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## THE GLEANER

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K. S. PARKER  
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### BLANNERHASSETT'S ISLAND.

The following interesting bit of romance and history we find in the *Sunny South*, which it says was written by one of its contributors, and first published in the *Louisville Courier Journal*.

Six miles below the city of Parkersburg, as you stand on the deck of the steamer, you catch a glimpse of a long, low island reach, terminating in a white sandy point, about which the river whirls and eddies in foaming little whirlpools. I had been on the lookout for this island for many hours; I had watched the hills on both sides of the river and had almost counted the farms and hamlets that dot these gentle banks. The water of the river seemed to murmur something like a sad song of olden times; the golden willows that fringe the bank and dip their pendant limbs into the water, sighed and sighed again and again the same hollow music, and the garrison crows "all in a muster" croaked a weird and mysterious sympathy with the desolation that seemed to attach to this long, low island. The tow-head was but a few feet above the water's level, and at high tides the lower end must have been submerged. The island looked deserted, although there was evidence of a cultivated piece where a crop had grown in former years. But I could see no sign of life, except a few loons, old and dilapidated.

"A residence for women, child and man, A dwelling place, and yet no habitation; A house, but under some prodigious ban Of excommunication."

It was painful to look at that sandy island with its rolling grass and stunted shrubbery. It was the picture of the abandonment of the old world, spoken of by Daniel De Foote. From the pilot house of the steamer I could look over the entire island to the green hills of Virginia. I could see the rocky houses, with only the crows and the choughs, instead of musical love birds; all times and times seemed to be long term of stagnant desolation. Besides the crows that chattered and mustered, there was only the moaning heron, motionless and still. That on a steep, so silently and slyly blood an apparent victim, as if to guard the water's edge.

What is there about this island? What was there that history has recorded to render this long, low island, just three miles long and a few hundred yards wide, a subject of so much interest to travelers and historians? What a shadow and a year hung about those old mansions, almost whispering to the sea that the place is haunted, and suggesting, with fearful distinctness, the poem of the "Haunted House," by Tom Hood.

That sandbank so sad, so lonely and so desolate is

### BLANNERHASSETT'S ISLAND.

I looked upon it until my eyes filled with moisture. I could have taken into a protracted reverie and indulged in all sorts of dreams and fancies. But I was only a mortal man, and a traveler. I turned to a young man, well dressed and good looking, with a certain air of smartness that told his occupation. He, too, was looking at the island, and, as I believed, was recalling its varied reminiscences. He seemed lost in thought and I believed, in sentimental reflection.

"That island is to me one of the most interesting spots in America," I said.

"What about it?" replied he.

"That is Blannerhasset's Island," I said, thinking that simple announcement was enough to open the avenues to thought and memory. But *O tempora, O mores, O ignorantia*, this well-dressed gentleman from Parkersburg had never heard of Blannerhasset nor Aaron Burr! I looked at him with amazement and full of doubt as to his sanity when he proclaimed his ignorance with all the nonchalant air of an innocent child. I looked around at the group of people all gazing intently at the island, the river and the hills—and I discovered that the gentleman from Parkersburg was not alone in his

bliss—the rest of them were as stolid as stumps, and as ignorant as asses about all the sad histories of the island; the people who made it famous, and of their melancholy end. It seemed impossible that any one in this country could have arrived at the age of thirty years and never heard of Aaron Burr, of Theodosia; Adelaide Clifton; of Margaret Moncrieff; the great contest for the Presidency; of Burr's great trial; his grand views of Western conquest, so miserably and wantonly misconstrued and maligned; the history and death of Madame Jumel; the connection Gen. Wilkinson had with all these parties—the Gen. Wilkinson, the *bon vivant*, who may have been incautious, but never a traitor—who may have blabbed to Lord Stirling important remarks that might have been kept secret; I say it would seem incredible that any one should now live and be ignorant of all the romantic, soul-stirring, heart-breaking incidents connected with Burr and Blannerhasset. I am ashamed to record the fact, but the fact is all the same.

