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Poetry.

DON'T LET MOTHER DO IT.

"Daughter, don't let mother do it;
Do not let her bake and boil,
Through the long, bright hours of summer;
Share with her the heavy toll,
See her eye has lost its bright glow;
Faded from her cheek the glow,
And the step that once was buoyant,
Now a feeble, weak and slow.

"Daughter, don't let mother do it;
Do not let her slave and toil
While you sit, a nee-sided idler.
"Cause you fear your hands so soil,
Don't you see the heavy burdens
Daily she is wont to bear,
Bringing lines up her forehead—
Sprinkling silver in her hair?"

"Daughter, don't let mother do it,
She has cared for you so long!
Is it right the weak and feeble
Should be toiling for the strong?
Waken from your listless languor,
Seek her side to cheer and bless,
And your grief will be less bitter,
When the gods above her see."

"Daughter, don't let mother do it,
You will ever never know
What is home without a mother,
Till that mother lieth low—
Low beneath the budding daisies,
Free from earthly care and pain,
To that home, so sad without her,
Never to return again."

THE LOST BRACELET.

[From the Sunny South.]

It was a bright, sunny afternoon during the month of June, 18—, that an open carriage was driven rapidly up Broadway.

Its occupants were an elderly lady—whose age might have been about forty years—and a young girl.

The lady was dressed in rich silks, and wore a profusion of jewelry, while the girl was clad in deep mourning, and wore no jewelry except an elegant bracelet.

In their conversation the girl pointed down the street, at the same time looking into the lady's face, and as she did so the bracelet became disengaged, dropped from her arm, and fell unnoticed into the deep mud with which the street was covered.

The carriage turned into a by-street and drew up before an elegant mansion.

It was the residence of the millionaire, Thomas Seymour, and the young lady was Agnes Seymour, his only child, and the elderly lady was her aunt, Mrs. Seymour being dead.

Agnes, after changing her dress, came down to her aunt's room. Suddenly she gave a cry of alarm, having for the first time noticed that the bracelet, the last gift of her mother, was gone!

She ran to her room and looked on her dressing table, but it was not there. The house was searched in every direction, but it was not to be found.

"You must have lost it on the street," said her aunt; "and as your name is on the inside, it may be found and returned."

But Agnes was inconsolable, and declared she would not rest until the bracelet was found.

Eric Sanderson lived in "Mud Alley," one of those dirty lanes so near Broadway that the roar of the passing vehicles in the latter street was heard in the alley.

Right at the entrance of the alley was a little shop with the name of "John Money, Pawnbroker," over the door.

The light of the sun never penetrated the dismal little street, but wretchedness, poverty and crime were to be found in every tenement house in it.

Mrs. Sanderson had seen better days. Her husband had been one of the wealthiest citizens of Stockholm, but having been deluded by false reports, had invested nearly all of his fortune in speculations in America, and these failing had ruined him, and he died of grief, leaving his widow and orphan to support themselves as best they could. Eric was now eighteen years of age—a stout, robust young fellow, but he was out of employment, and his mother was sick.

On the morning of which we write Eric left the dwelling, if such it might be called, and passed up Broadway in search of something by which he might earn a few shillings. Such had been his employment for some

time, and with these small earnings he and his mother eked out their existence very scantily.

As he slowly crossed the street his foot struck some hard substance which rolled over the flagging, and flashing in the sunlight, he beheld a bracelet of gold set with pearls.

He hastily picked it up, and discovered an inscription on the inside which read as follows:

"To my beloved daughter, Agnes Seymour, on her fifteenth birthday 18— street."

"Beautiful!" exclaimed Eric; "it must be worth more than a thousand dollars. Mother, mother, we will feel no more want now. I will go and sell this to Money the pawnbroker, and then I'll have mother removed, and we'll quit 'Mud Alley' for ever."

He put the bracelet in the inside pocket of his coat, which he carefully buttoned up, and directed his steps homeward. But with all the joy he felt at his discovery he did not feel at ease. At first he did not comprehend the cause of his uneasiness, but gradually a feeling of doubt arose in his mind as to his right to the bracelet. He tried to keep it down but it grew stronger and stronger. Something seemed to say to him:

"It does not belong to you! You know its owner, and you must return it!"

"It is mine, murthered Eric. I have found it, and I need it more than Miss Seymour does. I only do it for mother, not for myself."

He could not banish the idea altogether from his mind, however, and in the midst of his scheming about the money, his conscience kept whispering to him, "You are a thief, if you keep it; you must return the bracelet to its owner."

At last he arrived at "Mud Alley." The three balls from Money's shop loomed through the darkness, like three evil spirits beckoning all sinners to enter.

