessly over his chest, and concealing in some degree the extreme slenderness of his figure. Dickinson was the younger and handsomer man of the two, but Jackson's tall, erect figure, and the still intensity of his demeanor, it is said, gave him a most superior and commanding air, as he stood, under the tall poplars on this bright May morning, silently awaiting the moment of doom.

"Are you ready?" said Overton. "I am ready," replied Dickinson. "I am ready," said Jackson. The word was given. Dickinson raised his pistol quickly and fired. Overton, who was looking with anxiety and dread at Jackson, saw a puff of dust fly from the breast of his coat, and saw him raise his left arm and place it tightly across his breast. He is surely hit, thought Overton, and in a bad place, too; but no; he does not fall. Erect and grim as Fate he stood, his teeth clenched, raising his pistol. Overton glanced at Dickinson. Annoyed at the unwonted failure of his aim, and apparently appalled at the awful figure and face before him, Dickinson had recoiled a pace or two.

"Great God!" he faltered; "have I missed him?"

"Back to the mark, sir!" shrieked Overton, with his hand upon his pistol.

Dickinson recovered his composure, stepped forward to the peg and stood with eyes averted from his antagonist.

General Jackson took deliberate aim and pulled the trigger. The pistol neither snapped nor went off. He

looked at the trigger and discovered that it had stopped at half-cock. He drew it back to its place and took aim a second time. He fired. Dickinson's face blanched; he reeled; his friends pushed toward him, caught him in their arms, and silently seated him on the ground, leaning against a bush. His trousers reddened. They stripped off his clothes. The blood was gushing from his side in torrents. The ball had passed through the body below the ribs. Such a wound could not but be fatal.

Jackson and his friends immediately left the field. It was found, upon examination, on reaching the tavern, that he was wounded. "Dickinson's aim," says Parton, "had been perfect. He had sent the ball precisely where he supposed Jackson's heart was beating, but the thinness of his body and the looseness of his coat combining to deceive him, the ball had only broken a rib or two and raked the breast-bone. It was a somewhat painful, bad looking but neither severe nor dangerous."

Dickinson died that night. Parton is in error when he states that Jackson's wound was "neither severe nor dangerous." It confined him to his room for several weeks, and it healed falsely. Twenty years after it broke out afresh, and troubled him for the remainder of his life. The pulmonary affection which finally carried him to his grave is attributed to that wound. Jackson never exhibited the slightest compunction for the part he took in this bloody affair. He very rarely alluded to it, but when he did he always did it with perfect complacency. It is told of him that a gentleman was once examining the duelling pistols. Taking up one of them the General quietly remarked: "That is the pistol with which I killed Mr. Dickinson."

ANOTHER ACCOUNT.

Gen. W. C. Harding, of Tennessee says that on one occasion, visiting Gen. Jackson, he asked the gruff old soldier in the course of conversation if brave men ever were frightened, adding: "The world and especially those who know you best accord you as much courage as belongs to man." Gen. Jackson replied: "If that be so, Sir, I would say that I have been as badly frightened as any man ought ever to be. It was, Sir, when I fought the duel with Mr. Dickinson. In the first place, Sir, I had no unkind feeling against Mr. Dickinson and no disposition to injure a hair in his head. I had gone as far as an honorable man could go to avoid the difficulty with Dickinson; he had not injured me and therefore I had no ground of complaint against him; my quarrel had been with his father-in-law, Col. Erwin. I knew Dickinson to be a brave, honorable gentleman and the best spot with the pistol I ever saw—far better than myself, for I was never expert with the weapon. I knew that he could shoot quicker and truer than I could. I therefore went upon the ground expecting to be killed, and I owe the preservation of my life on that occasion to the fashions of the day, for I wore a coat with rolling collar and very full breasted, but, fortunately for me, Sir, I was organized with a very narrow chest. Dickinson's ball struck very near the centre of my coat, and, while it scraped the breast-bone, it did not enter the cavity of the chest. In an instant, under the impression that I was perhaps mortally wounded and upon the impulse of the moment I fired and my antagonist fell—and no event of my life, Sir, have I regretted so much. My determination before and after taking position was to discharge my pistol in the air, but because I felt the effect of his shot I fired at him. Just here, sir, let me add that the world has done me great injustice, for I am charged with having brought on the difficulty, and with having fixed the terms so as to reserve my fire and advance; and it charges me with having advanced on Dickinson and shot him when I was within a few feet of him—all of which is false, Sir. I fired instantly after receiving his shot, and from my position; and Dickinson stood in his position and received my fire like a brave man as he was."

