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## THE GLEANER

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## Symptoms of a Diseased Liver.

PAIN in the right side, under the edge of the ribs, increases on pressure; sometimes the pain is in the left side; the patient is rarely able to lie on the left side; sometimes the pain is felt under the shoulder blade, and it frequently extends to the top of the shoulder, and is sometimes mistaken for rheumatism in the arm. The stomach is affected with loss of appetite and sickness; the bowels in general are costive, sometimes alternative with lax; the head is troubled with pain, accompanied with a dull, heavy sensation in the back part. There is generally a considerable loss of memory, accompanied with a painful sensation of having left undone something which ought to have been done. A slight, dry cough is sometimes an attendant. The patient complains of weariness and debility; he is easily startled; his feet are cold or burning, and he complains of a prickly sensation of the skin; his spirits are low; and although he is satisfied that exercise would be beneficial to him, yet he can scarcely summon up fortitude enough to try it. In fact, he distrusts every remedy. Several of the above symptoms attend the disease, but cases have occurred where few of them existed, yet examination of the body, after death, has shown the LIVER to have been extensively deranged.

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## WHEN THE SHIP COMES IN.

A sweet faced woman and a sweet faced child are wandering among the shipping docks of the great city. The woman is plainly dressed, but evidently in her best attire, and there is a touch of gentility in her finery, in the real lace collar, relics of better days, and the pearl earrings and the neat gloves. The child is neatly dressed, too, and, as she clasps the woman's hands, looks love at her guardian. But the woman's face is not at its best now; a careworn look, and a faint wrinkle upon the pale forehead that ages her and lessens the charm of her features.

She is inquiring of the dockmen, of the stevedore, of the loungers about the wharves, whether the brig Good Luck has come in. She always receives the same reply to her eager questions, for the brig Good Luck has been lost a month ago, dashed on a lee shore and ground to pieces by the sea, and will never come in—never—never more.

If they told her she wouldn't believe them, for the woman and her child have supreme faith that the brig Good Luck will come in soon with cargo and crew, though they have been asking the same question and same prayer for many and many a day.

Then she goes across the street and winds her way along the sales and boxes and passing carts, and through all the hubbub and bustle of the wharf, and climbs a flight of stairs to where the brig owners have their office. They are used to seeing her. They smile sadly when she enters with the child, and look significantly at one another, as if to say: 'Poor thing! she's mad. No wonder, no

Mad. Yes, she is mad with 'hope deferred,' with anxiety to meet her husband, Caleb Shelter, master of the brig Good Luck; to meet the master of the brig, her husband and the father of her child. Why does he stay away from her so long?

'Is the Good Luck in yet?' she asks of a clerk.

'Not yet, ma'am.'

'She is expected, of course, to-day?'

'There's a vessel coming in now. I see the tall masts. Look! Look pointing out of the office window to the river front. 'Maybe that's it! Ellie, dear, look! there's father's vessel, with father on board!'

The child clasps her little hands at the sight.

'Sorry to say that ain't it, ma'am,' says the clerk, relapsing into his calculations and paying no more attention to the woman.

She stares out of an open window at the approaching vessel drawn by a tug, and then with a blank look upon her face, and a moan that is heartrending, says:

'No, Nellie, no! That is not the Good Luck. I see the figure head. The figure head of Good Luck is an angel; a white and gold angel. No, no, that isn't it.'

'But papa will soon come home, won't he, mamma?' whispered the child.

Old Mr. Tawman, who is the head of the establishment here, now comes from behind his desk, and approaching the woman, says in a kindly tone:

'Mrs. Shelter, sit down; make yourself as comfortable as you can in a dingy office like this. Here, little one, come here, give me a kiss. A bright, pretty little dear, Mrs. Shelter.'

news for you! The proprietor could read every word by its sound.

'It's like a message from God,' says Mr. Tawman, reverently, 'I must not tell her.'

He comes back to where the woman is sitting, his face flushed with emotion; some strange excitement. He throws into her lap a bundle of bank notes.

'There, Mrs. Shelter, now go home. Take a car at the door.'

'Oh, I'm not tired. And I should like to be here when the brig comes in. But I thank you so much, so much.'

'Here, little one,' says the good hearted Tawman, 'here's something for you to buy candles with.' He puts into her tiny outstretched hand a bright quarter of a dollar, and laughs at the wonder and delight of the little recipient.

'I'll keep this for my papa.'

Poor little thing, she is weary unto sleep. She cuddles herself in the big chair and sinks into slumber in an instant.

