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WHOLE NO. 104.

"OH, GOD! THIS IS TERRIBLE."

A MURDERER'S VICTIM HAUNTS HIM.

A Thrilling Ghost Story from our Neighbor Town, Huntingdon.

Huntingdon special to St. Louis Globe.

In the spring of 1858, a man calling himself Price Alexander, fine looking, about forty years old, well dressed, passably educated, made his appearance in Huntingdon, Carroll County, Tenn., seeking employment as a carpenter. He did not profess to be a fine mechanic, but was qualified to do ordinary work in that line.

His manners were so easy and disposition so obliging that he excited no opposition among the local workmen, who extended to him every assistance in their power.

He had not been in the community long before a peculiarity was noted by his intimate acquaintances. Whenever working alone, or when left by himself for any length of time, he manifested a restlessness that made his employment somewhat unsatisfactory. He would stop work every few moments and glance furtively to the right, left, and rear as if he apprehended the approach of an enemy. And again, when he had a job that necessitated his being alone, he invariably provided himself with a good supply of whisky, and not infrequently became "howling" drunk before it was completed.

On the contrary, when he was at work with others, he was strictly temperate and was never known to taste a drop.

When he secured board and lodging he invariably stipulated that he was to occupy a room with some one, generally preferring some of the children of the family.

He remained in the county about one year, when, after a short courtship, he married a most estimable widow by the name of Carpenter, living four or five miles south of Huntingdon, and from all appearances it was a most happy union. His wife looked after her domestic affairs, and conducted their little farm, assisted by Alexander at those times when he was not employed at his trade.

Among the carpenters with whom he worked was a man named Rufus Vickers, for whom he formed a very warm attachment. It was Vickers who introduced him to his wife, who had discovered his dread of being alone, and as a true friend had encouraged the match to promote his happiness.

The first incident that excited Vickers's attention and led him to believe that there was some mystery connected with Alexander's life occurred as follows:

They had made a contract to build a house for old Uncle Sammy Coleman, and Alexander was to go to Vickers' boarding-house and remain during the night and both start early the next morning together. Alexander reached the house about the time the family were retiring and was shown to Vickers' room. The latter was not in, having gone to a neighbor's, several miles distant, upon business. Alexander retired. During the night Vickers returned, and in order not to awaken the family crept quietly to his room. Raising the latch noiselessly and opening the door gently, he was surprised to hear a subdued conversation in his room. One of the voices was strange and its tone was so low that he could not catch the words; the other was Alexander's, and heard him say in a half groan:

"Oh, God! this is terrible! Will you never leave me alone?"

The other said: "The sands in my hour-glass were nearly run; you showed me no—" The last words were too indistinct to be heard at the door.

Alexander made some reply to this; what it was Vickers failed to catch, but, making a noise, the conversation as suddenly ceased. He went to the fireplace and made up a light, found the lamp and lit it.

He was astonished to find Alexander alone in the room, sitting upright in bed, with an expression of most intense alarm on his countenance. His eyes were wide open and the pupils expanded.

When Vickers spoke to him he lay back in the bed and his face assumed its wonted expression.

After some little effort Vickers awakened him and asked:

"Where is your partner?"

"Who?"

"The person I heard you talking with."

"I have been talking to no one, but I have had a terrible nightmare."

Vickers did not press the subject, but soon retired, and the matter was in a measure forgotten. Several months after this occurred Vickers and Alexander were both employed by Ferdinando Saunders, of Benton County, to build some cheap negro houses for him. The contract necessitated the getting out of several thousand cypress shingles, and the two pitched their tents in a dense cypress swamp and went to work. A few days elapsed when it became necessary for Vickers to go to Camden, a distance of 12 miles, after supplies. He was unavoidably detained, and did not return until sometime after midnight, and was surprised to find the tent deserted. Knowing Alexander's peculiarity about being left alone, he concluded that he had gone to a neighbor's, a few miles distant, and being fatigued, rolled himself up in his blanket and tried to sleep, but either on account of his weariness and lonesomeness, he could not, and rolled and tossed about. How long this continued he could not tell.

Suddenly he became aware that there was some one on the outside talking. Raising up on his elbow, listening intently, he located the voices near a large log about twenty feet from the tent, where they riveted their boards.

He heard Alexander ask: "Is this to last forever?"

A low, firm voice replied: "Yes, forever and f-o-r-e-v-e-r!"

"My God! It is terrible!"