A Western editor met a well educated farmer recently, and informed him that he would like to have something from his pen. The farmer sent him a pig and charged him \$9.75 for it.

SINGULAR ROBBERS.

A True Story of the Early Days of Kentucky.

BY J. R. MUSICK.

Many years ago, I was traveling through a portion of Kentucky, that was then considered the frontier, or what was commonly called the "Backwoods." But even here civilization had begun to make its mark. The country was becoming pretty well dotted by small farms and settlers' cabins, while ever and anon, I passed a rude log school-house.

It had only been a few years however, since the wild savage had been driven from these now fertile and blooming lands. The wilderness was fast being converted into fields and gardens, but the country was still called the "Backwoods."

It was growing late, and I urged my tired horse on as fast I could, in order to reach Henry Meeks' house before night should fairly set in. I had been acquainted with Meeks' wife since she was a little girl, in fact we had been school children together, and although I was but slightly acquainted with her husband, I fancied I could renew his acquaintance and pass a pleasant evening in a strange land.

It is an old saying, and a very true one, that a traveler journeying through the country on horseback with a slim purse, is very apt to hunt up as many old acquaintances as he can. It was nearly dark when I reached the house desired.

Hitching my horse at the gate, I went in and found Margaret Meeks and her two small children alone. Her husband she informed me had gone to the nearest town on business, and would not be back until late that night, if at all, and she insinuated that it would be proper for me to go on farther.

However, after some persuasion on my part, for the next house was five miles off, and a storm was coming up, she consented that I might stay.

Margaret informed me I would find hay and oats in the stable for my horse, and I first attended to his wants. After that was done, I re-entered the house, and was regaled with a supper of ham and eggs, corn cakes and coffee; a meal that a King might envy, if he had traveled as far as I and been as hungry.

After supper was over Mrs. Meeks and I talked over some of our childhood days, and asked mutual questions in regard to the whereabouts of certain old schoolmates.

The threatened storm came on. The wind howled fiercely about the solid-log house and shook it to the very centre; the rain commenced descending in perfect torrents, and I congratulated myself on having secured comfortable shelter.

Being somewhat wearied by my hard day's ride, I early expressed a desire to retire for the night. Mrs. Meeks lit a candle and showed me to my room, which was up stairs, there being two stories.

I had not been in bed a great while before, lulled by the falling rain on the roof, I fell asleep.

How long I had been asleep I do not know, but it must have been over two hours, when I became conscious of footsteps swiftly, but lightly ascending the stairs.

In an instant I was awake. My door pushed slightly open, and Mrs. Meeks said in a scarcely audible whisper:

"Jacob, are you awake?"

"I am," I replied in a whisper, "what is the matter?"

"Two negroes are trying to enter the front door, and I am sure they intend to rob the house," replied Mrs. Meeks in a very low whisper, but I must say a remarkably firm tone for a woman that was excited.

"Has your husband money about the house?" I asked, rising up in the bed.

"Not of his own, but he has several hundred dollars school money, and that that they are after. Have you any arms?"

"Fortunately, I have a brace of pistols," said I. "They are true as rifles, can you use one?"

"Yes," was the quick reply and I took one from under my pillow and gave it to her.

I knew that Margaret Meeks was not entirely unskilled in the use of fire arms, and she had a nerve that could be depended on.