I looked to see some traces of the former magnificence of the island. It was all gone. The magnificence had settled down into startling and depressing ugliness, but I could not shake off the idea that I stood in the presence of a man who had

NEVER HEARD OF AARON BURR, the glorious soldier who had scaled the heights of Quebec; had fought in the battles of the first Revolution; was the friend of Washington; had been a part of the great drama enacted through those grand struggles; a man who had been a prince and a statesman among men, and a demi-god with women; a man whose genius conceived what other men executed; a man who had lived in advance of his age, and had looked farther and dared more than any other man of his day. The memory of all those incidents in his life swept before my mental vision in one grand panorama as the steamer glided over the three miles of water that measure the length of this historic sandbank. Burr's glorious record at Quebec; the battles on Long Island; Washington's retreat conducted by Colonel Burr; the active duties that led him to prominence; the peace and victory; Burr in the Senate in 1791; the intrigues of Alexander Hamilton against him that led old John Adams to dub him the greatest intriguer in America; Burr's nomination on the Democratic ticket with Jefferson in 1800; his term of service as Vice President; the hostility of Mr. Jefferson and the coalition between the Democrat Jefferson and the Federalist Hamilton against the high spirited, magnanimous Burr; the continuance of Hamilton's hate that followed him through life and threw a shadow over all his hopes and aspirations; the death-bed scenes of James Billings (so called), revealing all of Hamilton's methods and conspiracy to blacken his character; the death-bed revelation that exhorted Adelaide Clifton, tortured and maddened to death; the clearing up of all superstitious cast by Hamilton and Billings on the character of Margaret Moncrieff; her unhappy marriage and fall; in after life, her faith in her first and only love, the beautiful Burr; the knowledge of Hamilton's dark ways; his relentless fury; how his hate from 1776 to 1800 typified and crystallized into the hate and malignity of the Republican party of to-day against the Democratic party of the country; the old, and the new Federal Republican, the spawn of the old, heiring all the hate and dark methods of its progenitors; and then the duel between Burr and Hamilton—first the challenge, and then the midnight meetings at Hamilton's house alone, with the doors shut and none but God to witness the interview; how Burr disclosed to him the discovery of the dark conspiracy between Hamilton and the buccaneer Billings to ruin him, how they had ruined and murdered Adelaide Clifton; how Hamilton trembled and gave up all hope of escaping the duel, how they fought, Hamilton getting the position and the word; how Hamilton's eyes fell when he caught the eagle glance of Burr fixed on him; how they fought when Hamilton fell; and how the two slandered women were avenged by their beloved hero and demi-god, and how, under the heights of Weehawken, the long quarrel, the long series of persecutions, the tireless efforts of Hamilton to undermine his rival in love and competitor in politics, all, all were ended when Hamilton fell; and from his blood, that reddened the sand, that morning under Weehawken, have sprung those seeds of hate and malignity, the abolitionist, the carpet-bagger, the bloody-shirt, the ghoul and harpie, the election bills, the frauds and Electoral Commission, and later, still later, right under our eyes, the third terms and the atrocious hate, fear

and malignity that the Republicans entertain for S. J. Tilden, the elect President, the first American citizen ever defrauded out of the Presidential chair. All these things swept through my mind and my only relief was turn once more and look upon that mild and intelligent young man from Parkersburg, who had never heard one syllable of all these things, written by the historian and novelist. I envied the intelligent gentleman the protracted feast in store for him as he read up the history and romance of his country.