Eric peered into the shop window. Money, the broker, who was rummaging among some old junk in a corner, and gathering courage, Eric walked to the door; but before he reached it his resolution gave way and he could not make up his mind to enter. He skulked about the store until Money hearing a noise outside, came to the door.

"Good evening Master Sanderson," he said; but Eric ran away as fast as he could nor did he stop until he had reached his room.

Mrs. Sanderson looked at him and said: "What ails you, Eric? Has anything happened to you? Do you feel sick?" "No dear mother, I am not sick, but I was very anxious about you, so I hurried up to see whether you felt well."

At the thought of the falsehood he had uttered a flush mantled his cheeks, and he turned hastily away. Thus on sin leads to another and greater one.

Eric could not sleep well that night. He dreamed that the bracelet had assumed human form, and was tormenting him. He tried to escape from it but it followed him wherever he went. At last it opened its arms to seize him. Eric cried out in his sleep, and he awoke. His mother was awake also and said he had been very restless for some time. Eric could not sleep again that night his conscience troubled him so much and he made up his mind that he would return the bracelet in the morning.

Next morning Eric rose from his bed looking pale and haggard and with his eyes sunken in their sockets. After eating a scanty breakfast he left the house and walked rapidly in the direction of Mr. Seymour's mansion.

It was a splendid morning, yet his heart seemed dead to all that surrounded him. He imagined everybody pointed to him as a thief, and when ever anybody looked at him, he turned away his head out of shame.

It was ten in the morning when Eric arrived at Mr. Seymour's house, and with some trepidation he ran up the broad steps and pulled the bell. He was soon ushered into the library where Mr. Seymour was seated at his desk.

"Good-morning, sir," said Eric. "I have found a bracelet which I believe belongs to your daughter, and with these words he handed him the bracelet."

"Young gentleman, I thank you, and I suppose Agnes will be glad to

see you," he said and Agnes being called in the room, thanked him very much. Mr. Seymour then questioned him and he told his story, not leaving out the struggle he had with his conscience regarding the bracelet.

Mr. Seymour made him a valuable present.

He also made inquiries into the condition of Mrs. Sanderson, and the consequence was that he found she was an old friend of former days. He visited her and with her grateful sanction sent Eric to college to finish his education, and after he had become of age took him into the business as a clerk.

Several years afterward Eric married Agnes, and became a junior partner in the firm. Thus the old proverb that "Honesty is the best policy," has again come true.

FAMOUS DUELS.

[H. W. Grady in Philadelphia Weekly Times]

Some of the bloodiest duels on record were fought in Florida. The Seminole war, in 1837, brought to the front a lot of reckless young blue bloods that were full of fire and sparkle. Gay livers for the most part, they headed carelessly through the world and carried the whole defence of their lives in their pistol-fingers. A press-note of the trigger was the answer they gave to protest or deprecation. The brush they had with Osceola and his yellow devils warmed them up sharply, and when Prince Mout settled upon their coast, with a colony of Frenchmen, of necessity and with pleasure, fought their way through, and very soon the already turbulent society of Florida had received a deeper tinge from the splendid drilling of the cut and thrust followers of "the Prince." It was in Florida that the feud began in which the Altons, Willis, and Augustus, lost their lives. It was sitting one night in Brown's hotel—a famous old rendezvous of forty years' standing—pickling myself in orange brandy and munching soaked biscuit, when a stuffling old fellow approached me. I recognized him as Mr. Zabran, a ragged postscript to the life of gentleness, engaged at the time in the humble but respectable business of washing dishes at the hotel. "Do you see that ragged hole up there over the furrier fly brush?" "Well, sir, if all the blood that was shed in the quarrel in which that hole was made was smeared on these walls I can tell you." Then and there, in that musty and half ruined hotel, full of its riotous memories of the old fellow told me a story that for fierce gallantry and reckless-ness puts fiction to shame. The actors in it, of sunny and heroic temper, of large wealth and illustrious lineage, were dead. Their descendants yet live and stand high among the highest.

A DUEL OF THE SEMINOLE WAR.

"In the Seminole war," said Mr. Zabran, evidently rambling down a well-worn groove of conversation, "Governor Call, of this State, commanded a crack regiment. One morning he received a note announcing that his wife was quite ill. He at once repaired to her bedside. During his absence a battle was fought. Shortly afterward an article appeared in the *Chronicle and Sentinel*, of Augusta, insinuating that Governor Call had purposely absented himself from the battle. The paper containing this cruel article reached the camp and was at once the subject of comment. Lieutenant Augustus Alston determined, in the absence of his Colonel, to protect his honor, mounted a horse and plunged through the woods for Augusta. Reaching that city he made his way to the *Chronicle* office and demanded to know the author of the offensive article. It turned out that it was Governor Reed of Florida, for a long time a bitter political enemy of Call's. Lieutenant Alston at once set him a peremptory challenge. Governor Reed replied that he would be happy to accommodate Lieutenant Alston with satisfaction as soon as he had concluded an affair with Lieutenant Williams, of Call's Staff, who had already favored him with a note upon the same subject. Alston thereupon had to content his soul in patience until the affair with Williams was over. He did not have to wait long. A meeting was soon arranged between Reed and Williams, the condition of which was that they were to fight with bowie knives, until one or the other should be cut down.