'Now, Mrs. Shelter, you've had no dinner,' says Tawman.

'Oh, yes, sir.'

'Yesterday, perhaps, but I mean to-day. Go down with Mr. Pelton, there, our young man, and get something to eat. You see we have arrangements for the comforts of our clerks. We give them a hot dinner, and a good one, too. There's nobody there.'

'Go down there and ask the waiter, George,' addressing Mr. Pelton, whom he had summoned, to give this good lady a cup of tea and a piece of toast, some chicken, and all that. Then pausing a moment, as if properly and philanthropy, are struggling for mastery in

'No, no, George. Tell Henderson to send the dinner up into the room here, that's better! The young man leaves the room. Then Mr. Tawman enters the office again and consults the telegraph operator.

'Send this message at once, Mr. Lindsay if you please.' He writes something and the operator clicks it off at once. It's a long message, a very long message indeed; but the president's message itself is not half so important, so interesting to those whom it concerns.

Then by the time the message is sent, the dinner is ready in Mr. Tawman's private office, when Mrs. Shelter partakes of it, but does not think proper to awaken the weary child that she may eat alone.

Then Mr. Tawman says: Now you had better go. I'll see to the child; I'll bring the little girl up with me to night.

'No, no!' exclaims the mother. 'I must have my little Ellie with me always, sir. You are so very good, though, sir; so very good! And is there no news of the Good Luck?'

'Not a word, I'm sorry to say.'

the Good Luck.'

'It is! It is! She darts from the office dragging the child after her, runs across the bustling wharf out to the very edge of the water.

Mr. Tawman rushes to the window, opens it and calls to her. To no purpose, however. All the clerks cluster about the window to catch her.

'The woman is mad!' says one. She is going to drown herself.'

Tawman says quietly to the telegraph operator:

'It is the Mary.'

The schooner is being towed up the river by a tug. She is making preparations to anchor in the stream opposite the wharf. All this time Mrs. Shelter is standing in the midst of the crowd of excited people waving her handkerchief, and the little girl is waving hers.

'Look! look there! There is a man overboard!' cried one of the clerks. A cry of alarm goes up from the wharf.

'Heaven's! exclaimed Mr. Tawman, thoroughly aroused. 'What does that mean?'

'He is swimming like a fish,' says a clerk.

'He has landed! Hark at the cheers!' 'Look! look shouted the operator. She is lunging him; so is the little girl. It is Captain Shelter!'

'Thank God!' exclaimed Tawman, and pray heaven she may not sink under the shock. Poor woman. How she clings to the drenched man. Dear! dear!'

Then he puts on his hat and runs down the steps like a boy, and darts over to where husband and wife and child are united and happy.

'Ah! he exclaimed, shaking the captain by the hand, and not caring for the gaping and wondering crowd all around and luck, 'ch? Did

'When the man can speak he answers: 'Yes.'

'I planned it all!' chatters old Tawman. You see I got a dispatch yesterday from the Breakwater, saying that Capt. Shelter had been picked up on a raft by the schooner Mary. I told her in the car yesterday, that the brig would come in, and come in it did. Over to the office every one of you, and after dinner and dry clothes, cap, we'll have a talk about business. Come on.'

STATEMENT OF THE MURDERER ROBT. BOSWELL.

[From The Observer.]  
My name is Robert Boswell. I am about 32 or 33 years old. I was born and raised in Caswell county, North Carolina. I was the slave of Mr. Thom, Boswell. After the surrender I worked four or five years for various citizens of Caswell county; among others Mr. Minyard, Mr. Jeremiah Lea, Mr. Chesley Turner and Mr. William Turner. I then came to Orange county and worked for Mrs. Green's short while, and then for Mr. James R. Blackwell. I lived on Mr. Blackwell's place nearly all the time I stayed about Durham. I first met Nannie Blackwell while working for Chesley Turner; she was living there at that time. I then began to treat her as my wife, although we were never married, and when I came to Orange county I brought her with me. We told people we were married in order to keep from being indicted. Shortly after I went to Durham I got acquainted with Rebecca Ann Lyon. We both went to live on Mr. Blackwell's land about the same time. About eight or nine months afterwards we began to have to do with each other. Matters went on in that way for about six months, when I began to go to her house and stay whenever her husband, Ned Lyon, was away from home. She did my cooking and washing most of the time. I suppose we must have lived in that manner four or five years, though I lived with Nannie Blackwell part of the time. Whenever I staid with Beck, Nannie would complain and quarrel with me, and Beck would complain with me when I staid with Nannie; so they kept me in a fuss nearly all the time.