Half dressed I followed the woman

cautiously down the stairs, each of us holding a cocked pistol in our hands. She pushed the stair door open. A light was burning in the room, Mrs. Meek's best room, and lit up the entire apartment.

At this moment, the burglars having succeeded in opening the outside door, both sprang into the room. There was a flash of fire, a cloud of smoke, and the foremost fell, a ball from Mrs. Meek's pistol piercing his breast.

The second turned to fly, but a second report from my own weapon stretched him in the doorway. The report of fire arms awoke the sleeping children, and the utmost confusion reigned. When all became quiet, I examined the fallen robbers, and discovered they were not negroes, but white men blacked.

Mrs. Meeks brought some water and proceeded to wash the face of the man she had killed. She had got about half done when she shrieked:

"My God, my husband!" and fell fainting on the floor. Her nerves that never failed in the hour of danger, gave way at the new shock.

It was her own husband she had killed for attempting to rob his own house.

I could hardly believe my senses and never could have solved the problem, had I not heard her remark that there was school money about the house.

I don't know how I lived through that night. Poor Mrs. Meeks only recovered from one fainting fit to fall in another.

However, morning came at last, and the clouds dispersed. I gathered in a few of the neighbors and a justice of the peace. The inquest was held. Mrs. Meeks told a plain, straightforward story at the inquest. The man I had killed was a neighbor of Henry Meeks, and both had been regarded as honest men, but love of gold had tempted them to commit this singular robbery which ended so disastrously to both.

PERFECT FAITH.

(From John B. Gong's Lecture at St. Louis.)

A story was told of a street boy in Louisiana who had both legs broken by a dray passing over them. He was laid away in one of the beds of the hospital to die, and another little creature of the same class was laid near by, picked up sick with famine fever. The latter was allowed to lie down by the side of the little crushed boy. He crept up to him and said: "Bobby, did you ever hear about Jesus?" "No, I never heard of him." "Bobby, I went to Mission School once, and they told us that Jesus would take you to heaven when you died, and you'd never have hunger any more, and no more pain, if you axed him." "I couldn't ask such a great big gentleman as he is to do anything for me. He wouldn't stop to speak to a boy like me." "But he'll do all that if you ax him." "How can I ax him if I don't know where he lives, and how could I get there when both my legs is broke?" "Bobby, they told me at Mission School as how Jesus passes by. Teachers says as he goes around. How do you know but what he might come around to this very hospital this very night? You'd know him if you was to see him." "But I can't keep my eyes open. My legs feel so awful bad. Doctor says I'll die." "Bobby, hold up yer hand, and he'll know what you want when he passes by." They got the hand up. It dropped. Tried again. It slowly fell back. Three times he got up the little hand, only to let it fall. Bursting into tears, he said: "I give it." "Bobby, lend me yer hand; put yer elbow on my pillow. I can do without it." So one hand was propped up. And when they came in the morning the boy lay dead, his hand still held up for Jesus. You may search the world and you cannot find a grander illustration of simple trust than that of the little boy who had been to Mission School but once.

Have the courage to cut the most agreeable acquaintance you have when you are convinced that he lacks principle; a friend should bear with a friend's infirmities, but not with his vices.

God never created a being without the ability to be useful to itself, or others, and never a child without the right to be happy.

Good nature is the best feature in the fairest face. Wit may raise admiration, judgment may command respect and knowledge attention, beauty may inflame the heart with love, but good nature has a more powerful effect—it adds a thousand attractions to the charms of beauty, and gives an air of beneficence to the most homely face.

Of all the heart-rending sights to be seen on the streets of this most cosmopolitan city, the saddest is to gaze upon an old bachelor looking into the windows of a corset manufactory.

It is wonderful how readily people believe anything they would like to be true.—Country Parson.

The strongest influences are those that are silent and indirect.—Anon.

A nation cannot afford to do a mean thing.—Charles Sumner.

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