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NO. 2.

POETRY.

IT IS SO.

I've seen many a girl
Who would marry a churl,
Provided he'd plenty of gold,
And would live to repent,
When the money was spent—
When she found that her heart had been sold,
It is so! it is so!
You may smile if you like,
But it's so.

I've known many a lass
Who would thoughtlessly pass
Whole hours parading the street;
While the mother would scrub
All the while at the tub,
Never minding the cold nor the heat.
It is so! it is so!
You may smile if you like,
But it's so.

There is many a man
Who will "dress" if he can,
No matter how empty his purse;
And his tailor may look,
When he settles his book,
For his patron has bolted or worse.
It is so! it is so!
You may smile if you like,
But it's so.

I know people so nice
They will faint in a trice
If you mention hard labor to them;
Yet their parents were poor,
And were forced to endure
Many hardships life's current to stem.
It is so! it is so!
You may smile if you like,
But it's so.

There are many about,
With a face "long drawn out,"
Who will prate for the harm of a laugh;
Yet they'll cheat all the week,
Though on Sunday's so meek.
To my mind they're too pious by half.
It is so! it is so!
You may smile if you like,
But it's so.

MISCELLANY.

Know Thyself.

"If we knew half as much of man on this continent as Agassiz has taught us of turtles, or his son has taught us of echinoderms, we should be most fortunate." So speaks Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes in his last essay on "The Americanized European." This being true, it would seem as if some of the energy devoted to the study of animal life might to great advantage be directed to a pursuit that concerns the welfare of the human race almost as much as a knowledge of tortoises or sea-urchins. "Few subjects," Dr. Holmes informs us, "would repay investigation better than that of human development and health, at different ages and in the two sexes, in the different regions of America." Unfortunately for us, while the study of marine life has enlisted the devotion of very superior minds, the question of human development has attracted the attention of a host of charlatans and half-educated theorists who have confused the world with a mass of purely mendacious or half-digested utterances upon the subject. If a thorough and intelligent investigation of all the phenomena pertaining to the race in America would, as Dr. Holmes declares, repay the inquiry, let us hope that some of our wise men of science, our cool, balanced, large-brained men, will take the subject up, and pursue it—at least far enough to generalize the great mass of facts that have already been collected. Let the human family stand in as much reverence with these savants as fossils and the lower organisms.

Means to Get Rich.

Ten or twelve years ago there was a miner working in the upper levels of the Comstock at \$4 per day. He lived in a little cabin down the canyon, did his own cooking, and whistled softly, "There's a good time coming, boys." To-day that miner walks about the streets of Virginia City, as cordial as in the old days; he dresses no better than any ordinary gentleman of Virginia, and eats no better food than a conscientious editor ought to have. And yet, as his fortune is rated in the stock list daily, he is so rich that, were his stocks turned into money, he could lend Scott that \$70,000,000 he wants and have enough left to live comfortably upon. He could, unaided, go down and open, at his own expense, the Darien Canal; or should his fancy run that way, he could advertise to-morrow that the Government through him had determined to resume immediately specie payments, and pretty nearly make the promise good. He could endow a college in each State of the Union with \$2,000,000 each, or could build a double track narrow gauge railroad from San Francisco to New York, and solve at once the problem of cheap transportation. There is no telling, indeed, what he might do; but what he will do is apparent enough. He was here when thirty feet of ore near the surface was a big mine. At 1,500 feet he had found it three or four times as wide. He believes at 4,000 he will strike it 500 feet wide, and get rich, and he is going for it.—*Virginia Enterprise.*

A Paris authority says: "There is nothing more difficult for a woman to do than to sit gracefully in a carriage. The lorette lies down at full length; the strong-minded woman crosses her legs; the bourgeoisie sticks up her knees; and the waiting maid leans over the side, and the high bred lady only holds herself as she ought to do without either carelessness or stiffness, and looks as though she had been born in a carriage."

HIS WITS ABOUT HIM.

BY ROVER.

