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POETRY.

SNOW.

BY MRS. S. J. MEGANOE.

Fleecy mantle from the skies,
Like charity art thou;
Covering o'er the naked branches,
As beneath the winds they bow;
Filling in the dreary places
With thy robes so soft and white,
That they shine upon the traveler
In the darkest hours of night.

Hiding 'neath thy magic veil
All the ugliness of want;
Draping with thy graceful wreaths
E'en the very vilest haunt;
Frescoing poverty's scant garb,
As well as that of wealth;
And giving to the pale, wan cheek,
The rosiest of health.

Spreading with kind, fostering care
A carpet o'er the wheat,
To shelter it from winter's storms,
Its keen breath and its sleet;
And all the tender, trembling plants,
That shiver in the cold,
Are wrapped, as by another's hand,
In many a snowy fold.

Oh, God! if man would doff for aye
The garb of sin and crime
Which clothes his very inward soul
With filthiness and slime,
And don the robes of Love and Faith
Which Thou to him hast given,
As pure as snow would be his life,
This earth another heaven.

MISCELLANY.

Stay Where You Are.

One of the greatest drawbacks to prosperity is the restive, roving, and unsettled spirit of the people. Each one imagines that there is an El Dorado somewhere, or that some section is more prosperous than his own, and that he must get to it before he can accomplish anything. The idea unsettles him, and if he does not "pull up" and migrate at once, he is forever thinking about it, and neglects to improve his present home and farm. The delusion has been wide-spread since the war, and much individual disaster has been the result. The course of reason seems to rest upon the people. The terrible "Texas fever," which so raged a few years ago, caused untold families misfortune, and ruined many excellent farms and good farmers.

It is a great mistake. Contentment is the great secret of life. Old Horace struck the right key when he said: "Happiness depends not upon placid climate, but upon the state of one's mind." "Rolling stones gather no moss," and the experiment of selling out and moving, in the hope of bettering the condition, often ends in bitter disappointment and irretrievable loss. Thousands in the South can testify, from experience, to the truth of this assertion.

Better stay where you are. If you are in a good community, and your lands have bottom, drive down your pegs and locate. Remember that "there's more in the man than the land," as old Jones said on returning from Texas, after terrible sailures, to the old worn-out homestead he had sold, and found it blooming like a garden. Right-up the old dwelling, renew the out-buildings, palings, fences, and barns; spend a few dollars in white paint, and give the premises an air of cheerfulness. Cultivate less ground, and make it richer every year. Make plenty to eat and some to sell, and let your cotton crop be clear profit. Plant fruit trees, have your rye, oats, barley, wheat and clover patches, fine horses, fat cows, and rich butter. Give your wives and daughters flower gardens, and assist them in collecting a good assortment of roots and cuttings. Do these simple things, and your word for it, your houses will take new hold upon your affections, and, instead of the rickety, dilapidated establishments and solemn, hungry-looking countenances so common in our country, we will find comfortable and inviting homes, where all is love, contentment, and happiness. It will be like a Colchian enchantment infusing new juices into the veins for the prolongation of life and youth. Try it. Turn over a new leaf and begin anew. Fear God, love your neighbors, your wives and children, and don't try to get rich in one year. Teach your little ones to love their homes. There is a world of melody and sentiment in that immortal old ballad.

"Mid pleasures and palaces, where'er we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home."

French Colleges.

A movement now being made in France to improve the condition of the French colleges has brought to light some facts which are astonishing, as to the general indigency and inefficiency of the institutions of learning in that country. Even the college of France, in Paris, is so poorly endowed that it was obliged to decline, recently, a very valuable geological collection which had been bequeathed to it by the late Elie de Beaumont, because it had not funds with which to provide properly for the care of it. Such collections as it possesses are stored away like so much rubbish, and it actually has no library. The provincial colleges are said to be wretchedly poor, and twenty dollars a year is the average allowance to them for fuel and books. There are forty-three faculties scattered over twenty-five towns, which consist of only four or five professors each, and whose course of teaching is limited to two years.

Unless these facts are exaggerated, there can be no doubt that it would be the schoolmaster who triumphed in the late conflict between Germany and France. If the Gauls ever expect to have their day of revenge they must borrow a hint from the Teutonic schools before they go into training for it.

THE MAID OF DAMASCUS.

