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Poetry.

WAITING FOR THE BOATMAN.

1 We are waiting by the river,
Where the evening shadows fall;
Waiting, waiting for the boatman,
Listening to his gentle call.

CHORUS.

When I've crossed the vale of Jordan,
With its dark and chilling tide,
In that bright celestial city,
I shall ever more abide.

2 Though a mist hangs o'er the river,
And its billows loudly roar,
Can it be the songs of angels
Wafted from the other shore?

3 He has called for many a loved one,
We have seen them leave our side,
With our Saviour we will greet them
When we too have crossed the tide.

4 Earth, with its light and shadows,
Scenes receding from my sight;
And I almost hear the music,
In that land divinely bright.

5 Shall I awake in the morning,
In my father's house above;
Or will shadows still surround me,
Only brightened by his love?

6 Hark, I hear the waters ripple,
Lights are gleaming on the shore,
Think it is the coming boatman,
And my toils will soon be o'er.

7 I will wait in calm submission,
Solemnly kneeling on the shore,
Till my Saviour please to call me,
Then he'll gently bear me o'er.

8 Waiting, waiting for the boatman,
With his shining angels band,
Waiting, waiting by the river,
Clinging close to Jesus hand.

LAST CHORUS.

When I've crossed the vale of Jordan,
With its dark and chilling tide,
With my Saviour and my kindred,
I shall ever more abide.

A Terrible Deed.

The Fate of Minnie Travers, the Heiress.

BY CARL CRISP.

Within doors, music and revelry, handsome men and lovely women threading the mazy figures of the dancers amid the ambient light of wax candles and the fragrance of exotics, while the orchestra regaled the ear with witching strains. Out on the lawn, where Basil Brake and Minnie Travers stood, the stars were shining in simple grandeur.

The proud, protective tenderness of his look and the confiding, dependent way in which she hung upon his arm revealed what they were to each other; but the half-frightened expression in her eyes and the nervous twitching about the corners of his handsome mouth indicated that the course of this love, which had been sealed within the hour, was not likely to run smooth.

Basil Brake was of age, and therefore his own master, free to bestow his affections where he willed; but with Minnie the case was different. Orphaned at an early age, she had been reared under the guardianship of an uncle, who, having an eye ever to the main chance, had long ago determined that Minnie's vast wealth should never go out of the family—that is, that said wealth, or which he was legal custodian, as well as Minnie's pretty self, should be bestowed on his scamp-precious son, who had no recommendation but his handsome face, and needed his cousin's wealth to maintain his dissipated habits. The father planned and the son executed, both using the finesse of diplomats, for well they knew that the hour Minnie bestowed her hand upon another, they became paupers. Nor had their efforts been fruitless. By a strict attention to those "many little nothings" that speak so much to woman's heart, Fletcher Travers had made the inexperienced girl believe that she loved him till the hour she met Basil Brake; then she learned that her heart would choose for itself a master. For six months a happy courtship had followed, and she lived only to bask in her lover's affections, for to her youthful eyes he was the embodiment of truth, genius and manly beauty. She knew him to be poor and unknown to fame, but the knowledge gave her pleasure, for she recognized in him one of nature's noblemen and rejoiced

that her fortune might help him to eminence.

But now had come the struggle. The elder Travers saw that love had come to her as it comes to all at some time or other, and that without adroit management her wealth would pass from their hands. Fletcher was urged to insist upon a speedy consummation of their long-standing engagement. To all his entreaties she merely shook her brown, curly head and gave an indefinite answer. Becoming desperate, he upbraided her, with being false to her plighted faith, and demanded, with the air of wounded love and offended pride, that she fulfill her vows. But how was she to banish Basil's image from her heart while she constantly heard his musical voice, and looked into his earnest and loving eyes?

On this particular night of which we speak, the climax had come. There, under the mild glitter of the stars, with the pulsation of the music throbbing in their ears, he declared his love and implored her to be his wife and she had found it impossible to say him no. For one moment they were supremely happy; but then fell the bitter drop into this enchanted cup.

With anguish, Minnie thought of plighted faith to another, and besought Basil to leave her, urging that she could not be his. With his own hands he dried her eyes, and said, in manly confidence:

"Minnie, the heart claims its own; you must and shall be mine."

Another heard the words. From the vine screened piazza of the elegant mansion, Fletcher Travers watched the lovers with jealous rage in his heart. Were his cherished plans to fail at last? Was the wealth of the ancient family, of which he had felt assured, to go to Basil Brake, whom, in the bitterness of his heart, he styled a penniless adventurer? Was Glendale, the palatial home of his ancestors, to go to another, after all his planning? With a demon raging in his breast, he sought his father; and while joy and mirth reigned in the parlors, father and son, with corrugated brows, conferred together in a private chamber.

"I could call him out," but she would never marry a murderer," muttered Fletcher, trying to blot upon some villainous plan.

A terrible thought flashed upon the mind of the father, lighting up his countenance with a demoniacal expression.

"Hold!" said he, "I have a better plan."