I certainly thought he was "out of his head." He had such peculiar ways and said such peculiar things; and he went about as if he was in a somnambulant state, almost; that is, I don't mean quite that, but he never seemed to take the same notice of what happened about him that other men do. And as to his ever being surprised at anything, I never knew him to show surprise on but one occasion in his life. What that occasion was I shall naturally mention before I am done.

His name was Joseph Harrison, and he was a student at the academy in Sanford—one of the style of academies that seem to have nearly gone out of date now, where both the sexes were taught under the same roof. I attended the Sanford school. The principal's house was on the corner, across the way from the academy, and he boarded a dozen or so of the students. I was one of these boarders.

I shall never forget the day Mr. Harrison came to the house to board. I was sitting on the second floor piazza, studying. It was late on a summer afternoon. As he entered the gate, I leaned over to look at him, and when he was just underneath, I chanced to drop my book. It struck him on the shoulder and fell thence to the ground. He turned and looked at it quietly, and then poked it aside with his big cane.

What does he carry that big cane for, thought I; and why don't he pick up my book, or look up at me, or do any other thing a rational being would? He rung the bell, and I saw no more of him till tea-time. He sat directly opposite me at the table. Would you believe it, he never looked at me once—nor, indeed, at any one else, it seemed—which was the reason, perhaps, why I looked at him more than I ever did at any other young man in my life, in the same length of time.

After tea we gathered in the parlor, as we were in the habit of doing; and he was introduced to me. He bowed, and then, for the first time, looked at me, or rather, he looked *through* me, as if he saw something behind me, and my head was as transparent as glass. Then he smiled and turned away.

I confess I was provoked at the manner of the young man. What amused him, I should like to know. When Belle Harrison asked me afterward how I liked her cousin, I said I didn't like him at all. She only laughed, and said she believed nobody ever did like him at first.

Somebody asked me to sing. I seated myself at the piano, and gave a song in my best manner—which I had been taught to believe was not an inferior manner, by any means. My voice was good, and I had received the best musical culture. What mysterious influence was upon me I did not know, for, if ever I thoroughly disliked a person in my life, I certainly disliked Harrison; but, it is true, notwithstanding, that I sang for him; and when I turned away from the piano, it was with some special curiosity I anticipated his comments, if he chose to make any, or its manner and its meaning, if he chose to hold his tongue.

If you will believe it, the man was looking at a painting on the wall, looking at it standing up, with his hands clasped behind him, and his back to the company. Was there ever such a clown?

"What is the name of that beautiful song?" asked Orville Redway, a young man from the village, who had been invited to tea, and now sat with us in the parlor.

I told it to him.

"I must have it," said he; "it is exquisite." And he took out a pencil to write on a card the name of the piece. He broke his pencil lead. "Will some one be kind enough to lend me a knife?" he asked. "I have forgotten mine."

Mr. Harrison heard the question, although he was still looking at the painting, and he produced a large pocket-knife, which he handed to Mr. Redway.

"It is very sharp," said he; "be careful!"

The first thing Redway did was to cut his hand. The blood spouted out in jets. He turned pretty pale, but he just gathered his hand in his handkerchief, and said: "It was a mere scratch of no consequence."

"Beg your pardon, sir," Mr. Harrison spoke, "it is of some consequence. You'll lose your life, if you don't look out. I'll fix you."

He took his own handkerchief and tied it loosely around Redway's arm. Then he took the knife, shut it carefully, put it under the handkerchief, next to the arm, and began to twist it about. As the handkerchief tightened on the arm, the blood ceased to flow. "Send for a doctor," said Mr. Harrison.

"Well, upon my word," remarked Mr. Harrison, "here's another!"

Another! How contemptuous the word sounded to me! I, Margaret Bailey Monroe, confessedly a belle, a beauty, and a lady of rare accomplishments, besides being heiress to a hundred thousand dollars—I was just "another!" Why didn't he call me a person and be done with it?

Well, what would he do with my frightful wound?

"Mix a little flour and salt, and put on it," said he, "that will stop the bleeding. It is a mere trifle."

It may have been a trifle, but it was enough to make me swoon. Or, perhaps, I swooned out of downright vexation at the man.

When I recovered, he was gone. By-and-by, when Belle and I were alone—we roomed together—I asked her what Mr. Harrison said and did when I fainted.