In the reign of the Greek Emperor Heraclius, when the beautiful city of Damascus was at the height of its splendor and magnificence, there dwelt therein a young noble, named Demetrius, whose decayed fortunes did not correspond with the general prosperity of the times. He was a youth of ardent disposition, and very handsome in person; pride kept him from bettering his estate by the profession of merchandise, yet more keenly did he feel the obscurity to which adverse fate had reduced him, than in his lot was involved the fate of one dearer than himself.

It so happened that in that quarter of the city which faces the row of palm trees, within the gate Kesian, dwelt a very wealthy old merchant, who had a very beautiful daughter. Demetrius had by chance seen her some time before, and he was so struck by her loveliness that, after pining for some months in secret, he ventured upon a disclosure, and to his delighted surprise found that Isabelle had long silently nursed a deep and almost hopeless passion for him also; so, being now aware that their love was mutual, they were as happy as the bird that, all day long, sings in the sunshine from the summit of the cypress trees.

True is the adage of the poet, that the course of true love never did run smooth; and in the father of the maiden they found that a stumbling block lay in the way of their happiness, for he was of an avaricious disposition, and they knew that he valued gold more than nobility of blood. Their fears grew more and more, as Isabelle, in her private conversation, endeavored to sound her father on this point; and although the suspicions of affection are always more apparent than real, in this they were not mistaken; for without consulting his child—and as if her soul had been in his hand—he promised her in marriage to a rich old miser, twice as rich and nearly as old as himself.

Isabelle knew not what to do; for, on being informed by her father of the fate he had destined for her, her heart forsook her, and her spirit was bowed to the dust. Nowhere could she rest, like the Thracian bird that knoweth not to fold its wings in slumber—a cloud had fallen for her over the face of nature—and instead of retiring to her couch she wandered about weeping, under the midnight stars, on the terrace, on the housetop, walling over her hapless fate, and calling on death to come and take her from her sorrows.

At morning she went forth alone into the garden; and neither could the golden glow of the orange tree nor the perfume of the rose, nor the delicate fragrance of the cinthiering henna and jasmine, delight her, so she wearily for the hour of noon, having privately sent to Demetrius, inviting him to meet her by the fountain of the pillars at that time.

Poor Demetrius had for some time observed a settled sorrow in the conduct and countenance of his beautiful revelation: he felt that some melancholy revelation was to be made to him; and, all eagerness, he came at the appointed hour. He passed along the winding walks, unheeding of the tulips streaked like the ruddy evening clouds—of the flower brotched to the nightingale—of the geranium blazing in scarlet beauty—fill, on approaching the place of promise, he caught a glimpse of the maid he loved—and, lo! she sat there in the sunlight, absorbed in thought, a book was on her knee and at her feet lay the harp, whose chords had been for his ear so often modulated to harmony.

He laid his hand gently on her shoulder, as he seated himself beside her on the steps, and seeing her sorrowful face, he comforted her, and bade her be of good cheer, saying that Heaven would soon smile on their fortunes, and that their present trials would but endear them the more to each other in the days of after years. At length, with tears and sobs she told him of what she had learned; and, while they went on each other's bosoms, they bowed over the Bible which Isabelle held in her hands, to be faithful to each other to their dying day. Meantime the miser was making preparations for the marriage ceremony, and the father of Isabelle had portioned out his daughter's dowry; when the lovers, finding themselves driven to extremity, took the resolution of escaping from the city.

Now it so happened, in accordance with the proverb, which saith that evils never come single that, at this very time, the city of Damascus was closely invested by a mighty army, commanded by the Caliph Abubeker Alwokidi, and in leaving the walls, the lovers were in imminent hazard of falling into their cruel hands; yet having no other resource left, they resolved to put their perilous adventure to the risk.

'Twas the Mussulman hour of prayer Maggrib; the sun had just disappeared, and the purple haze of twilight rested on the hills, darkening all the cedar forests, when the porter of the gate, Keisan, having been bribed with a bribe, its folding leaves slowly opened, and forth issued a horseman closely wrapped up in a mantle; and behind him, at the little space, followed another similarly clad. Alas! for the unlucky fugitives, it so chanced that Derar, the captain of the night guard, was at that moment making his rounds, and observing what was going on, detached a party to throw themselves between the strangers and the town. The former rider, however, discovered their intentions, and called back to his follower to return. Isabelle—for it was she—instantly regained the gate which had not closed, but Demetrius fell into the hands of the enemy. As went in those bloody wars, the

poor prisoner was immediately carried by an escort to the presence of the caliph, who put the alternative in his power, of either, on the instant, renouncing his religion or submitting to the axe of the headsman. Demetrius told his tale with a noble simplicity; and his youth, his open countenance and stately bearing so far gained on the heart of Abubeker, that on his refusal to embrace Mahometanism he begged of him seriously to consider of his situation, and ordered a delay of the sentence, which he must otherwise pronounce, until the morrow.