"All this should have been considered before. My life was as dear and sweet to me as yours. I came to you as a peacemaker, and you left me a—"

Vickers had crawled out of his tent on hands and knees and approached as close as possible, and when within a few feet of them, and before the stranger uttered the last word, the latter turned and disappeared. The leaves were dry and covered the ground like a carpet, yet his disappearance was as noiseless as that of a gentle breeze that the leaves rise to kiss as it passes by. Vickers could see the outline against the horizon between the trees; it was that of a tall man, yet withal it was so shadowy that it could not be defined. Alexander, who had been sleeping in the shavings against the log, had arisen and was sitting on it. His eyes, as before, were wide open, yet the man was sound asleep.

Vickers awakened him, and, returning to the tent, said:

"Alexander, there is a dreadful mystery connected with your past life. Upon two occasions I have overheard a conversation between you and some one whose presence I can not account for and whose disappearance is so strange that if I believed in spirits I would think it was one that demands an explanation. This 'nightmare' excuse will not do, because on both occasions the subject was the same."

Alexander hesitated, cast his eyes furtively around and in a voice of deep emotion said:

"Vickers, I am the most miserable human being on God's footstool. Every waking hour I am cursed by fear, and every sleeping moment is haunted by dread. Two years ago I saw a man murdered near Aiken, S. C., and from some cause his spirit troubles me. When my wife leaves me as much as one day, when I am alone an hour after nightfall and seek rest in sleep, this spirit—devil—awakens my sleeping brain and torments me with his threats."

"Who is the man?" asked Vickers.

"I can not call his name."

"Why does he annoy you?"

"He says I instigated the deed, but I am as innocent as an unborn babe."

A few weeks after this they returned, Alexander to his home and Vickers to Caledonia to work for Colonel Tom Wall. One night Vickers dreamed that an old man, with long, thin, white hair, sunken eyes, and sorrowful countenance, stood by his bedside and said to him:

"Mr. Vickers, write to the sheriff at Aiken, S. C., and make inquiry about Price Alexander. There is a reward for him and your fortune will be made."

Vickers then dreamed that the appearance of the old man was a dream, but thought maybe there was something in it and concluded he would write. The next morning, when he awakened, he found that both were dreams. Not being much of a scholar, he went to Colonel Wall and stated some of the facts and asked him to write to South Carolina and make inquiry whether Alexander was wanted or not. He gave at the same time a full description of him.

Several weeks elapsed before the letter was heard from, when one evening Luther Moore, whose father kept the old stage-stand a mile east of Huntingdon, came to town and, taking Vickers to one side, told him that there were two gentlemen at his father's who had arrived the night before on the stage and wished to see him, at the same time cautioning him to keep their visit quiet.

He went out immediately and was introduced to the two men, representing themselves as officers from South Carolina. They explained that the man who called himself Price Alexander was named Alexander Price, that he had married a good woman in that State with whom he did not live amicably. She was an orphan and her grandfather, nearly eighty years old, had gone to Price's house to endeavor to bring about a reconciliation. They were out at the woodpile sitting on a log, when Price seized an axe and split the old man's head open in a frenzy of passion. Not satisfied with this he dragged his neck across the log and cut his head off and threw it over the fence into the yard in the presence of his wife. He fled and was arrested. Broke jail and escaped again. The man he killed was one of the sweetest natures in the country. His whole

life had been spent in good deeds and his murder was most shocking in all its details. The strangers so worked upon Vickers that he finally consented to aid in his friend's arrest.

He learned upon returning to town that Price, for that was his real name, was at work with several other persons for Mr. Thomas Wyly, building negro cabins on the Tennessee River just below what was then known as Reynoldsburg, the county seat of Benton and Humphreys. The stage had stopped and taken dinner at Wyly's, and it was possible that Price had seen and recognized the officers.

Add Hilliard, now living at Huntingdon, consented to accompany them, and at the ferry Hilliard and the deputies crossed over and went down opposite the island on foot, while Jarkeson, the sheriff, and Vickers went down on the north side in a "dug-out." Price discovered and recognized them before they reached the island and fled to his canoe and shot across to the north bank, only to run into the arms of Hilliard and the deputy. After a terrible struggle, in which Hilliard lost an eye, the prisoner was secured.

Vickers returned to South Carolina with the party. Price was arraigned at the first term of court, tried, found guilty and expiated his offense on the gallows.

Of those who remember the man and circumstances, Frank Priest, Add Hilliard, William Crockett, Hewlin Grizzard, and others, of Huntingdon, Tenn., yet remain.

DECIDEDLY A NEW DISH

How a Tramp Introduced the Subject by a Simple Accident.