The stars shone on; the breeze stirred the branches overhead; a whip-poor-will in the grove uttered its plaintive cry, and yet the lovers lingered, both happy, for they were young and loving and hopeful, though Minnie had declared she feared it was sin and falsehood to disregard her plighted faith and follow the dictates of her heart.

Little cared they that the ball was at its height, or that the hostess should be among her guests; little knew they of the machination going on in the private room; they only knew that they were enjoying for the first brief season the privilege of lovers, and in that one thought they were happy.

Half an hour later, the music had ceased; the dancers had retired to the banqueting-room to partake of the elegant collation there spread. Under the inspiration of generous wine, merry jests and witty repartees circled round the group. Minnie and Basil stood at the head of the long table, their handsome appearance the remark half the guests present. Amid the general clatter and running to and fro of the servants, a mysterious hand set before each a tiny goblet of differently-colored wine, and quickly disappeared.

"Now, dearest, a pledge," said Basil in a low tone and glancing around to see that his remark was not heard by others. The glasses were half raised when he suddenly replaced his with the remark:

"This is Rhenish which I never drink."

"Then I will exchange with you as I see mine is Madeira. And Minnie deftly shifted the positions of the goblets.

A minute after the two small glasses were empty.

The merry banquet went on; women's musical voices rang in gay cadences that thrilled, and all praised the munificence and gracious manners of the polished host. The supper ended, and the guests returned to the parlor. Fletcher Travers hurried about with an assumed gaiety and a wild look in his eyes that he struggled in vain to repress.

"Now Minnie said he, 'I claim this dance,' and without waiting for her reply led her out where the dancers were forming. His arm was just circling her slender waist, when she grasped it spasmodically; a swift contortion crossed her face; she grew pale, then livid, and a cry of pain escaped her lips; she reeled and would have fallen but for the support of her cousin. He stilly Fletcher lifted her in his arms, but in a second Basil Brake sprang forward, and snatching her from his hold, carried her out upon the breezy piazza. Terrible convulsions shook her delicate form, and the speedily-applied restoratives were all in vain. Suddenly, the prostrations ceased, the sweet eyes grew calm. Looking up into her lover's face she murmured:

"I am satisfied to die thus."

She turned her head against his bosom, a slight tremor passed over her, and Minnie Travers, the orphan belle and heiress, lay a corpse in her lover's arms.

Amid all the excitement that ensued, Basil Brake was like one suddenly stupefied. No sound escaped his lips, but pallid and speechless he stood and gazed with dry eyes upon this ending of all his fond hopes.

And the Traverses! how was it with them? Shocked and horrified, Fletcher bent over the lifeless but lovely form, the pangs of grief and remorse tearing at his heart-strings. Catching sight of his father's blanched face, he sprang to his side and hissed in his ear:

"There has been a mistake. We have murdered her."

"Be calm, will you?" said the old man sternly. "Don't betray yourself like a fool. There must be no suspicion; the girl died of heart disease; mind you; and we are her nearest of kin, and of course heirs."

Years have passed since that fateful night, and all the country-folk round about believe they know of what Minnie Travers died. Basil Brake is a wanderer upon the face of the earth. Those bright talents have come to naught, the light has departed from his eyes and the life from his soul. And the murderers? Fletcher Travers is the inmate of a mad-house his father sought to stifle his guilty conscience in wine and opium, and ere long found oblivion in the grave.

Under the oaks, besides her father and mother sleeps Minnie, the beautiful heiress of Glendale.

THE MANSACRE OF THE ALAMO.

One of Santa Ana's Soldiers Tells the Story of that Bloody Day.

NEW STATEMENT REGARDING THE DYING MOMENTS OF THE FAMOUS TEXAN LEADER.

(Correspondence of the New York World.)

SAN ANTONIO, TEX., March 9.—The completion of a railway, by a Bostonian, from Houston, 200 miles, to San Antonio, in Southwestern Texas, has invested with fresh interest the memories of this capital coeval with Philadelphia. Everywhere, in every city and hamlet of the United States, the play entitled, "The Alamo; or Death of David Crockett," has appeared to the passions of the multitude. When this railway was finished last week I went with a great throng to San Antonio and gathered the facts here detailed which give the Mexican aspect of the old familiar story. The recital as given is a careful translation by Colonel Ford, commonly known as "Old Rip," a former member of the Texas Senate. The old Mexican soldier, the raconteur, is named Francisco Burrero, born in Guanajuato in 1810. He became a soldier in 1828, was of the army that stormed the Alamo in 1836, and was captured by the Texans at San Jacinto. He became a citizen of Texas, served in the war of 1846-7 against his native country, and in the Confederate army in the war between the States. He is now an honored and aged citizen of Brownsville.