Heart-broken and miserable, Demetrius was loaded with chains, and carried to a gloomy place of confinement. In the solitude of the night he cursed the hour of his birth—bemoaned his miserable situation—and feeling that all his schemes of happiness were thwarted, almost rejoiced that he had only a few hours to live. The heavy hours lagged on toward daybreak, and quite exhausted by the intense agony of his feelings, he sank down upon the ground in a profound sleep, from which a hand, with erected turbans and crooked sword blades, awoke him. Still persisting to reject the prophet's faith, he was led forth to die; but in passing through the camp, the soubachis of the caliph stopped the band, as he had been commanded, and Demetrius was ushered into the tent, where Abubeker, not yet arisen, lay stretched on his sofa.

For awhile the captive remained resolute, preferring death the disgrace of turning a renegade; but the wily caliph, who had taken a deep and sudden interest in the fortunes of the youth, knew well the spring by the touch of which his heart was most likely to be affected. He pointed out to Demetrius prospects of preferment and grandeur while he assured him that, in a few days Damascus must to a certainty surrender in which case his mistress must fall into the power of the fierce soldiery, and be left to a fate full of dishonor, and worse than death itself, but, if he assumed the turban, he pledged his royal word, that special care should be taken that no harm should alight on her head.

Demetrius paused, and Abubeker saw that the heart of his captive was touched. He drew pictures of power and affluence and domestic love, that dazzled the imagination of his hearer; and while the prisoner thought of his Isabelle, instead of rejecting the impious proposal, as at first he had done, with disdain and horror, his soul bent like iron to the breath of the furnace flame, and he wavered and became irresolute. The keen eye of the caliph saw the working of his spirit within him, and allowed him yet another day to form his resolution. When the second was expired, Demetrius craved a third; and on the fourth morning, miserable man, he abjured the faith of his fathers and became a Mussulman.

Abubeker loved the youth, assigned him a post of dignity, and all the mighty host honored him whom the caliph delighted to honor. He was clad in rich attire and magnificently attended; and to all eyes Demetrius seemed a person worthy of envy; yet in the calm of thought, his conscience upbraided him, and he was far less happy than he seemed to be.

Ere yet the glow of novelty had entirely ceased to bewilder the understanding of the renegade, preparations were made for the assault; and, after a fierce but ineffectual resistance, under their gallant leaders, Thomas and Herbie, the Damascenes were obliged to submit to their imperious conqueror, on condition of being allowed, within three days, to leave the city unmolested.

When the gates were opened, Demetrius, with a heart overflowing with love and delight, was among the first to enter. He enquired of every one he met of Isabelle; but all turned from him with disgust. At length he found her out, but what was the grief and surprise—in a nunnery! Firm to the troth she had so solemnly pledged, she had rejected the proposition of her mercenary parent! and, having no idea but that her lover had shared the fate of all Christian captives, she had shut herself, from the world, and vowed to live the life of a vestal.

The surprise, the anguish, the horror of Isabelle, when she beheld Demetrius in his Moslem habiliments, cannot be described. Her first impulse, on finding him yet alive, was to have fallen into his arms; but, instantly collecting herself, she shrunk back from him with loathing, as a mean and paltry dastard.

"No, no," she cried, "you are no longer the man I loved; our vows of fidelity were pledged over the Bible; that book you have renounced as a fable, and he who has proved himself false to heaven can never be true to me!"

Demetrius was conscience struck; too late he felt his crime and forswore its consequences. The very object for whom he had dared to make the tremendous sacrifice, had deserted him, and his own soul told him with how much justice; so, without uttering a syllable, he turned away, heart broken, from the holy and beautiful being whose affections he had forfeited for ever. When the patriots left Damascus Isabelle accompanied them. Retiring to Antioch she lived with the sisterhood for many years, and, as her time was passed between acts of charity and devotion, her bier was watered with many a tear, and the hands of the grateful duly strewed her grave with flowers. To Demetrius was destined a brief career. All conscious of his miserable degradation, loathing himself and life, and mankind, he rushed back from the city into the Mahometan camp; and entering, with a hurried step, the tent

of the caliph, he tore the turban from his brow, and cried aloud—

"Oh, Abubeker! behold a God-forsaken wretch. Think not it was the fear of death that led me to abjure my religion—the religion of my fathers—the only true faith. No, it was the idol of love that stood between my heart and heaven, darkening the latter with its shadow; and had I remained as true to God, as I did to the maiden of my love, I had not needed this."