"He said," Belle answered, "lay her on her back, and leave her alone."

"Is that all he said?"

"No; not quite. Some one brought the flour and salt, and he put it on your finger, and said, 'There, tie a rag around it.'"

A rag! I should certainly hate this young man.

After that he became such an object of interest to me that I could scarcely keep my mind off him an hour at a time.

I was not long in learning something of his history. It seemed that a love of adventure had set him on a cruise round the world, when he was a boy of about sixteen, both his parents being dead. He had been absent from his native country about four years without interruption, and on his return, had decided to go to the academy a short time, to correct certain lacks in his education. This explained why a man of his advanced age should be attending school—for he was twenty-one if he was a day, Belle assured me. I myself was about seventeen. I was the only female student of German at the academy, and it was on that account that Mr. Harrison manifested some degree of interest in me, I suppose, for he was almost enthusiastic in his admiration of that scholastic tongue. So I saw a good deal of him after all.

The following winter, at a party at Mrs. Sand's, in Sanford, one bitter cold night, I chanced to be alone with Nellie Wells, one moment in an upper chamber, which was used as a cloak-room for lady guests. There was a furious fire in the stove, and its sides were red-hot.

Nellie was a pretty girl, but rather dull. She wore a dress of some gauzy fabric, and going too near the stove, it took fire. I ran out of the room, screaming at the top of my voice:

"Mr. Harrison! Mr. Harrison! Oh, Mr. Harrison!"

He came quickly into the hall, saw me, was up the stairway in a bound, and as I was running back into the room, he went past me, pushing me aside rather rudely, and took in all, with a quick, cool glance.

Nellie had hauled a quilt from the bed that was in the room, and was trying to stifle the flames.

He threw her on the floor, rolled her over in the quilt, like a mummy, and extinguished the flames at once—hugged her, too. She was not very badly burned, after all, and her face was not touched by the flames, so that she remained as pretty as ever.

"Remarkably sensible girl," said Mr. Harrison, afterward, to a group that clustered about him, in the parlor. "Most girls would have rushed headlong into the hall, screaming like"—he looked at me—"like mad," he added, with a quiet smile. "I ever I marry, I shall marry a sensible woman—a woman who would not set up a scream if our youngest should fall into a tub of hot water, but would pull the child out as quickly as possible, and send for a doctor."

Somehow, I was vain enough to think this sarcastic speech was intended solely to rebuke me. I knew I should certainly scream in such a case. It was my nature to scream, and how could I help my nature?

As for that poor little Nellie Wells, I hated her, and almost wished it had been my own dress that had caught fire—only I should certainly have burned to death before Mr. Harrison would have come and wrapped me in a quilt and hugged me!

From that day forward, some powerful influence was at work upon me. I struggled hard after that cool manner in danger which Mr. Harrison possessed in so eminent a degree. I even ventured in the pursuit of perfection, to ask him how he could do it.

"I suppose," said he, "it is because I naturally have such an extreme terror of danger in every shape—such a lively sympathy with those in peril—that I feel very strongly the necessity for being calm when others are excited. I think that whatever excuse a lady has for losing her wits—and that is, at the best, a very little—a man has no excuse whatever. I always try to keep my wits about me."

"To be calm, then," said I, with the withering irony common to girls of from fourteen to eighteen, "one only needs to have his wits about him."

"Exactly," said he; "or to change the sex, her wits about her."

"Just as," I added, "the secret of wealth is to get money."

"And to keep it," said he.

One thing I was fully determined—he never should hear me scream again.

However, he left the school soon after; and I did likewise in about six months.

I had effected a great change in myself before I met him again.

II.

It was in the summer of the year which saw me pass my twentieth birthday, that we met at Niagara Falls. He was there with his cousin, my dear friend Belle Harrison, and I with my sister and mother.