And again I could follow THE BLIGHTED MAN, hounded on to death by party malevolence and puritanical hypocrisy, as he trudged his weary way from Philadelphia to Parkersburg on horseback in 1805, making the trip in nineteen days; then floating down the Ohio in a flat boat, constructed with a moderate sized house, with glass windows, instead of the ordinary cabins you see in boats nowadays, past Wheeling, then a small, very small village; past Marietta, that boasted the possession of respectable houses at that early day; down to the famous island called the Western Paradise, owned by Harman Blannerhasset, an eccentric Irishman, who in after life became involved with Aaron Burr, and constituted no little fund to the heroic eloquence of Wirt; and here, in imagination, we see the still handsome and elegant Burr moor his boat and step ashore; and anon a lovely woman descends to the waters edge and bids the wanderer and his party a hearty western welcome. Here he rested but a day or two, and laid the foundation for future acquaintanceship and friendship. We see the flat boat descend the river past Cincinnati and to the falls of the Ohio, at Louisville where he rested many days.

At that time the western bank of the Mississippi river was lined with French or Spanish forts, that kept the States in a sort of "pen and ink," which jarred upon the soul and ambition of the adventurous Burr. He saw the vast empire of the West and felt that it must come under the stars and stripes; and at that early day, when Mr. Monroe had never dreamed of his after greatness, Burr conceived the dawn of that American idea, known as the Monroe doctrine of modern times. Burr was in reality the father of it, and meant nothing more by his views of Western conquest than is contained in that original line. He conceived at that time, and he carried out, the plan of a canal that would connect the Ohio and Spanish rivers that were an eye-sore to Col. Burr at that time.

Burr was an astute and profound statesman and gifted with prophetic foresight. I remember AN INCIDENT, NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED, related by Dr. Wm. Crump, of Powhatan county, Va., the Charge d'Affaires to the court of Chili, during the administration of President John Tyler. Dr. Wm. Crump was an elegant and courtly gentleman of the old school of Virginia "quality" he had married Miss Maria Moody, of Williamsburg, an heiress and ward of Mr. Tyler, and the reigning belle of Virginia, about the time that Mary and Rebecca Rolling of Petersburg, were in the zenith of their beauty and belle-dom. It was at dinner, one day during the canvass between Gen. Winfield Scott and Mr. Pierce, that I heard a remarkable conversation between Dr. Crump and Hon. W. S. Archer, Senator from Virginia. It occurred at Leloupe, the mansion of Dr. Crump. The mail was brought in, and, between the courses, Dr. Crump opened a copy of the *Enquirer*, the Democratic organ, edited by the celebrated Mr. Ritchie. Dr. Crump read a few moments and then suddenly dropped the paper, striking the table with his fist and exclaiming: "My God! Mr. Archer, we had a prophet with us, and Aaron Burr was that prophet!"

Started at the name of Aaron Burr, Mr. Archer drew up his aristocratic head, the fire of Whig hate gleaming in his eyes.

"And what of Aaron Burr?" he said, with coldness and hauteur, as only a self-poised, thoroughbred aristocratic Virginian can assume.

"Mr. Archer, I tell you that Aaron Burr was a prophet, and had a sort of prophetic second sight, as they say over yonder at Mr. McCrea's, my neighbor, who is a Scotchman as well as a gentleman—Mr. Colin McCrea," said Dr. Crump; and he continued:

"A few years ago I was dining in New York with General Scott. He invited a limited number of gentlemen, and among them was Aaron Burr. I remember that it was the first time I had ever seen or met Colonel Burr. He was late in arriving and when the distinguished visitor was announced, every eye was fastened upon the little, old, withered figure that entered the room, with the eye of an untamed eagle, and the air of an exiled prince or dethroned emperor. Gen. Scott rose to meet him and shake hands; then presented him formally to each of his guests. I don't know how it was, Mr. Archer, but it seemed natural for Mr. Burr to lead in conversation, and he talked and we listened. I never before heard such a flow of wit and humor, so heard such a flow of wisdom and wit, parading a blending of wisdom and wit, parading to this little old man in a seedy coat, whose tongue and beauty had charmed women and subdued men to