So saying, and ere the hand of Abubeker could arrest him, he drew a poniard from his embroidered vest, and the heart blood of the renegade spouted on the royal robes of the successor of Mahomet.

Two Ways of Sympathizing.

Mr. Goldthwaite was much surprised upon entering his comfortable sitting-room one bitter cold evening, to find his wife wiping the corners of her eyes with the dustiest of cambric handkerchiefs. "I have just been reading a novel he could readily have accounted for this, but she was only intent upon the daily paper, and that does not usually appeal to the tender emotions his curiosity was excited, and he asked:—

"Lucetta, dearest, what is the matter? Don't you feel well this evening?"

"With a long-drawn sigh Mrs. Goldthwaite replied, 'I have just been reading of a family starving to death out in Nebraska; it's terrible! The government ought to do something for the relief of the sufferers.'"

"Perhaps we could do something for them ourselves," said the gentleman, reflectively. "But then there's no knowing that it would ever reach them."

"And even if it did, the little we could give would amount to nothing among so many. Oh! it's dreadful to think of so much destitution. It will drive me crazy if I don't have something to divert my mind."

So saying, she took up the latest novel and soon forgot the real sorrows of the world in imaginary ones.

That same evening John Smith, sitting with his wife and children around the evening lamp, read aloud the same heart-rending account of starvation and suffering in the west. Before he was half through Mrs. Smith exclaimed with her usual energy:—

"John, those people must not starve while we have plenty of everything; something must be done right away. We can give something ourselves and get others to help us."

John replied, more cautiously, "We are not rich, Mary; I am afraid we can do very little."

"No, we aren't rich, but we can share what we have. I will get an alpaca dress instead of the silk one you promised me, and put my name down for ten dollars."

"Spoken like my own brave little wife," said John, smiling. "I will make my old overcoat last another winter and put my name down for ten dollars more."

Then twelve-year-old Charlie caught the infection and spoke up, "John Blake offered to trade his new skates for my old ones and a dollar to boot, but I'll keep the old ones and give you the dollar." And before he had finished Alice chimed in, "Mamma, mayn't I give the fifty cents I earned hemming Uncle Frank's handkerchiefs?"

There was something more than approval in the mother's smile, as she glanced from the elder children to the little four-year-old in her lap and asked:—

"And what will Freddy give to the poor little boys and girls out west?"

The little boy looked first at his slippered feet and then at a pair of new boots on the floor which he had owned for a whole day, and choking back a sob said, "Mamma, wouldn't they like to have Freddy's new boots?"

There were tears in her smile as she kissed the eager, upturned face in reply, for though boots would be a poor substitute for a breakfast, there was no mistaking the generous heart of the little giver.

But Mrs. Smith did not stop there; she talked the matter over with three or four neighbors, then a meeting was called and a committee appointed to canvass the township. They worked day and night at the end of two weeks a large box of good, though half-worn clothing (including Freddy's boots) and three hundred dollars in money were sent to the western sufferers. If every eastern neighborhood would but do as much no man woman or child in Kansas or Nebraska need die of cold or hunger.

An Antique Conveyance.

One of the many sleighs on the Brighton road recently is worthy of special notice. It was labeled "1778," and contained four people attired in the garments of "ye olden time." The sleigh itself was made by a man named Caldwell, in Dunbarton, N. H. in 1778. It was then the extreme fashionable form. In the Caldwell family it remained until a year ago last Thanksgiving, when it was bought by Messrs. Moses Coleman & Son. They have since kept it as a valuable piece of property, and being desirous to exhibit a number of old garments, the musty heirlooms of some ancient Essex families, settlers near old Newburyport, it was brought out as above stated. Several of the garments were over a hundred years of age, and had been worn all through the Revolutionary War by a Lieutenant French. One wore a cloak smuggled over by a bank president sixty-three years ago; another, a lady's cloak of scarlet broadcloth, which had been in existence since 1770. All the other old garments that were worn, although in perfect preservation, were of very ancient origin. The Messrs. Coleman procured these garments from the owners, and dressing up four of their employees, sent them to parade about the city.—Boston Traveller.

Question for florists—Is not a rich mandarin a China Astor?