On a certain day we all took a walk on Goat Island, when mother dropped her parasol, and it slid down the bank some fifteen feet and out of reach. Mr. Harrison descended the bank after it, and, though he used proper precautions, his foot slipped on the treacherous soil, as he was returning, and he slid rapidly down to the very verge of the precipice. I expected nothing else than to see him go over and be dashed to pieces on the rocks a hundred feet below; but though the other three ladies screamed, I did not. You see I was pretty thoroughly drilled by this time. However, as Mr. Harrison neared the edge of the precipice, he threw out his right hand—still holding the parasol in his left—and seized the upturned roots of a tree which leaned over the chasm. The tree shook violently under the sudden shock, and the roots began to tear themselves out of the thin soil, slowly and steadily, under the influence of this superadded weight. In a few minutes more it would inevitably give way, and then Mr. Harrison would be killed. I knew my face was pale, and that I was terribly frightened; but I leaned forward and spoke to him:

"Tell me what to do!"

"Take all the ladies' shawls, skirts, and any other articles of dress that you can spare, and which are strong enough—cut them in wide and strong strips, then tie them firmly together, and make a rope."

I obeyed as calmly as I knew he would have done, but none the less expeditiously on that account, be very sure.

He continued speaking to me at intervals while I was doing his bidding, and he spoke as deliberately as if he stood in safety at my side.

"Your calmness is quite charming," Miss Monroe, said he, "be sure and make the knots tight. I judge that this rope may be relied on with perfect confidence for ten or fifteen minutes yet. . . . Your rope is long enough now, I think. . . . That's it. All right now. Do nothing but hold fast and stand still, ladies, and I will come up to you."

He drew himself up, hand over hand, with extreme caution, and was saved.

My mother's parasol was restored to her with a courtly bow, and he brushed the dust from his clothes and walked away with us. I walked by his side; but he made no reference to the peril just passed.

That evening, however, as we sat on the piazza of our hotel, where it overlooks the river—how well I remember the rushing sound of the waters down below!—he said:

"We are alone now, Miss Monroe, and I can thank you for saving my life, without offence to the other ladies."

It was too dark out there for him to see the blush of delight that went over my face at these words. How much they meant to me!

"I knew I was as good as saved," said he, "when I saw you standing there with tightly clasped hands and your upper lip pressed by your shining teeth, while Belle and the other ladies were trying to drown the roar of old Niagara with their shrieks. I never saw one of your sex before who had the control over herself that you manifested to-day. If I had seen such an exhibition anywhere, it would naturally have awakened my admiration; but when it happened to be an exhibition in which my own life or death was concerned, you may imagine my feelings."

The tone in which he uttered these words was so tender and true—it said so plainly that he would gladly devote all his future life to me! But though tone and manner said this, his words did not say it, and I knew the reason. He believed me already betrothed.

William Willis was the son of a New York merchant, who had been a school-mate with my father. It was my father's wish that we should be married. I loved my father and was anxious to be pleased with his friend's son. Young Willis had been a frequent guest with us, and many considered us already betrothed.—He was an agreeable companion in the parlor—a good dancer and all that; but I cared more for one look of Joseph Harrison's honest gray eyes than I did for William Willis' whole composition.

According to a previous appointment, Mr. Willis came to the Falls during our stay, arriving on the evening of the day that witnessed Mr. Harrison's narrow escape from death; he came out on the piazza where we sat, that evening, and we shook hands.

The gentleman was slightly acquainted, but it was plain Mr. Harrison did not like Mr. Willis much; and with a playful, "*Ich muss weggehen.*" to me, he rose and went into the ball-room, politely offering his seat to Mr. Willis.

Several days passed. While actually in the position of a rival toward Mr. Willis, Mr. Harrison by no means permitted himself to act as if he were such. He was very courteous to Mr. Willis, and quietly yielded all preferences relating to me in society. He seemed, however, to be studying us—weighing the evidence of regard between us—trying to form a conclusion as to the probable extent of our relations matrimony-ward. Oh! it seemed to me as though he might—so brave a man as he was—plainly put a few questions to me on the subject! I would have quickly assured him how little Mr. Willis was to me.

At last, I had nearly made up my mind to do a desperate thing; nothing less, indeed, than to seek the intercession of his cousin, my friend Belle. I would tell her how much I loved Mr. Harrison, and beg her to inform him in some way, feminine way, that I should never marry Mr. Willis, and that we were not engaged. However, I neglected to do this just one day too long.