told me that she had done what she agreed to do, and killed old Ned, and I had to do my part and kill Nannie. I agreed to it, but put it off. She kept on after me, and she and Nannie kept quarrelling so much that I concluded to go away. I went to Raleigh and worked for Mr. Jeff Fisher about a month and returned to Durham and tried to get Beck to go back with me, but she refused, and said she would have nothing to do with me unless I did what I said—I would, and kill Nannie. I refused and then went back to Raleigh. I wrote to Beck time and again to come to Raleigh, but she would not. In August of the same year, there was a big camp meeting about two miles west of Hillsboro, and, as there was to be an excursion to it, from Raleigh, I determined to go, hoping to see Beck. When I got to Durham she got on the train with Jim Cozart and others. She would not have anything to do with me on the train, but after we got to Hillsboro, while the preaching was going on, she and I went to the spring and walked some distance into the woods and sat down on the side of the hill. She then began to abuse me about the way I had done her, and said I had not stood up to my promise; that she had put old Ned out of the way, and now I had run away and left her; that she and her children were sick and suffering. After abusing me awhile, I told her I did not want to do it, but as I had agreed to it, I would stick to it. She then proposed that I should poison her, but I told her that could not be done, that the best way was to kill her. She told me I had better mind, that a rope would be put my neck. We then agreed I should go back to Raleigh and come up to Durham next Saturday night. She told me to come to her house and let her know before I did it, and I told her I would. We then went back to where the preaching was going on. When we got on the train, we talked about it again before we reached Durham. I went to Raleigh, and on the next Saturday some time after dinner, I left Raleigh and walked up to Durham, reaching there about one or two o'clock at night. Instead of going to Beck's house, I went to Nanny's and knocked at the door; she asked who was there, I told her Tom Bailey; she then said, 'Rob is away from home and I don't let anyone in after I have laid down.' After talking awhile I told her who I was, she let me in. I sat down and talked with her awhile, she then got up and walked out into the yard and brought in some clothes that were hanging on the fence and put them in a corner. As she stooped down I struck her with an old axe I had found in the yard and knocked her down, I then cut her throat with the knife Beck had given me which used to belong to Ned Lyon. I then got started away and had gotten near to the old well and saw Nanny coming out of the house, she got to the saw dust pile, when I caught her and finished her and picked her up and carried her to the house and laid her in it. My oldest had waked up by this time and told me Nanny was bleeding, I picked him up and carried him to Beck's house. I went to the back door, and walked in. The light was burning, and Beck was lying on the bed partly dressed; I waked her up and told her I had killed Nanny, as I had promised, and I wanted her to take care of my boy. She said: 'You old fool why did you not come here first and let me know about it, as you promised. You will certainly be hung.' I then asked her again if she would take care of my boy. She said: 'No, take him away from here. I have enough children to take care of myself.' I then said before they should stay by themselves I would stick fire to the house and burn them up. She then told me to go away, and she would let me know when times got better. She then kissed me, and I left. I took the boy back to the house and put him in it and shut the door. I then set the house on fire and started back to Raleigh, and reached Mr. Fisher's farm about 10 o'clock Sunday. I staid there till Tuesday, when I was told that a woman and children had been murdered at Durham, and I was thought to be the one that did it, and had better leave. I did so and went to Wilson county, and then set in to work for M. Westland; I then worked for Mr. Wells until I was arrested and brought to Hillsboro.

ROBT. X. BOSWELL, Mark.

Test: H. A. Reams, S. F. Tomlinson.

BABES OF THE BLUE AND GRAY.

[GOD'S OWN FLAG OF TRUCE]

BY YARDLEY T. BROWN.

(From the Charlotte Observer.)

[The public remembers that a Confederate soldier named Payne was involved with John Wilkes Booth, in 1865, in the assassination of President Lincoln and the attempt upon the life of Secretary Seward, nor does any one need to be told of the height to which public indignation reached in Washington City at that time. At this particular period Maj. W. F. Halleck, of the United States service, having in charge two hundred Confederate prisoners, in Washington City, was set upon by a mob who demanded of him the body of one of these, Genl. Payne, of the late Confederacy, who, it was believed by the populace, was the person who had stabbed Seward. Maj. Halleck's guard consisted of not more than fifty. He appealed in vain to the mob, assuring it that the Payne who was then his prisoner was not the Payne who had stabbed the Secretary. He was not believed and the fury of the crowd increased and its determination to have the prisoner became manifest. Ordering his men to load and prepare for