Vulgar People.

Mr. James Parton, in his lecture before the Liberal Club New York, said Shakespeare was evidently a tory of the old school, as he likened the clown and the farmer to fools fitted only for the jest of kings and princes; and even the common people, such as the tailor, shoemaker and baker, were treated with marked contempt, skilled workmen though they might be. They were vulgar people in his esteem, and he made frequent use of them in his plays. The late Horace Greeley used to think differently. He thought that manual labor was no disgrace. Lord Chesterfield considered loud laughing one of the worst features of vulgarity. Scott thought it was vulgar to belong to any church but the Established Church. Vulgarity was to be noticed in a thousand forms. Some women were rude in their manners and especially in their dress. At an evening party you may see them often decked out in what one would suppose were costly trinkets—jewels everywhere; the set complete—and how much did the set complete, cost?—the large sum of \$14. Well known German writers had condemned shell-fish simply because they had understood the American people ate so many of them that they lost their wits, and finished up their clam-bakes with wild speeches, dancing, shouting, and gonging out each others' eyes. Vulgarity could be seen every afternoon in Central Park. Dashing and vulgar equipages could be seen there after the style of Fisk and Helmbold. Some people had been guilty of many acts of vulgarity, if nothing worse, by municipal gifts; one in particular—William M. Tweed. He gave one winter \$10,000 to the people of his ward, after taking a much greater sum from them. Such charity was very vulgar.

Then again there were some vulgar clergymen, who, like Tyndall or Huxley or Carlisle, could teach young children what they did not believe themselves. For instance, he himself went into a country church one day, and there the clergyman was talking to a number of children about the deluge, as if he believed it. This Illinois pastor knew he was lying, and yet what should those children think when they grew up? A gentleman not to be vulgar, must be pure, temperate and honorable. A short time ago New York was nearly swallowed up by foreign vulgarity—such a time was never known before. There were foreign politicians—men who wore diamonds—here, there, and everywhere, until diamonds were not worn by any one else who did not wish to be considered vulgar. New York was turned upside down. The great event was the American Club ball. There could be seen miles of carriages carrying vulgar people to that ball. Indeed it might well be said New York was then at its lowest, for the lowest were at the top.

Parton evidently don't consider himself vulgar, wherein he differs with a great many.

A Good Pleader.

"May it please Your Honor and gentlemen of the jury, the case is as clear as ice and sharp to the point as 'no' from your sweetheart. The Scripture saith, 'Thou shalt not kill;' now, if you hang my client you transgress the command as sly as a greaser and as plump as a goose egg on a loafer's face. Gentlemen, murder is murder, whether committed by twelve jurymen or by an humble individual like my client. Gentlemen, I do not deny the fact of my client having killed a man, but that any reason why you should do so? No such thing, gentlemen. You may bring the prisoner in guilty, the hangman may do his duty, but will that exonerate you? No such thing. In that case you will all be murderers. Who among you is prepared for the brand of Cain to be stamped upon his brow to-day? Who, gentlemen—who in this land of liberty and light? Gentlemen, I will pledge my word not one of you has a bowie knife or a pistol in his pocket. No, gentlemen, your pockets are odoriferous with the perfume of cigar stumps and tobacco. You can smoke the tobacco of recitadein in the pipe of a peaceful conscience; but hang my unfortunate client, and the scaly alligators of remorse will gallop through the inter-nal vertebra, until the spinal vertebra of your anatomical construction is turned into a railroad for the grim and gory gobhins of despair. Gentlemen, beware of committing murder!—beware! I say, of meddling with the eternal perogative; beware, I say. Remember the fate of the man who attempted to steady the ark, and tremble. Gentlemen, I abjure you by the unannounced ghost of temporal sanctity to do no murder! I abjure you by the name of woman, the mainspring of the ticking timepiece of Time's theoretical transmigration, to do no murder! I abjure you, by the love you have for the excellent and continental guests of our native pumpkin, to do no murder! I abjure you, by the stars set in the flying sign of your emancipated country, to do no murder! I abjure you by the American eagle that whipped the universal gamecock of creation, and now sits roosting on the magnetic telegraph of Time's illustrious transmigration, to do no murder! And lastly, gentlemen, if you ever expect to wear long-tailed coats, if you ever expect free dogs not to bark at you, if you ever expect to wear boots made of the free hide of the Rocky Mountain buffalo, and, to sum up all, if you ever expect to be anything but a set of sneaking, loafing, rascally cut-throat, braided small ends of humanity, whittled down to indistinctibility, acquit my client and save your country."