It was on Monday, the last day of our intended stay at the Falls. Mr. Willis invited me to ride. I had no courtesans refusal at hand, and I consented to go with him. Indeed, I had half promised him some days before. There was a New York friend of ours staying at the Falls, who had with him a favorite horse—a fiery, handsome animal, and Mr. Willis had repeatedly invited me to ride behind him. I could put off the ride no longer, of course.

I did not much like the vicious manner in which the horse, at starting, laid back his ears and bounded away, but I said nothing. We had not been riding many minutes, ere the animal chose to take fright at the flapping of a line full of newly-washed clothing in a doorway of a house near the river bank; and taking the bit in his teeth, he ran away. Our road lay along the bank. Safe enough, certainly, for a ride with a horse under control, but decidedly not the best place for a runaway, because there was a spot, not over a half mile distant, where the chances were frightfully great that we should be thrown over the precipice and killed. At the rate we were now going, we should reach that dangerous place very soon. William Willis, looking ahead, comprehended the danger, and his face blanched.

"Good God!" he cried, "it's death!"

With that he threw up the reins and jumped out of the buggy, striking a rock and breaking his collar-bone, as I found afterward.

As for me, I kept my seat. If it should become necessary for me to jump, then I would jump; but I was determined not to take that venture till it was imperatively demanded by the imminence of the danger at hand. So long as there was a possibility that the horse's progress might be arrested, I held to that hope; because, when a horse is running furiously down a smooth road, there is no choice between jumping places till the crisis is at hand.

While I sat, clinging firmly to the wheel, and looking sharply ahead, for the dangerous place must now be drawing near—a man—it was Mr. Harrison—sprang with astonishing agility at the horse's head from among some trees at the roadside, caught the bit, jerked it back, and out of the horse's teeth, and actually tore the animal's lips so that the blood flowed, so energetic was the action. There was no resisting the iron will backed by the iron nerve. The runaway came to a stop. Mr. Harrison drew him to the side of the road and examined the harness and buggy carefully.

"Nothing broken," said he. "A very narrow escape, Miss Monroe. I saw you coming and just had time to get my wits in order. There, don't thank me; I didn't know it was you, and should have done the same thing for any one else."

"But you are hurt," said I, noticing that he limped.

"Yes, the horse trod on my foot."

"Oh, how unfortunate! Shall I get out?"

"No," said he; "it is not necessary that you should. Sit still and get rested. He will run no more to-day, I promise you."

He came around and placed his lame foot carelessly on the wheel of the buggy and spoke in his usual calm tone.

"When a horse has had a fine lively run like that, he is inclined to be quiet the rest of the day. You can drive him back in perfect safety. But I did not know you were so fond of taking drives all alone by yourself, Miss Monroe?"

"I was not riding alone," said I, "my driver jumped out."

"And left you?" said he, astonished.

"Yes."

"He ought to be horse-whipped. May I ask the coward's name?"

"His name," said I, "is William Willis."

Mr. Harrison started, amazed.

"Willis! I beg your pardon, Miss Monroe. This very coldly. 'I should not have spoken in these terms if I had known your companion was your—' He stopped and bit his lip.

"My fiance, you would say," I made quick response. "But he is not my fiance, Mr. Harrison. I would sooner marry a woman than such a coward!"

I spoke with some heat, and he looked up at my excited face with his dry smile. "Will you marry me, Miss Monroe?"

"Yes," said I.

And I did.

It was a queer place for a proposal, was it not? But my husband is not like other men! He always has *his wits about him.*

Here I had finished, but my husband reading what I had written, made this comment:

"Which few men do when they pop the question, my dear, *nicht wahr!*"

Meat for Our Ciesar.

A banquet has lately taken place in Paris at which Firmin, the eminent publisher, presented a sirloin of lion, a leg and heart of the same animal, artistically cooked—that is, disguised. The flesh, though firm and close-grained, could not be ranked higher than with that from the horse. The heart was rather tough. The meat was not of a nature of justly the opening of a speculator's shop, or the formation of a philanthropic joint stock association to encourage its consumption.