Santa Ana was joined at Laredo, where he crossed the Rio Grande, by Gen Cos, who, in violation of the terms of his recent surrender at San Antonio, was forced to join Santa Ana and return into Texas. The movements of the Mexican army were greatly retarded by fires on the prairies, which rendered the horses of the whole force almost useless. Deaf Smith, a famous Texan scout, was the author of this mischief. Santa Ana halted a day at Medina, when he was met by Senor Novarro a priest who gave the General accurate information as to the strength—268 men in the Alamo—of the Americans in San Antonio. A sudden rain storm and "norther" made the river impassable, and a forced march and immediate assault impossible. Next day he resumed the march, Gen. Mora in advance with orders to seize the mission of the Conception, a massive stone structure, deemed by Santa Ana a more offensive stronghold than the Alamo. A cannon shot was fired when the head of the advancing column reached the cemetery. The town was not defended, and Col. Mora was ordered to take a position north and east of the Alamo to prevent the escape of the garrison. This was late in February, 1836. Santa Ana led 4,000 men and awaited the coming of General Taza with 2,000 more. A battalion crossed the San Antonio river and took possession of houses below the Alamo to build a bridge across the river. Thirty men of two companies sent the next day to make a reconnaissance were killed. A light earthwork was thrown up above the Alamo. The firing from the fort, now invested on every side, was ceaseless. An earthwork nearer the fort was constructed at night. On the third day of March General Taza arrived, and the plan of assault was defined and made known to the division commanders. On the 5th of March scaling ladders were distributed. At 3 o'clock on the morning of the 6th, ever memorable in Texan song and story, the Battalion Matamoros was moved to a point near the river and above the Alamo.

They were supported by 2,000 men under General Cos, this wing of the army being commanded by General Castillon, General Taza leading that below the Alamo. Santa Ana spent the night in the earthworks near the Alamo. The whole force was to move silently upon the fortress at the bugle-sound and not to fire till in the trenches of the Texans. The bugle was heard at 4 o'clock. General Castillon's division after an hour's desperate fighting, and after repeated repulses and unheard of losses, succeeded in effecting an entrance in the upper part of the Alamo; a sort of outwork, now a court yard. The fighting had only begun. The doors and windows of the Alamo building were barricaded and garded by bags of sand heaped up as high as a man's shoulders, and on the roof were rows of sand-bags, behind which the Texans fought as men never fought before—muzzle to muzzle, hand to hand. Each Texan rifle shot exhausted its force and spent itself in successive bodies of Mexicans, packed together like a wall of flesh. Muskets and rifles were clubbed, and bayonets and Bowie-knives never wrought such fearful carnage.

The ceaseless crash of firearms, the shouts of the desert, the desperate, beleaguered Texans, the ricks of the dying, made the infernal and the scene indescribable in its sublime errors. Each room in the building was the scene of a desperate struggle with fearless men driven to desperation conscious that escape was impossible. They fought even when struck en down, and when dying still struggled, not with death, but to slay Mexicans. In the long room used as a hospital the sick and wounded fired pistols and rifles from their pallets. A piece of artillery, supposed to be that which Crockett had used during the siege, was shotted with grape and canister and turned upon the desperate occupants of this apartment.

After the explosion the Mexicans entered and found the emaciated bodies of fourteen men torn and rent and blackened and bloody. Forty two dead Mexicans lay at the doorway of this room. Bowie, whose name tells of his fearful knife and deeds, lay stark and stiff on a cot in this room. He was helpless and in bed when the place was invested ten days before.

Eleven Texans fired with terrible effect from the roof of the building, where they used three or four field pieces, which they charged with nails and pieces of iron. Buerra, like all others, gives his peculiar version of the story that recounts the facts affecting the death of Travis and of Crockett. These two were found living, yet exhausted by death-dealing, and lying among the dead.

When Travis was discovered he gave a Mexican's life, and while conversing with him General Cos, with whom Travis had dealt most generously when San Antonio was captured by the Americans, appeared. Cos embraced Travis and induced other officers to join him in asking Santa Ana to spare Travis' life. The President-General sternly refused. Then Crockett, from among the corpses stood up, utterly exhausted by weary sleep, less days and nights by five hours constant fighting.

Santa Ana was enraged beyond measure that his orders were not executed. He directed the officers near him to fire on the two Texans. Travis was shot first in the back. He fell upon his face, while Crockett's body was riddled with bullets. The corpses of 2,000 Mexicans were buried; those of the dead Americans were gathered and burned, a holocaust whose fires lighted the way to Texan freedom.

I have given faithfully the Mexican version of this fearful story, and hereafter will give some of the only American survivor, an aged woman who lives in Austin.

"OLD SET ON LATTER-DAY FARMING. —Old Set remarked to us as he came in yesterday:

"Every trans dat pass by my house smell lik hit wuz full av spilled corpses! I wonder whar all dat gwanner ars going?"

"It is going out to the farmers in the country."

"Da's what I 'posed. Hit's de only substantiated dat de farmers is got for slavery now sence de wah."

"And a bad substitute, at that."

"Yes, sah; I so gwine ter' gree wid yer dar. 'Kase why, all dat gwanner mosly comes from de Norf, and darby de Norf makes de cotton, an de Souf just tends de patch fer dem fer der bords and clo'es."

Da's another ob de wah, dat hit don't take no 'leckerer admission ter' establish!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Dean Swift, having been solicited to preach a charity sermon, mounted the pulpit, and, after announcing his text, "He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord," simply said, "Now, my brethren if you are satisfied with the security, down with the dust." He then took his seat and there was an unusually large collection.