The prisoner was acquitted.

The traditions run that Brougham once asked Jeffrey for £1,000 upon a promise to work off the debt in a year, and did it, writing the whole number of the Edinburgh Review.

VARIETIES.

Men who can cut a shine—Glaziers. Happy thought—Put the thermometers in the oven.

A man who would try to stab a ghost would stick at nothing.

The place for proof-readers; the house of correction.

The month that is always open—The mouth of the Mississippi.

Nobody need be hungry when there's so much "snap" in the weather.

Farmers gather what they sow, while seamstresses sew what they gather.

Troubles are like dogs; the smaller they are the more they annoy you.

A disgruntled Milwaukee fisherman offers a chromo to every fish which will take the bait.

The crow is not so bad a bird after all. It never shows the white feather, and never complains without cause.

"I allow that Job was patient," remarked a farmer, "but he never saw a determined Shanghai hen sitting on a nest full of boiled eggs."

Some people have peculiar constitutions. A long interval of idleness, after a long interval of idleness, is "this working between meals is killing me!"

A wicked man in Davenport being on his death-bed, wished to consult some proper person regarding his future state, and his friend sent a fire insurance agent to him.

The Duke of Connaught, better known as Prince Arthur, of England, is about to make a tour in the east, and will go up the Nile, the modern fashionable excursion. He travels incognito by special desire of the queen.

Among the dealers who applied for permission to place booths on the boulevards of Paris for the sale of holiday gifts, was one who wanted to sell preserved heads and prepared human bones. Permission was refused.

"I comprehend now," said John Henry, as his wife's four-story trunk went up stairs on an Irishman's shoulder, "why porters and stout are synonymous terms." And then he walked into the bar and took some synonymous.

The total number of species of birds included in the fauna of Norway is 250. Of these, 174 have been discovered within the Polar Circle, and 160 of the 174 ranged as far north as within the limits of Tromsø Amt, while 150 species belong to the fauna of Finmark proper.

A Duluth paper proposes a railroad on the ice the whole length of Lake Superior, four hundred miles, and thinks that such a railroad could be laid in the winter and taken up in the spring. The route would be a dead level, and the ice, which is thick enough in winter to bear a train of cars, generally lasts till spring. Jules Verne ought to interview the editor of that paper.

"Bonnie Dundee" is not quite as charming a spot as the poet has painted it, from the accounts. Last year, 592 women there were punished for drunkenness and 816 for crime produced by drunkenness; in other words, 1,318 women, or 21 per cent. of all the women of Dundee, are such drunkards that the officers of the law must deliver them to the judge and the judge must fine or send them to prison.

Jobbery in China, with a bad result. In a recent number of the Pekin Gazette is a minute of the trial of Li Kwang-Chao. The culprit endeavored to secure official favor and a big "job" by making some generous proposals relative to the supply of timber to be employed in building the Summer Place, which proposals he was subsequently unable to carry out. He played a high game and lost, and now awaits execution after a term of imprisonment.

A new Swiss lake, or pile-dwelling, has recently been unearthed at the hamlet of Vinglez, near Biel; the platform, which was found at a depth of three or four feet, rested upon piles, and was composed of beams nearly a foot thick; these were of oak, and well preserved, the woody fibres of the "rings" being easily detected. It was near this point that, during the last winter a well preserved boat was discovered. This was forty feet long and three wide; it was embedded in a deposit of marl near the edge of the river.

Dancing in Russia is said to be rather a heavy pastime. The peasants in dancing, merely sway backward and forward to the balalaika, a long guitar, whose notes are frequently drowned by the shouts and songs of bystanders. The Cossack's dance is described as a noisy tramp. But the court dance—the polonaise (of Polish origin, as its name indicates—is simply a promenaded or march, which affords the best opportunities for conversation, while the strictest etiquette may be observed. The redowa, mazurka and valseviennne are all of Polish origin. The jig and country dances (contra danse) are purely English, while the reel is unmistakably Scotch. The minuet originated in the old French of Poitou, and was afterwards introduced in England, where it was long and deservedly popular. The waltz contrary to the popular belief, is also of French origin. The polka was brought from Hungary in 1840. The election of President Polk about the time it became popular here, gave rise to the erroneous notion that the new dance had been named in his honor. The cotillon known as the German, is really a very old dance slightly modified. The Orientals are fond of witnessing ballets and intricate pas seuls, but never dance themselves.