At the meeting the men came upon the ground stripped to their shirts. They advanced until they met each other. They then clasped their left hands together in a firm and dead-grip grasp, standing toe to toe. The keen and shining knives were then thrust in their right hands. At a signal they were dropped perpendicular along their legs. At the next words they were raised into the air, and then then the terrible fencing began. It was a brief strenuous struggle. The long knives cut and gashed and wheezed through the flesh of the combatants and clashed and sparkled

against each other, now buried in vital tissue and now whirled out with a dim, bluish moisture veiling the blades, until at length Lieutenant Williams fell, backed almost to pieces. Gov. Reed escaped without a disabling injury.

A BROTHER'S REVENGE.

He then turned his attention to Lieutenant Alston. Being the choice of weapons, he had the choice of weapons, now happily obsolete, but then of common use, and known as a yager. It was a broad mouthed, funnel shaped, smooth bore gun that carried a handful of shot and was warranted to hit everything in the neighborhood of its aim. The duel was a most unfortunate one in its result and remote results. Captain Kenon was Lieutenant Alston's second. The principals were posted with their backs to each other. As the word "wheel" was called it is claimed that Alston slipped and stumbled. The command, "Fire! one—two—three!" followed almost immediately, and before he could recover his gun went off in the air. Gov. Reed took cool aim, fired promptly at the word, and Lieutenant Alston dropped dead. Thus two gallant young fellows had already fallen in defence of the honor of an absent comrade. But the cruel feud was hardly opened. Col. Willis Alston, then living in Louisiana, heard of his brother's death, and became impressed with the idea that he had not been fairly killed. He claimed that Governor Reed should have withheld his fire when he saw his brother's gun spring aimlessly toward the sky. Indeed, it is said that the sever of Lieutenant Alston had the head taken from her brother's body and a new bullet moulded—which she sent to Col. Willis Alston, and demanded that he should come and avenge their brother's death. Colonel Alston came as fast as possible to this hotel. Governor Brown met him as he rode up to the piazza, and at once divined his purpose. "You have come here to challenge Reed?" he asked, Col. Alston assented. Governor Brown then begged him to be very deliberate and cool and quiet about it. On the very night he got here, he was sitting near the fire place yonder, with a large cloak around him, and his head bowed upon his hand. He had been sitting there only a few moments when some one brushed past him rather roughly. Raising his head he discovered that it was Governor Reed, the very man he had craved so far to challenge to deadly combat. In an instant he was ablaze with excitement, and rising, exclaimed: "You have murdered my brother, sir, and now do you presume to insult me? Draw and defend yourself, sir." As quick as thought Reed drew a six-barreled pistol, fired, tearing away Alston's third finger, just as the latter poured a broadside into him from a horseman's pistol, lodging a ball in his side. The fire was repeated, each man receiving another bullet. Colonel Alston was then out of ammunition having only two horseman's pistols, throwing back his long cloak, however, he drew his bowie and closed with his antagonist. In a few scathing strokes Governor Reed was cut to the floor, and his opponent sank in a fainting fit. It was in that melee that that bullet hole was made up there.

A DEADLY MEETING.

The two men were taken to their beds and for several weeks were confined to their rooms. Col. Alston was the first to recover. He was very much embittered by the cost that had taken place, and said that he intended to kill Governor Reed on sight. A few days afterwards he met Governor Reed on the street. He went home and loaded a double-barreled shot-gun putting in one of the barrels, it is said, the bullet in which his sister had moulded with the head taken from his brother's dead body. Seeking Reed again he fired at him on sight tearing away his shoulder with the first barrel and rifling his heart with the second. This rencontre created the intensest excitement and led to legal proceedings against Colonel Alston which however, did not result in anything. Colonel Alston shortly after this went to Texas. He had been there but a short time when he heard that Dr. Jno. McNeal Stewart, a man of prominence in Brazoria, had commented desparingly upon his affair with Governor Reed. Meeting Dr. Stewart upon the prairie a few days after this report had come to his ears, he handed him a letter containing the offensive language and asked him, if he was responsible for it. Pending their discussion of the matter at issue they fell upon each other with great fury. It appears that Dr. Stewart was armed with a pair of Colt's pistols and Colonel Alston with a bowie-knife and shot-gun. When found by their friends, Alston was lying at the foot of a large tree, with four bullet holes in his body; Stewart was lying near by, with two loads of buckshot in his heart, stark and stiff. Colonel Alston was so badly wounded that he could only be carried in a blanket, slung hammockwise between two men. As he was being borne into town in this manner his friends were met by a company of armed men, who fired a hundred shots into the blanket killing Colonel Alston instantly. This feud, involving the death of so many superb men and bankrupting two powerful families, is but one of a thousand that might be traced in fatal scarlet through the system of Southern society. We have only followed the direct vein of the