Haydn wrote his wonderful production of "Creation" in 1798.

It is a mistake to suppose that the inhabitants of Sardinia are sardines.

The growlers from a large portion of the population of every unhappy town.

Every man admires moral courage, even though his own backbone be made of pulp.

Schiller once said: Whenever art fails, it is through the artist."

Wild pigeons are so numerous in some parts of Europe that they sell for ten cents a dozen.

A Cairo judge has decided that a young man has a right to buy a fiddle and sit in his room and fiddle all day and all night, no matter who doesn't like it.

There is a wine produced in Alsace called *Drei Manner* or "Three Man" wine, before which Jersey lightning must pale its ineffectual fire. It derives its name from the fact that it takes three men to dispose of it—one man sitting in a chair, a second to hold him there and a third to pour the wine down the victims throat. What an eye-opener a celery glass full of that sort of stuff would make, to be sure!

The proprietor of a tea store in Boston offered to give a quantity of tea to the best and second best guessers of the capacity of a huge copper tea-kettle used by him as a sign. The award was made on New Year's Day. The total number of guessers was 120,000. Of these eight were within three gills of the correct figure, 227 gallons, 2 quarts, 1 pint, and three gills, and seven were within 5 gills.

A Russian lady artist has introduced a new kind of artistic religious entertainment. It consists of a number of transparent pictures, representing subjects from the Nativity, which are brought out before the spectator. An invisible orchestra and choir perform a cantata, composed by the artist. The audience are in the dark during the performance, which lends a mystery to it well calculated to impress weak minds.

The well-informed woman may generally be known by what she does not tell you: for she is the last to take pleasure in mere gossip, or to make vulgar allusions to the appearance, dress or personal habits of her friends and neighbors. Her thoughts are not in those things. Her train of her reflection goes not along with the eating, drinking, visiting or scandal of the circles in which she moves. She has a world of interest beyond her local associations.

The public baths and washhouses are a feature in the life of English cities that is worth attention. In many of them a bath, with clean towels, etc., can be obtained for two cents; and hot water, use of tubs, and all necessaries for washing linen, can be had for two cents an hour. One of the largest of these establishments belongs to the parish of St. Marylebone, and is situated in Seymour Place. It possesses accommodations for some hundreds of bathers and washers, and is very largely patronized.

VARIETIES.

The common cat tail of our swamps, scientifically known as *typha latifolia*, is susceptible of being used as food for which purpose it is highly esteemed in some countries. The plant is perennial and propagates by the formation of underground stems containing much starchy matter. In Southern Russia the young shoots, are tied up as asparagus is for our markets and sold in all the markets. Boiled as asparagus is boiled, and seasoned with salt and spice, it is pronounced quite delicious by travelers who have partaken of it. The plant is found in more or less abundance in swampy places all over the United States, and may be very easily introduced in places where it does not grow already.

To say that a coal mine has been discovered in the bed of the canal at Syracuse, would probably create hopes of a reduction in the price of that necessity which might be cruelly disappointed; but we may announce without fear of exceeding the truth, that a valuable coal bed has been discovered, and is being worked by enterprising citizens at the place named. The discovery was made when the water was allowed to run out of the level, and as there was no one to prevent them, a throng of poor people instantly repaired to the spot with the implements necessary to secure the black treasure of the earth so much coveted by households at this season; and at last accounts many tons had been mined, and are now contributing to the comfort and joy of families to whom a paul of coal is frequently a God-send.

The evolutionists have received unexpected encouragement from a colony of English wasps which lately developed a taste for artistic decoration. A many colored nest was discovered suspended from the branch of an apple-tree. Undulating lines of red, blue, green, yellow and white went round and round the spherical nest with great regularity the colors being kept distinct and the whole presenting a very curious specimen of insect paper-making. The owner of the orchard was for a long time puzzled to account for this phenomenon, but it was at length discovered that the wasps had procured their material from a lot of colored paper trimmings which had been used to cover strawberry beds in a neighboring garden. The questions naturally arises: Why did these wasps keep the tints separate if they were not susceptible to color?