work, Maj. Halleck defiantly proclaimed to the mob that those were his prisoners, and it was his purpose to die right there with them before he would surrender one of them into its hands. His guard was prepared to execute his orders, and the orders were upon his lips, ready to be given the moment the occasion arose. The mob saw the officers' determination, retired, and abandoned its purpose. After the war Maj. Halleck and Genl. Payne became near neighbors and friends. A child of each dying at the same time, the two were interred in the same grave and it is of this circumstance that the following is written. Maj. Halleck, it is hardly necessary to say, is identical with the gallant Federal soldier of the same name who delivered the patriotic speech at the soldiers' reunion in Salisbury, N. C., on the 23rd inst.]

What matters it now if they meet here below,  
From the North and the Southland—the Blue  
and the Gray—  
On fields that were awful with carnage and gore,  
Mid the roaring and strife of that terrible fray?  
Ah, little they heeded the dying and dead,  
For hard was the heart then, and flashing the  
eye!

But now they are weeping o'er one little bed,  
Where two little darlings so peacefully lie—  
'Under the sod and the dew,'  
Close to each other they say;  
One is the babe of the Blue,  
The other, the babe of the Gray.

What matters it now, if they led to the fight,  
The men who are sleeping beneath the green  
sod,  
Or what does it matter, which fought for the  
right?  
For, 'Judgment is mine,' said our merciful  
God  
Aye! bravely they fought here, but dying,  
forgave;  
And clasping each other, lay dead on the plain;  
Thus, bowing in sympathy over the grave,  
These warrior hearts are united in pain.

'Under the sod and the dew,'  
Fair as twin lilies they lay—  
Beautiful babe of the Blue,  
Beautiful babe of the Gray.

What matters it now, if this tall, waving grass  
is higher, and ranker, and greener to-day,  
Because of it drinking that red food, alas!  
The blood of the Blue and the blood of the Gray?  
While yet it was warm from the hearts of the  
brave,  
It met and united in one purple tide;  
So mingle the tears o'er this little twin grave  
Of the treasures now buried here, each side by  
side.

'Under the sod and the dew,'  
Sleeping together for aye—  
Sweet little babe of the Blue,  
Dear little babe of the Gray.

What matters it now? but question them not;  
Enough that they suffer a father's keen woe—  
The past is forgiven—perchance is forgot;  
And true are the tears that in sympathy flow,  
Through which they behold on that 'beautiful  
shore,'  
Two little twin angels in garments of white,  
Whose wee dimpled fingers now beck in them  
o'er  
The dark-flowing river, they've taken their  
flight.

Up from the sod and the dew,  
Leading and showing the way—  
Pure angel babe of the Blue!  
Pure angel babe of the Gray.

[Correspondence of the Observer.]

CALSBURY, Oct. 24.  
Editor 'Observer':—From yesterday's issue we were obliged to omit several of the speeches made Thursday at Salisbury, to-day we give the reports of them.

Gen. A. M. Scales followed Maj. Merrill, of Mississippi. He expressed himself glad to meet so many. It was an indication that the hearts of his hearers were all right. What was the foundation stone of the government? A league to resist oppression. Our forefathers entered into a league of comradeship. That is what underlies the constitution. That alone will maintain it.

He said he was in the war and was true to it, and was now ready to chop hands across the 'bloody chasm.' When conquered we expected nothing but the doom of the conquered. The Horace Greely came forward and signed Davis' bond. He said he had a warm place in his heart for every man who bore a musket—had no apologies to make or to ask—let us forget the past and remember that we have one country. He related a beautiful incident that occurred in Washington City cemetery at the close of the war. But few of the Southern dead are buried there. Some of them have for an epitaph nothing but 'North Carolina,' yet this is all they would have asked.

It had been 'Memorial day' and the graves of the Federals were without exception beautifully decorated, but upon the resting place of the Confederates no flowers had been placed. A wind arose and blew many of the flowers from the graves of the Federals upon those of the Confederates. Thus Providence decorated both. So we are taught by the framers of the constitution, taught by the fighters for it, taught by Providence that we are one.

The South realized the united North (or five years!) Oh what a country then must it not be! How mighty, how grand that union which unites both in one! Let us do our duty, remember our principles, honor the flag that floats over us and our dead. The latter have no monument, but their memory is enshrined in our heart of hearts.

During the last two years some 3,000 English farmers with their families have emigrated to Texas. They are all reported as prospering. They devote themselves principally to the raising of cattle and sheep.