feud. Were all the result, direct and remote, carefully looked up, it would be found that the publication of that article in the *Chronicle* caused the death of a score of a chivalric gentlemen. It is a peculiar feature, too, that every challenge that makes his bloody story was issued in defence of a comrade's honor. Prince Murat, albeit he was a quiet and scholarly man, was a stickler for the code. While there is no record of his having himself fought a duel, his edict was authority in dueling circles and his voice was never lifted against the practice. "All trace of the warm, spirited Frenchman and his comrade, is swept away. The shock of war dislodged their influence from the heart of the Floridians, and it is a may hap if Tallahassee now show you the spot where their valiant guest lies buried. A law against duelling has been enacted, at hands that once played with the pistol-handle have now performe gone in terrible earnest to the plow-handle. And yet there is not a people upon earth hotter in temper or more jealous of honor than these swartly fellows, that thirty years ago might have heard, as they lay dangling in their cradles the whip-like crack of pistols, as their fathers popped away at each other in some convenient glen."

HONORS OF PLEVNA.

[Special Dispatch to New York Herald 27th]

LONDON, Dec 26.—Mr. McGahan, the correspondent of the *London Daily News* at Plevna, sends a terrible story of the state of things prevailing in and around the captured town. Before the recent great storm Plevna was simply a charnel house. Modern warfare has no parallel for it, and its horrors can only be compared to those which followed in the wake of Genghis Khan or Timur, as their savage hordes swept over and desolated Asia.

The fabled dogs, of which there are always large numbers in every Turkish town, were feeding on the corpses of the dead and the bodies of the still living wounded. The savage howls of the greedy brutes as they tore the putrid flesh of the dead or crashed the bones between their teeth, the cries and groans of the wounded as they vainly struggled with the dogs might be heard for miles around and made the soul sick.

Birds were pecking at the skulls, hopping from body to body with beaks and plumage besmeared with human blood and screaming with fiendish delight. Dogs fought among themselves, and birds struggled with birds for the possession of a morsel of human flesh and the most indescribable horror prevailed.

In our house alone thirty-seven dead and fifty three wounded Turks were found, some of the former in a half decomposed and putrid state, and the wounded in a condition that can be more easily imagined than described. Some of the wounded were able to crawl about and clutched at odd morsels of food that were found in the hands of the dead, devouring it with feverish avidity; but thousands of men were utterly helpless, and awaited death or succor with a listless fatalism.

Eighteen hundred prisoners were huddled together on the bank of the Viti, and the horrors of their position equalled those of the great plague which ravaged Europe in the fourteenth century. Living and dead were piled together promiscuously in heaps like wood, and carried away. There were only three carts available for this work, and the confusion was indescribable.

Osmán's bravery is stamed and blackened by his treatment of the Russian wounded that fell into his hands. His gallant defence of Plevna for a moment blinded the victors and Europe to the fact that all prisoners were butchered by the troops under Osmán's command.

The Bucharest correspondent of the *Herald* says that a fearful retribution has overtaken a part of Osmán's army which was caught on the march by that dreadful snow storm. Fate seems to be wreaking vengeance for the slaughter of the Russian wounded, whose corpses lie unburied on the hills around Plevna.

Statistics of Rome show that it has a population of 280,000, which is steadily increasing. It contains 13,550 dwellings, 347 Catholic churches, besides 8 Protestant chapels and 4 Jewish synagogues; there are 46 communal schools, attended by 8,308 boys and 7,999 girls.

The money stolen in the United States during the past four years—beginning at a period just prior to the panic of 1873 by reason of defalcations, embezzlement and breaches of trust on the part of city and county officials, bank officers, executors of estate, &c; foot over \$30,000,000.

Old Mrs. Stewart, widow of the late thirty-odd millionaire, is reported engaged to be married to Rev. John E. Middleton, late pastor of Calvary Church, Stonington, Connecticut.

Two kegs of gunpowder were found concealed in the basement of an Arkansas-court house last week, leading to suspicions of a desire to remove the county seat.