his will; whose eye was still like the eagle's and whose courtly air and sweetness were undimmed and unquartered. I could not have talked if I had wished. I shall never forget his reply to Scott, when the General alluded to the calumnies that had been heaped upon him in former years. Gen. Scott, you know, is a gentle, lovable man as he is a brave and gallant officer. He wished in the goodness of his heart, to make Colonel Burr to feel at ease in his company, and Scott often told me that Burr was the kindest politician in the country; and as to being a senator, he scouted the idea. Well, as I said, Gen. Scott spoke some consoling words to the faded old man, and descended on the ingratitude of princes and republics. Burr listened while his eye brightened and gleamed with the fire of inspiration. He spoke up and I shall never forget his reply. He said: "Gen. Scott, while you are in the heyday of your greatness while the glorious sun does not shine on a greater warrior or nobler man, the time is coming, and not far distant, when your countrymen will declare that you were a coward at Lundy's Lane."

It seemed that lightning had struck in the room. Such a declaration produced an astounding effect on the whole party, and every glass was left untouched and the wine unstarted.

THE SILENCE WAS APPALLING. The little, old, faded man, in faintest blush and coat much worn, seemed inspired with the indignation by a nation's ingratitude and the malevolence of party spirit of which he was a victim. It was many minutes before the company regained its composure, and very soon they dispersed, Colonel Burr drinking no wine, and dining very abstemiously, as was his custom. Talk of personal magnetism, Mr. Burr possessed it as no other man I ever saw; he commanded and subdued men and charmed women by his wonderful eloquence and his matchless wit, just as he willed it.

"And now, Mr. Archer," continued the venerable *Charge d'Affaires*, "here is Burr's prophecy literally fulfilled. Read yourself and see what the enquirer says."

I passed the paper to Senator Archer, perhaps at that time the proudest man in Virginia, a devoted Whig, and a friend of Gen. Scott, and who listed Burr as much as any good Whig ever hated a sound Democrat.

And, sure enough, there it was, all written in the *Enquirer*, which Senator Archer read slowly, and he read well—perhaps better than any one else of his day, unless it was his sister, Miss Betsy Archer, a most gifted and beautiful woman, ambitious and a pronounced politician, a patriot by birth and inherited fortune, a devoted High Church woman, and a parishioner of Mr. Berkeley, the rector of old Grub Hill church.

That Billings party separated at night, and the prophet of Burr fulfilled to reputation. I have heard Dr. Crump repeatedly say that Gen. Scott freely believed that the reputation of Burr would be fully vindicated in later years, and posterity would do him justice as regards the charges of treason.

THE SENATOR AND MISS BFFET. They never married; and by way of episode, I will relate another unpublished story connected with these two worthy people. Miss Betsy was engaged to Mr. Van Rensselaer, of New York, and Senator Archer fell in love with Miss Van Rensselaer, the sister of Miss Betsy's lover. When he proposed to this young lady she promptly declined the offer of his heart and hand, which so enraged Miss Betsy that she as promptly and as decidedly broke off her engagement with Gov. Van Rensselaer, her indomitable family pride refusing to condone the insult offered to one of the most patriotic families in Virginia. Hence neither the Senator nor his sister ever married, both lived to an old age, and died honored and respected by all who knew them. This was the only affair of the heart that ever ruffled the even current of their proud lives—and it is not strange that both of them outlived this episode and were not hurt by it in after life. Their proud hearts refused to break, for which they deserved credit.

And now that lonely isle, once the Eden of the West, is all desolate and bare, and its fame almost forgotten. One could shed tears, "weeps, and tears," as he looks upon that lonely sandbank and reflects upon the life of Aaron Burr, from his birth down to the great trial for treason, the result of frenzied fanaticism and the remorseless hate of rivalry, that cried for his blood or disgrace, the outrage of his manhood and his final expatriation.

I saw but little in the city of Parkersburg, at Clarkburg I found a sweet, quiet old town that is just waking up. Mr. Camp keeps a good, old fashioned hotel, from the windows of which you may see the house in which Stonewall Jackson was born. It rained in torrents, and no one could venture out in search of antiquities; not even Old Mortality himself would have braved that mountain storm of wind and rain.