Detroit Free Press.] A tramp who was eating dinner in the kitchen of a house where the lady herself waited on him, accidentally dropped his plate, breaking it into pieces. He sent for the mistress of the house to whom he said:

"Madam, forgive me, I am a great iconoclast."

She was pleased with the word, which was new to her, and readily excused him.

The next day she was calling on a friend when she remarked with much importance:

"We had an iconoclast for dinner yesterday. Did you ever see one?"

"Oh, yes," answered her friend, sweetly, "we often have them for dinner, and I am very fond of them."

And then the two dear innocents smiled blandly at each other.

THE RELIGION WE WANT.

One That Prepares for the Next by Right Living in This One.

Selected.]

We want a religion for both worlds; for this because we are living in it; for the next because we are going to it—one that prepares for the next by right living in this—a religion that softens the step and gives melody to the voice, that checks impatience and irritation and gives self-control; a religion not merely for the church and the prayer-meeting, but for business, for the family, for every-day life; a religion on both faith and works, and of works as founded on faith; a religion of principle as well as feeling, of right habit as well as occasional impulse, that projects the honey-moon into the harvest moon, and makes the happy home like the fig-tree, bearing at once the beauty of the tender blossoms and the glory of the ripened fruit; a religion that shall level the rats, and gullies, and rocks in the pathway of life and give joy in that pathway to all who are in it.

THE HISTORY OF AN EPITAPH.

A HERO OF THE BATTLE OF SHILOH.

In Memory of General Albert Sidney Johnston, a Bold Defender of the South.

Selected.]

Soon after the fall of General Albert Sidney Johnston at the battle of Shiloh and the transfer of his remains to New Orleans, a lady visiting the cemetery found placed to a rough board that rested on the temporary tomb the following beautiful epitaph. It was written in a delicate hand with a pencil, and the rain had nearly obliterated the characters, but she made a verbatim copy of the manuscript and sent it to one of the New Orleans papers with the request that if possible the name of the author should be published. This was gladly done, and the exquisite lines went the rounds of the press of this country and England as a model of English composition. It was pronounced by Lord Palmerston "a modern classic, Ciceronian in its language." Public curiosity being aroused, the authorship was traced to John Dimitry, a young native of New Orleans, and a son of Alexander Dimitry, who, before the war, occupied a distinguished position in the State Department at Washington. Young Dimitry, though only a boy, served in Johnston's army at Shiloh, and on visiting New Orleans and the grave of the dead chieftain, wrote the lines on the inspiration of the moment and modestly pinned them on the headboard as the only tribute he could offer. When the question arose concerning the form of epitaph to be placed on the monument erected to the memory of the dead Confederate general the committee of citizens in charge with one voice decided upon this, and it is now inscribed upon the broad panel at the base of the statue. The lines may be appropriately recalled on Memorial Day:

IN MEMORY.
Beyond this stone is laid,
For a season,
Albert Sidney Johnston,
A general in the army of the Confederate States,
Who fell at Shiloh, Tennessee,
On the sixth day of April, A. D.,
Eighteen hundred and sixty-two.
A man tried in many high offices,
And critical enterprises,
And found faithful in all.
His life was one long sacrifice of interest to
Conscience;
And even that life, on a woeful Sabbath,
Did he yield as a holocaust at his country's need,
Not wholly understood was he while he lived;
But, in his death, his greatness stands confessed
In a people's tears.
Resolute, moderate, clear of envy, yet not
wanting
In that finer ambition which makes men great
and pure.
In his honor—impregnable!
In his simplicity—sublime.
No country e'er had a truer son—no cause a
nobler champion!
No people a bolder defender—no principle a
purer victor
Than the dead soldier
Who sleeps here.
The cause for which he perished is lost—
The people for whom he fought are crushed—
The hopes in which he trusted are shattered—
The flag he loved guides no more the charging
lines,
But his fame, consigned to the keeping of that
time, which,
Happily, is not so much the tomb of virtue as its
shrine,
Shall, in the years to come, fire modest worth to
nobler ends.
In honor, now, our great captain rests;
A bereaved people mourn him;
Three commonwealths proudly claim him;
And history shall cherish him
Among those choicer spirits, who, holding their
conscience unmix'd with blame,
Have been, in all conjunctures, true to themselves,
their country, and their God.

The power of words can scarcely be estimated. There are times when a word spoken may carry with it the force of a cannon ball. There are words of kindness, which when spoken are like the pebble dropped into the deep well of our hearts, and caused them to overflow with the tenderest and happiest feeling. It is true that words are like angel wings or they are like scorpion stings. The Youth's South.