### WHEELING.

is a growing city and romantically situated at the foot of a high, bald mountain, there is a suspension bridge spanning the Ohio, which may be truly called the Bridge of Sighs, because from its balustrades many women, young and over-trusted have leaped into eternity; and long too late that lovers' vows are false and men swear to be deceiving and betray. I was informed that no less than ten young women, "crossed in love," have taken the leap from this bridge, with the daring, last look of despair fixed on their faces, as they plunged boldly, no matter how coldly the rough river ran. They could stand the rough, cold river, but not the colder, rougher scorn

of their fellow-men, and—would you believe it—of their sisters too. And yet that intelligent young man from Parkersburg pursues me, and his bright smile haunts me still.

### Gleanings.

Sherman went into Ohio not to put up his fences, but to get his friends come down off them.—*New York World Dem.*

"It is odd, and sometimes melancholy," remarks an exchange, "to see a man trying to 'make up his mind' when he has no material on hand to work with."

A lover, unworthy of the name, threatened to publish a lady's letters. "You can if you choose," she answered; "it is only their address that makes me blush."

A little girl read a composition before the minister. The subject was "a cow." She wove in this complimentary sentence: "The cow is the most useful animal in the world except religion."

A lady one day wrote her absent husband the following letter, which may be quoted as a model in its way: "I write to you because I have nothing to do; I end because I have nothing to say."

If anybody is holding back Tilden's letter of withdrawal from the Presidential race he is making himself liable to prosecution for malicious mischief.—*Phil. Times, Ind.*

It rests now with the National Convention at Cincinnati to give the divided Democracy of New York a candidate upon whom they can unite—or to elect Grant.—*New York World Dem.*

"His sermon was very good, but that prayer beginning with our 'Our Father,' I think he stole entire. I know I have heard something like it before." How is that for fashionable heathenism?

Some people are born to ill luck. An old woman who has passed nearly five thousand medical receipts in a book during the past forty years has never been ill a day in her life, and she is becoming discouraged.

Considerate mother (to governor), "Miss Smith, don't let Alfred and Jennie sit on the damp grass for fear they should catch cold. When they are tired you can sit down and hold them on your lap."

Of the eighty eight solid business men of Springfield, Mass., sixty four were brought up on farms and were farmers' sons, twelve were brought up in villages, and of these six were accustomed to do farm work.

The number of Bibles extant at the beginning of the present century did not exceed 3,000,000, but since that time 116,000,000 are estimated to have been printed by the British and American Bible Societies alone.

A Vermont man left a cask of liquor on the steps of a noted temperance deacon and the outraged deacon says he'd like to see them date to do it again, and every night ties up his dog in the wood-shed.

"Do you know who I am, sir, that you dare talk to me?" said an irate father to an impudent young hopeful. "Yes, I know who you are," was the reply, "but Mr. Brown, who lives the next door doesn't, for I heard him say only the other day that you were an old man."

The following, intended to break bad news gently, was sent to the widow of a man who had just been killed by a railroad accident: "Dear Madam: Your husband is unavoidably detained for the present. To borrow an undertaker will call upon you with full particulars."

"Ma," said an inquisitive little girl, "will rich and poor folks live together when they go to heaven?" "Yes, my dear, they will all be alike there." Then, ma, why don't rich and poor Christians associate together here?" The mother did not answer.

A young lady surprised the "gentlemanly clerk" at a dry goods store by offering him fifty cents in payment for a dollar purchase. "It amounts to a dollar if you please," said the g. c. "I know it does, was the answer, 'but papa is only paying fifty cents on the dollar now.'"

Rev. Beecher gets a salary of \$20,000; Dr. John Hall, \$15,000, and a stylish house free of rent; Dr. Potter of Grace Church gets \$13,000 and a house; Dr. Dix of Trinity \$12,000, and the pastor of St. Thomas Church \$10,000. Other New York ministers range from \$8,000 to \$10,000, but most are under \$5,000.

A Boston lawyer told another lawyer, who asked him a question that he usually received pay for his advice. "Then," said lawyer No. 1, extending fifty cents, "tell me all you know and give me back the change." This seems to be a modern improvement on George Francis Train's famous appeal to tell him all he knew in five minutes.

Queen Victoria is credited with having made one joke in her life. When she was a little girl she and her governess read the story of Cornelia, mother of Gracchi, and the little Princess, after reading the oft-quoted response of the Roman Matron, looked up and said, "Jewels! Now, I think they must have been cornucopians."

**SUBSCRIPTIONS.**  
G. D. Cobb, an officer of Israel Cable, of the Agents.  
Heirs at law of Cynthia Young, William J. Elizabeth Linnens, Asst. Editor, Samuel Lewis Hobbs, Susan Barton, Robert G. Emmons, Isaac Fusan Hughes, Anthony J. & wife Laura, Elizabeth Lamb, heirs of Frank Thomas, heirs of Masha Job, Linnas & John Gowan Jones, heirs of Vincent Young, heirs of Cable, Polly Job, Hannah Whitson, heirs of Cable, Isabella Cable, Emily Gann, heirs of Holt, Daniel Cable, Fennell Cable, William Store, Edna Lay, Valonius Cable, John Cable, Israel Cable, Jane A. Cable, Robert Robertson, Melias Andrews, William Newton Wyrick, Israel Cable, Elizabeth Cable, Jane Cable, William Cable, Catherine Cable, Jane Cable, Eliza J. Cable, William Cable, and Edible.  
This is a special proceeding to null and void assets by G. D. Cobb, admr. of Israel Cable, and it appearing to the satisfaction of the court that the heirs of Cynthia Young, names and sexes unknown, Elizabeth Linnens, Abel Hobbs (decd), Hobbs and Elizabeth Lamb, heirs of Frank Thomas, names and sexes unknown, heirs of Masha Job, Elsie and John Gowan Jones, heirs of Vincent Jangle, Daniel Cable, Susanak Stone, Newton Wyrick and William Cable, are all necessary parties to said proceeding, and are non residents of this State, it is therefore ordered: That publication be made for them in *The Alamance Gleaner*, a newspaper published weekly, in the State of Graham, for six consecutive weeks, in full of general notice of summons, and that if they fail to appear and answer or do so within twenty days, a decree pro confesso will be entered as to them.  
Done at office in Graham, N. C., Jan. 30, 1880.  
A. TAYLOR, C. S. C., Alamance County.

## North Carolina Presbyterian.

No efforts are spared to make this organ of the North Carolina Presbyterians both attractive and useful. To do this we present each a variety of moral and religious reading as well as read by old and young, rich and poor, clergy and lay, learned and unlearned. Our special aim is to publish a *free paper*.  
It numbers among its correspondents Rev. Dr. Drury Lay, J. Henry Smith, J. M. Moore, A. W. Miller, Rev. Moore, J. M. Moore, E. H. Harding, D. E. Jordan, J. M. Moore, E. F. Rowland, F. H. Dalton, L. O. Young, G. Hill, W. S. Lay, W. W. Perry, F. H. Johnston, F. T. Penick, R. E. Johnston, M. S. Carter, J. W. Prinness, S. R. Smith, M. C. Bond, J. M. Warey, Prof. J. R. Baker, Mrs. Elizabeth Phillips Spenser, Mrs. H. M. Irwin, and many others.  
Price \$2.50 a year. Address, *The Presbyterian*, Editor and Proprietor, Wilmington, N. C.

## 1880

Who shall be President of the United States? This year's County Paper, and the only one, is THE RALEIGH OBSERVER.  
A Democratic Organ.  
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## Ntice

All persons having claims against the estate of John Ireland dead, will present them to the undersigned on or before the 15th day of April 1881, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery.  
John R. Ireland, Admr.  
W. F. Ireland  
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